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ART. I.—*The Pictorial History of England: being a History of the People, as well as a History of the Kingdom. Illustrated with several hundred Wood Cuts; Monumental Records; Coins; Civil and Military Costume; Domestic Buildings; Furniture and Ornaments; Cathedrals, and other Great Works of Architecture; Sports, and other Illustrations of Manners; Mechanical Inventions; Portraits of the Kings and Queens; and remarkable Historical Scenes.* By GEORGE L. CRAIK and CHARLES MACFARLANE; assisted by other contributors. 4 vols. 8vo. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

THE value of a truly good history of England issuing from the American press, attractive in form, and at a price which brings it into popular use, cannot be overrated. We care not with what other work of science, learning, or literary art, it be compared, in all its deep and enduring influences on the American mind, such production, we hesitate not to affirm, will rank *first*. Setting aside our religion, there will be found no such teacher as our own ancestral history—none whose lessons will be found so familiar or so persuasive, so practical or so much needed. There is, in short, no such mine of national wisdom for us Americans as the study of English history. Our silver and gold may have come to us from other regions, but what is better than silver and gold has come to us mainly from *old* England. Never, surely, in the past history of the world has the great problem of man and his capabilities, of society and its institutions, of religion and its influences, been so fully or so satisfactorily worked out, as in that *little* island which looks so small, and counts so great, as we cast our eyes over the terrestrial globe. With all its defects, too, the British constitution has yet been the freest and the best working which the nations of the earth, with their ten thousand experiments, (setting

aside, of course, our own,) have yet lighted upon; and we may add that, with all its drawbacks, the British character has still corresponded with its noblest institutions. Nowhere do we find more sterling virtues, more practical good sense, purer national morals, or sounder Christian faith; and nowhere out of our own land, certainly, equal industry or skill, with its corresponding national wealth and power. Now all this has been the result of a long, *long* experiment, of which a true English history (a history, we mean, of the *people* as well as of the *government*) gives us the successive steps of advancement or retardation,—an invaluable guide, therefore, to all younger nations that would tread like it the path of power. Thus much, at least, those *not* her sons may admit. To those who *are*, we commend the affectionate eulogium of their own Camden:—"O! fortunate Britannia! The masterpiece of nature, performed when she was in her best and gayest humor, which she placed as a little world by itself by the side of the greater, for the admiration of mankind; the most accurate model which she proposed to herself, by which to beautify the other parts of the universe."

Or, to put its value in a comparative light, what a blank would not the page of modern history become to us with the name of England blotted out! We could better spare the Spanish, Italian, German, and even French, combined. With the English left, we should scarce miss one moral or political lesson of history. But, under the loss of the English, what a vacuum in all political and social wisdom! All would suffer dim eclipse. For what is there, we may ask, in our whole national training that came not out of that fountain? But as inheritors of England's experience, where did we get our common law, or Bill of Rights, or writ of habeas? And where else, but as graduates in her school, did the framers of our federal constitution learn their singular wisdom? For what, in truth, is all English history but our own history; and the English language, literature, poetry, and faith, but the living rock out of which our own has been fashioned? To whatever quarter, then, we turn, we cannot, as Americans, get England and her history out of our eye, nor, what is more, out of our *heart*. Nor should we if we could. To a people of "movement," as we are, it is all important to have something in their horizon *fixed*. Afloat as we are on a restless ocean, the popular will our only rudder, it is very needful to have some clear headlands to sail by; and, with shifting pilots at the helm, to have at least a settled chart before us, from good authority, and steady beacon-lights. Under this image does English history ever present itself to our minds.



With this natural, though perhaps needless, preamble, we come at last to our true subject—the splendid work before us—and hold the country at large a debtor to the liberal and enterprising publishers who have put it forth. So much praise, at least, is due to them in advance. They have added to the public stock of interesting reading, a work well calculated to tell powerfully and permanently on the rising mind of the country. Thousands and tens of thousands will be more or less influenced by it. The heroic and thrilling story of an ancestral home cannot but work deeply on youthful feelings, and improvingly on all; and thus make the publication of this History, as before said, a national benefit. Indeed, setting aside their issue of the BIBLE, we know of nothing that has come forth from the prolific press of the Harpers that better entitles them to be regarded as public benefactors than the work now before us. Its novelty of form and beauty of execution make its success certain, while its contents make that success a national blessing. Of such value do we hold the volumes before us. We hail them with pleasure, too, from another cause. It is substituting “the solid bullion of the English line” in place of “French wire”—the enduring interest of a moral and true narrative for the spurious excitement of a licentious and fictitious one. It speaks well for the country that it is prepared for such exchange, and it speaks honorably for those who are willing to risk “business profits” by making it, because *unwilling* to make gain of that which would bring their country loss. The present publishers are men that may safely leave “Sue” and his novels, “*et hoc genus omne*,” to publishers who are more ready to weigh gold against religion, and private interest against the public weal. But to turn to the work itself, which has its own high claims to merit, independent of the value arising from its subject. It is “history” in a new and more instructive form. It is the novel exhibition in *literary* labor of that same principle which has brought perfection into all *material* labor, namely, “subdivision of labor;” that is, distribution of “parts,” with a view to higher perfection in the “whole.” This is its leading feature; a principle which, however obvious and elsewhere familiar, is yet now, we think, for the first time distinctly applied to what it is yet peculiarly applicable to—the preparation of a great national history. It is at once evident what ample room, or rather need, here exists for its application. The varied and minute knowledge demanded in the historian, the stores of the antiquarian, the research of the scholar, the learning of the jurist, the science of the economist, the attainments of the theologian, the taste and reading of the man of letters, the

heart of sympathy to conceive and the hand of power to delineate men and events, as well as the eye of the soldier to realize truly and narrate vividly what, alas! forms too large a portion of the historic page—all these and many more incongruous demands belong to the historian's task, and will be made and must be answered by him who henceforth undertakes to satisfy the public mind in a great national history. But what single individual can even pretend to bring to the task such varied qualifications? and yet which one can be dispensed with? In any one point a marked failure brings condemnation on the work, and breaks down its reputation on all points. To take an instance or two: Hume's ignorance in Saxon, Gibbon's deeper ignorance of religion, Alison's ignorance in military affairs, and Sir Walter Scott's ignorance in financial matters, have each respectively struck down the reputation of their histories even on points wherein they were competent judges. Now from these well-known examples it is clear that a thoroughly good history, more especially of such a country as England, must in its execution be an "exhaustive" work, and therefore, to be successfully treated, must be entered upon and carried out, as the work before us has been, through means of a subdivision of labor—many heads as well as many hands, each skillful in his own department, each confined to his own task, yet all working to a common end. This leads us to speak more specially of the plan of the "*Pictorial History of England*."

It is a republication for American readers of an English work originally issued in London, in monthly parts, by Charles Knight, the well-known publisher of the "*Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*." It bears therefore, in some degree, the stamp and seal of that association. Its authorship, however, is shared by a number of writers, though under the editorial supervision of a single head, namely, Mr. George L. Craik, "whose various works upon the literature and general antiquities of Great Britain have made him favorably known in this department." The manner of such division is as follows: English history is first divided into periods, each period forming a distinct book. The books again are subdivided into chapters, each chapter being devoted to a distinct department confined to the history of that period. Such distribution is sevenfold, each department having its own author—one specially skilled in the subject assigned to him. The departments and authors' names are as follows:—

1. "*Civil and Military Transactions*," by Mr. Charles Macfarlane.

2. "*A History of Religion*," by Mr. Thomas Thomson.

3. "Constitution, Government, and Laws," by Mr. A. Bisset.
4. "National Industry," one chapter by Mr. Planche, all the rest by Mr. J. C. Platt.
5. "Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts," chiefly by Sir Henry Ellis.
6. "Costumes and Furniture, Manners and Customs," by Mr. Planche and Mr. Thomson.
7. "Condition of the People;" author not stated.

Such is the magnificent plan of the work, and so faithfully is it executed, that we are not surprised to learn that it "engaged the constant and unwearied labors of the several writers employed upon it for upward of seven years, and that the copyright cost the original proprietors little less than fifty thousand dollars."

Looking now again at the probable result of such literary subdivision, we have at least two noble instances in our language to guide us—one in translation and one in science. The "received translation of the Bible," in the reign of the first James, was thus made, being the united product of forty-seven of the most learned and pious scholars of England, working, first singly, and then combined on their common task. The result, we need hardly add, was such as no *one* mind or pen could possibly have effected—a work at once so vast, so varied, so rich and beautiful, and yet so simple, as to have become a "pillar" at once of our literature and of our faith;—a splendid monument of what may be effected in literary labor by bringing to bear many and varied minds, under a common impulse, to work out one harmonious whole. The other instance is one more recent, perhaps more questionable in its success, though certainly more analogous to the case before us. We allude to the series of the eight Bridgewater Treatises, looked at as what they were intended to be, harmonious parts of one great argument. Up to that time the religious argument of "design," as seen in the works of creation, had been handled by one single mind, whether the facts were drawn from the animal, vegetable, or inorganic kingdom. But it was soon evident that in the advanced state of modern physical science, such mastery of the subject could not come from the single mind; there would be either marked deficiency in part, or else general superficiality, and the argument growing out of those facts be proportionally defective. Thus Paley, however acute as a reasoner, was but a tyro in science. He studied anatomy and revised his natural philosophy only that he *might* reason upon them. His knowledge, therefore, went not beyond the needs of his argument. But not so in the subdivided treatment of the question. Take, for instance, Bell's argument in



anatomy, or Whewell's in general physics. They reasoned and wrote on these subjects *because* they understood them. Their argument, therefore, grew out of their science, and not, as with Paley, the science out of the argument. Now this is strikingly analogous to the case before us. What Hume knew of Saxon antiquities or English law arose out of the very work he was engaged in, but which, to be *well* done, demanded a *previous* acquaintance with them. His knowledge of his subject was the stock with which he *ended* his labors, instead of being, as it should have been, and as in the case, for instance, of Mr. Bisset, the lawyer, or Mr. Planche the antiquarian, in the work before us, the stock with which he *began*. This it is which gives to the history under review a character of thoroughness and completeness unattained and unattainable in a work resulting from the stores of any *single* mind. "Cuique in suâ arte credendum est." This it is that here satisfies us. We rest our faith not on vague, but specific confidence; not merely that the author is *candid*, but that he is *learned*; not only that he is above deceiving others, but also beyond being deceived himself. *That*, in history, is at least equally essential to the student's confidence. This, however, is the *strong* side of the question. We will not deny that it has also its *weak* side, and that is the danger of losing by division what in all art is the highest element of power as well as of beauty—we mean *UNITY*; unity of plan, of purpose, of teaching—unity, seen, felt, and understood. Now a history, the product of many minds, while it gains as a "storehouse of knowledge," will, without great care, be very apt to lose somewhat as a "teacher of wisdom." "Philosophy instructing by example" was the early, and must ever be the highest, eulogy of history. Will it continue, we ask, under its new form, to merit it? This, certainly, is a question not without its grave bearings. It is a danger not to be scorned, and one that can be met only by the watchfulness or governing weight of some one presiding intellect. In our day and land, at least, we could ill spare history as the GREAT MORAL TEACHER of the nation—next to religion, the greatest and most powerful. And since, as a people, we have already cast out religion from our government, and Christianity from our laws—since, as a nation, we repudiate the name, and make light of its precepts—what have we left, as a state, to guide us? Whose teachings are our rulers, or rather those who rule our rulers, willing to hear? Philosophy, with them, has no honor, authority no weight; they hold cheap all grave wisdom, and stand in awe only of living opinions. Still, however, they bow somewhat to the name of history. That "chronicler of the past"

is still a word of power among them. It is the last teacher which the willful, arrogant mind is ever found to cast off. Therefore, we say, should history, in all its high moral influences, be cherished among us, and strengthened and enlarged, not merely as a voluminous record of the *past*, but as a wise, prudent guide of the *present*, and a sagacious prophet of the *future*. Therefore, would we watch carefully, lest in this new and enlarged scheme of history increase of knowledge be bought with decrease of wisdom, and its students learn facts and lose lessons. But there are also in it minor difficulties. How, in such a scheme, shall *repetition* be avoided—the same events, reflections, narratives, and characters, almost necessarily coming up with equal claims in different divisions? This, in the Bridgewater Treatises, is unquestionably a great source of their weariness. How, too, shall *consistency* be secured amid the independent views of independent minds, looking freely at the same fact or character? and, if not in agreement, by what scale are their differences to be weighed, and the reader's judgment guided? We state these practical difficulties plainly and strongly, because they have thus presented themselves to our mind, growing, as they do, out of the plan itself. We do not say they neutralize its advantages, but we do say they are such as demand a skillful hand to avoid them. Now, in the work before us, they have been, speaking generally, either very happily or very skillfully avoided. Occasional repetition is no doubt to be found, and here and there slight discrepancies to be detected, but not such as in any degree either to weary or embarrass the reader. Its execution has enlarged English history as a storehouse of knowledge without sensibly weakening it as a school of wisdom, and strengthened its hold on the intellect without losing it over the imagination and the heart. Now this we esteem the solution, so far as it has gone, of a great problem; and if our subsequent remarks shall somewhat modify the praise, we trust it will be laid to the account of our anxiety to give to this new form of history its highest perfection, and in our search after the ACTUAL in history not to lose sight of its loftier IDEAL. In all of man's greater works such twofold elements must combine. They constitute, in truth, man's double nature—the "utilitarian" and the "heroic;" the one looking on history but as a "congeries" of dead facts, the other as a "fountain" of living causes; the one seeing in its details little beyond the vulgar workings of self-interest or low ambition, the other the deeper current also of loftier feelings. With the one, history is but a vulgar spectacle, which man governs and time soon closes; to the other, it is a high and solemn drama, overruled by a power

greater than man, and directed to loftier ends—a drama of which we here see but the beginning and progress ; the *αγανωποις* which brings all right lies not upon earth. Of such a tone, we think, must all true history partake. Under the light, or prejudice, as some may call it, of these general principles, turn we to the work before us—the great “exemplar,” as we may term it, of this novel method. The first special merit we shall note in it is its “professional” learning on all points. Turn where we will, we are always in the hands of a master—one entitled to teach, and to whose judgment, therefore, the reader defers without scruple. This thoroughness of knowledge is perhaps most striking, because most easily measured, in the incidental questions that history brings up. Take, for instance, “ecclesiastical architecture,” a subject to which our national taste is now so strongly and wisely turning. In the greatest of English histories hitherto, how little has been said upon this point, and of that little how much wrong, and all superficial ! Here, on the contrary, the architect may both study his science and find his models—quote the work as authority, and rest safely upon its conclusions. We give an illustration at random :—

“The perpendicular Gothic is essentially and exclusively English, ‘and heartily,’ says Professor Willis, ‘may we congratulate ourselves upon it, when we compare it with the sister styles of France and Germany.’ It sprung up in our country as a new and vigorous shoot, and flourished during a period when the continental Gothic, exhausted by excessive luxuriance, was declining irretrievably. The principal characteristic of this style, and that to which it owes its name, is the perpendicular direction of the mullions of the windows, which are carried up in straight lines till they reach the curve of the arch, the subdivisions of the head of the windows being also, for the most part, formed of lines having a similar tendency. These perpendicular lines being crossed at right angles by transoms, the whole becomes a combination of open panels. ‘Paneling,’ says Mr. Rickman, ‘is the grand source of ornament in this style—indeed, the interior of most rich buildings is only a series of it ; for example, King’s College Chapel, Cambridge, is all panel except the floor ; for the doors and windows are nothing but panels included in the general design, and the very roof is a series of them in different shapes.’”—P. 211, book v, ch. v.

We have said above that our national taste is “wisely” turning to this matter. We repeat it, for we have much to learn, and the study of English models is our best lesson. They will teach us the great law of REALITY and TRUTH in our religious *structures*, as well as the *devotions* to which they are consecrated. Large or small, humble or adorned, of wood, brick, or stone, the law is the same. It is for God’s eye rather than man’s—the best we have,



but without the too common falsehood of pretending to be what it is not. Therefore we say, let the structure ever be governed by the material, and all ornament be but enrichment of its necessary parts. But this is too wide a subject to be thus incidentally opened.

Accompanying such artistic statements the reader has also before him drawings from the best models, such as the nave of Winchester Cathedral; Bishop's Palace, Lincoln; St. Mary's, Oxford; and King's College Chapel, Cambridge. Or, to turn to another incidental topic, yet full of historic interest, and one in which the "pictorial" value of this work shines pre-eminent—we allude to the "coins" of England, a subject in itself a minor history, and, as here exhibited to the eye, one of the surest lights of general history. Few persons, probably, are aware that coins still exist in England, of a date *anterior* to the Roman invasion, of gold, tin, and iron—confirming to the letter the precise words of Cæsar: "Utuntur aut a're aut nummo aureo aut annulis ferreis ad certum pondus examinatis pro nummo." Of these coins, the tin and iron are doubtless of native workmanship, but the gold as obviously Grecian; some incontestably so, as bearing the imprint of Philip II. of Macedon; though whether brought into the island by Phœnician navigators, or as part of the booty of the Gaulish invasion of Greece, we are left to conjecture. But, however decided, it is clear that coined money was *there*, both foreign and national—a fact which goes far to show a degree of wealth and social advancement among the Britons at the time of Cæsar's landing very different from the popular notion of a race of painted and half-naked savages, by whom Cæsar was opposed, and, as is pretty clear, in spite of his own account, *worsted*. It was but a fanciful as well as an *Irish* picture of the poet, that exhibited at Rome the martial "cloaks,"

"which from the *naked* Picts their grandsires won."

We would also refer to the Druidical history of the island, here given, as full of interesting and novel research. (See pp. 65 and seq., vol. i.) It exhibits "Druidism" as an offshoot, evidently, from an oriental stock, Brahminic in its mysticism and Egyptian in its policy. A ruling priestly "caste," their prominent doctrine the metempsychosis, their leading science astronomy, their highest duty self-immolation, all clearly point to an eastern origin. In its more general "phase" Druidism was but the natural and necessary domination of intellect over *force*, mind over body; but the conservative element, therefore, of states and empires in every stage of civilization, and without which social institutions cannot

long subsist. Viewed in this light it deserves more philosophic attention than it has hitherto received, and we are pleased to find that Mr. Thomson here thus treats it. Their fundamental doctrine was, in truth, that of a future life, of their firm belief in which the geographer Mela gives this rather dubious proof, in which not a few Christians follow them; namely, that "many put off the payment of their debts till they should meet their creditors in the shades below!!" A clearer proof of the Druids' power is seen in the fact of their utter extermination by their Roman conquerors. They were found to be the keystone of an independent state; usurped dominion could not take root till the natural dominion of religion was removed. Let America learn at least this lesson from their fate, namely, that liberty and religion stand or fall together—that there is no security for national freedom apart from national faith. But still the Roman domination brought with it the seeds of a higher civilization. Says Mr. Bisset, the able author of the constitutional portion of the work,—

"It is interesting, to an inhabitant of Great Britain at the present day, to reflect that toward the beginning of the Christian era, more than fifteen hundred years ago, this island actually possessed, for a period of above three hundred years, nearly the whole of the Roman civilization; that, in the second and third centuries of the Christian era, the inhabitants of Britain enjoyed personal security; and, after the payment of the Roman taxes, security of property; arts and letters; elegant and commodious buildings; and roads, to which no roads they have had since could bear comparison, till the establishment of the present railways."—Vol. i, p. 80.

Among the many neglected points of early English history here ably and faithfully treated, we would especially note that of the primeval British Church, and its planting, if not by the apostles themselves, at least in apostolic times. That St. Paul himself visited the island "Ultima Thule," is an early and wide-spread tradition. That Italy was not the intended limit of his labors westward is clear from his own language. Twice he speaks of Spain as an *arranged* journey: "Whenever I take my journey into Spain," says he; and again: "I will come by you into Spain." Rom. xv, 24, 28. Now that he carried out such determinate plans, it is surely most reasonable to suppose; nor can any argument against it be drawn from the silence of Scripture, for it is clear that the narrative of St. Luke in the "Acts" terminates abruptly with the writer's personal knowledge, and leaves unaccounted for at least four years of the apostle's active life intervening between his first and second imprisonment at Rome. Or, if not personally the Britons' teacher, another very current tradition

makes him such through his own British converts made at Rome, that city being, at the very time of St. Paul's abode there, the enforced residence of many noble British captives—like St. Paul, "bound, yet free"—and who afterward, as we know from heathen authority, returned to their native homes, *doubly* free, if, as tradition reports, they had become, through Paul's preaching, followers of that faith which alone makes free. To Christians whose faith, like ours, has descended through that island channel, it is pleasing to trace it up to this its apostolic head, and to see British princes among those Roman converts whom St. Paul speaks of as made "even in Cæsar's palace." Philip. i, 13. But apart from this its traditional origin, which would make the British Church as ancient as that of Rome itself, enough is here brought forward from *unquestioned* history to show fully and conclusively both its independent origin and its ecclesiastical freedom; and in the name of all those spiritually descended from it, would we here thank the authors and publishers of the present History for bringing forth so clearly this hinging point of our own ecclesiastical history. It comes home to many branches of the church of Christ, in the new as well as the old world—the historical exposure of that *πρωτον ψευδος* of the Church of Rome, namely, that she is "the mother and mistress of all churches." The same fact comes forth, too, in the history of the Irish Church, in which St. Patrick, its great apostle, appears as neither *from* Rome nor *under* Rome. It is pleasing to see, too, how even imperial Rome was outstripped in her conquests by these faithful soldiers of the cross. "Even those places in Britain," says Tertullian, (*contra Judæos*, A. D. 209,) "hitherto inaccessible to the Roman arms, have been subdued to the gospel of Christ."

But to qualify somewhat our eulogium on this religious portion of the history, we would that its author (Mr. Thomson) had brought to it a mind somewhat more disciplined, more exact in theological learning, more reverential in things sacred, and with a more catholic spirit for opinions and practices differing from his own. There is a certain high-minded, liberal philosophy, without which the history of religion cannot be truly written. To view it aright, the historian must be able to rise out of the narrow present in which he dwells. Through the power of natural sympathy he must cast himself on days gone by, take his "stand-point" there, live as they lived, feel as they felt, and thus, appreciating all their spiritual wants, feel for and with them, as man for man. Thus alone can the historian of man enter into the great brotherhood of humanity, and, coming near to its heart, speak aright its feelings. In this



spirit, we say, must all true history be written, more especially that which touches on the deeper questions of our common nature, and under this light must our estimate be formed of those who, in times past, have differed widely from us in religious opinions or practices.

These observations have been here called forth by what we cannot but deem language unworthy of grave and liberal history. Thus, in reference to the matter just spoken of, the Christianizing of Britain, he says:—

*"Some have attributed the work to St. Peter, some to James the son of Zebedee, and others to Simon Zelotes; but, for so important an office as the apostleship of this island, the majority of writers will be contented with no less a personage than St. Paul, and they ground their assumption," &c.—P. 67.*

The italics are our own, but the sneer is the author's, and applies to such thorough scholars as Bishops Pearson, Stillingfleet, Burgess, and Archbishop Parker, as well as to their unquestioned authorities, Clemens Romanus, Irenæus, Tertullian, Eusebius, and Theodoret. Or, to take another instance, a little later, he thus speaks of "the venerable Bede," a name associated with all the glories of Alfred, and all most venerable in Saxon piety and learning. After stating (p. 70) as an unquestioned fact, on Bede's own authority, the discomfiture, in solemn argument held, of Pelagius and his followers, (in their heretical denial of the need of divine grace,) Mr. T. goes on not only to discredit his own witness, but to cast a general slur upon his veracity, as gratuitous as it is obviously contradictory. He says,—

*"Bede was too orthodox and too credulous to have doubted the tradition, if it had affirmed that the arguments of the Gallic bishops on this occasion struck their antagonists DEAD as well as dumb."*

Now from the pen of Gibbon such language would be in place—a clever "side-thrust" at orthodoxy and religious credulity; but in a noble and ingenuous history of a noble and Christian people, we enter our solemn protest against its use; and, holding all such evidences of a sectarian spirit (of which, it is true, there are not many) as blots upon its fair page, cannot, as honest critics, pass them by without a condemnatory notice. It is surely but a shallow philosophy, as well as a spurious Christianity, that sees in the *Past* only error and darkness, and light and truth but in our own day. Let us remember that we too shall soon stand in the same category of time, in the eyes of those who come after us, and not now sanction a rule by which our own opinions shall be so summarily held up to contempt, nor say nor think that wisdom was

born with us in the nineteenth century, lest we too be counted fools in the twentieth.

Now this want of a reverential and sympathizing tone in matters of religion is, in truth, our *only serious* criticism on the execution of the great work before us. Our complaint is not of the facts stated; they are, in general, studiously accurate; but it is the absence we feel of a more loving and gentle spirit in the manner of giving them. We miss the softened light of an humble and self-judging heart, giving the inward as well as the outward picture—withholding every harsh epithet, every gratuitous imputation, and realizing the beauty and power of Christian sincerity amid many errors of doctrine and many superstitious practices of life. Of this gentle catholic tone—in itself so Christian, in its influences so favorable, and in its spirit so congenial to all high philosophy—we confess we have sometimes wondered at the want, in the perusal of these volumes; and we would that in this last and highest merit of history, a work otherwise so perfect should not be in any degree deficient.

Among its novel and unquestioned merits, and one that will not be justly appreciated till actually examined, is its *pictorial* character. We have already spoken of this as touching the coins of England; but, as is evident, *that* is but one of its numberless applications. The arts and arms of bygone days—persons and places—their dress—plays, trades, public and domestic life—what is there that the pictorial art may not be called in to illustrate and explain?—and this with a precision and clearness infinitely beyond words, limited but by the genuine remains which time has left us, whether of the things themselves or their delineation, in illuminated manuscripts, ancient tapestry, original portraits, or early drawings. This vein at least of history has never before been so thoroughly worked out, and its results add incalculably both to the value and the interest of the work. To take a single instance, showing the applicability of such documents hitherto cast aside as mere lumber. From one single piece of tapestry—that of Bayeux in Normandy—more than *twenty* different historic scenes are derived, not one of which but adds something of interest to our knowledge of the events, manners, or arts of the time. The note, p. 186, bearing on this hitherto neglected work of art, illustrates so fully our position that we give it at large.

“The Bayeux tapestry is a roll of linen, twenty inches broad and two hundred and fourteen feet in length, on which is worked in woolen thread, in different colors, a representation, in seventy-two distinct compartments, of the whole history of the Norman Conquest of Eng-

land, from the departure of Harold for Normandy to the rout of the Saxons at the battle of Hastings. It embraces all the incidents of Harold's stay in Normandy, and has preserved some that have not been noticed by any of the chroniclers. Every compartment has a superscription in Latin, indicating its subject. A specimen of these titles is given in one of the cuts below. The Bayeux tapestry is said by tradition to have been the work of the conqueror's queen, Matilda, and to have been presented by her to the cathedral of Bayeux, of which her husband's half-brother Odo, one of those who rendered the most effective service in the invasion of England, was bishop; and the delineations, which correspond in the minutest points with what we know of the manners of that age, afford the strongest evidence that it is of this antiquity. It was preserved in the cathedral of Bayeux till 1803, having been wont to be exhibited for some days every year to the people, in the nave of the church, round which it exactly went. It is now in the hotel of the prefecture of that city, where it is kept coiled round a roller, from which it is unwound upon a table for inspection. An engraving of the whole, in sixteen plates, colored like the original, and one fourth of the original size, was published by the Society of Antiquaries, in the sixth volume of the '*Vetusta Monumenta*.' The cuts we have given are reduced from these plates."—Book ii, chap. i, p. 186, note.

Here and there, indeed, these illustrations are not so rigidly historical, being copies of modern pictures and supposed scenes—as, for instance, "*Boadicea haranguing the Britons*," from "*Stothard*," p. 40; or the "*Christian missionary*," from Mortimer. Such, however, have still their value and their general truth. To one, however, of these unauthorized "*illustrations*" we would take direct exception, as tending only to mislead. We allude to the picture of the "*Cingalese*" village, (p. 30,) as illustrative of a British one—a parallel equally without proof and without probability, the one being a tropical, the other a highly inclement climate. We could also have wished a little more of delicate and artistic execution, especially in the female portraits. That of Mary, queen of Scots, for instance, rather shocks the chivalry of one who bears in his heart or memory the beauty of the original from which it is taken, seen as we saw it some forty years ago, and gazed on with tearful eyes, as it hung in that fated chamber where Rizzio fell, clinging to the robe of his traduced mistress, and where is still shown, staining the floor, the "*spot of blood that will not out!*" But passing by such, perhaps, unreasonable demand, we can hardly give too unqualified praise to this portion of the work. It is scarcely too much to say that it has induced the reader of history with a fresh sense and a new eye, enabling him to live in past ages, to realize their scenes and occupations as things present, and



the actors in them as men like ourselves—flesh and blood. Henceforth they cease to be to us NAMES, they have become PERSONS; and in proportion to that change are the awakening lessons they read to us, whether of guidance or warning:—

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

Such is the value of *true* pictorial illustration. Visible things are made visible, and a glance thus teaches more than pages of explanation. Among all the recent advances in education, we hold none superior to this—teaching by the eye—knowledge that belongs to the eye; and we take comfort in thinking that we early did our part in the good work, urging its adoption for the illustration of the ancient classics, as we now commend its application to modern history. It is still, however, a fountain unexhausted, and we hazard little in saying that the present work will establish its use. Henceforth no history will be deemed complete without it. But we have not yet spoken of another all-important branch of this subdivided work, and one too that merits very high encomium—we mean that “on the Constitution, Government, and Laws of England.” This is executed by a barrister of the name of Bisset, to us unknown, but who evidently brings to his task not only the legal knowledge to do it justice, but the philosophy that doubles its value. He is clearly of the school of Guizot in his generalizing views, and often brings them out with great power and sharpness. Take, for instance, the picture given of the early Roman dominion in the island; (p. 70;) again of the Norman Conquest; (pp. 544 et seq. ;) wherein he closely follows the lead of that great French statesmanlike reasoner. The merits as well as the interest of this portion of the work grow with the growth of the British constitution, and open to the American reader, at least, invaluable political lessons. It shows the unexampled prosperity of England as the slow but sure growth of her civil and educational institutions, and those institutions, again, as themselves the product of national character; deriving their strength and efficacy not from written, but *unwritten* law; not from words and phrases, but from morals and religion; from national honor, individual integrity, and sound education. Now such picture is to every people a great and valuable lesson; above all to a people like ourselves, overrating, as we unquestionably do, the securities to liberty that come from *written* constitutions, and underrating what are its only permanent safeguards—private virtue and public morals. In the calm of general prosperity, paper and parchment *seem* strong, and we think

them the foundations on which the state rests ; but in the storm and whirlwind of party they are soon torn to tatters, and nothing stands save virtue and honor—the people's virtue, based on religion, and the nation's honor, that grows out of both. The indignant lines of the poet have more than once been recalled to our thoughts in reading this portion of the work :—

“What constitutes a state ?  
 Not high-raised battlement or labor'd mound,  
 Thick wall, or moated gate—  
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crown'd,  
 Not deep and broad-arm'd ports,  
 Where laughing at the storm rich navies ride,  
 Not starr'd and spangled courts,  
 Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride :  
 But MEN—*high-minded* men—  
 Men who their *duties* know—”

We have spoken of Mr. B. as a worthy scholar of the great French historiographer ; in one respect at least he is a safer guide, —less metaphysical, and holding closer to authorities. His mind, if a less discursive, is at least a more *legal* one, and better trained in that school which lies at the foundation of the English character as well as law, and without which no historian, however sagacious, can read aright the English constitution ; we mean the school of practice—“stare in decisis.” Such history, wisely given, can hardly be overrated in its happy influences over the American mind. Of that constitution ours, let us remember, is but an offshoot—ingrafted on a younger stock, and transplanted to a more vigorous soil, but still growing out of the same strong Anglo-Saxon root, nourished by the same vigorous juices, and demanding, therefore, similar culture. Let then, we say, its cultivators in the new world look well to its growth in the old, and American statesmen study out the true working elements of the Anglo-Saxon race in that little island which, under Providence, has given to that race its dominion. How far *we* have in all cases improved in deviating from the English model, in the formation of our federal constitution, is certainly an open question. We would here touch, “*en passant*,” but upon one deviation, which certainly has *not* worked well. We allude to the exclusion from our national legislature of the “heads of departments.” Their exclusion was intended as a “check” against executive influence. Few will now deny that it has worked an opposite result—doubled that influence by casting over it the veil of secrecy, thus turning argument into intrigue, and by making ministers *invisible*, making them also *irresistible*.

Such have been its *direct* evils; its indirect ones are still greater. It has rendered knowledge, talent, fitness for business, needless qualifications for those high offices. Were its incumbents bound to stand, as English ministers do, openly, day after day, and night after night, in the face of the people's representatives, to answer their questions, defend their own measures, and give to every fair inquirer all needful information, how clear is it that neither ignorance nor incapacity could stand there one hour, and thus the state be saved from at least one fertile source, now open, of mismanagement and misgovernment! What better guard, indeed, has legal ingenuity ever found against abuse or unfitness in any trust, than that the agent be confronted with his principal, and the trustee be made to stand up and justify his acts in the face of those whose concerns he manages? Such, then, was the mistake of American theory correcting English practice. It was the *people's* arm of power they cut off, and not the *executive's*, and thus much they might have learned from English history. They would have there seen no English minister daring to hold his place *one day* after he had lost the confidence of the people as expressed by its house, not a single instance of it occurring (with the exception of the Duke of Wellington holding on for a few days in 1830) since the year 1688. And we might add, as a further point wherein political theory was at fault, the "*qualified veto*" of the American president turning out a tyrannic power, while the "*absolute veto*" of the sovereign of England stands as a dead letter in its constitution, and *has stood* so for at least one hundred and fifty years. Now on this count, too, of political wisdom, do we hail with pleasure a work like the present, that brings home to the American citizen the true workings of that constitution out of which his own was mainly taken.

But we have not yet spoken of that department of the history which, though now deprived of its old exclusive monopoly, still forms its largest portion. Of the "*Civil and Military*," Mr. Charles Macfarlane is designated as the author; a name again, through our ignorance, to us unknown, but evidently one well fitted for his task, both by thorough research and general ability. He writes like one who has mastered his subject—freely and fully. His narrative is always flowing, often highly picturesque; his estimate of character unprejudiced, and his reflections, if not deeply philosophical, at least sound. Occasionally we might have preferred a little more condensation in details, and perhaps a little more of *reticence* in matters "*contra bonos mores*," where the great ends and moral uses of history are not subserved by it. But wholly to



avoid the mention of what offends the moralist and the Christian is consistent neither with the facts nor object of history. The duty of the historian is fulfilled when he puts such facts in their true light—revolting, and not attractive. This, we need hardly say, Mr. Macfarlane and his coadjutors seldom fail to do; so that the work may be commended to family use as a moral and Christian history of England, as well as a highly interesting and deeply learned one. Sometimes, indeed, as already hinted, we could have wished a little more of *heart* in it, and perhaps, as touching the Church of England, a more affectionate and filial tone. We may be wrong in our judgment, but still we *do* think that no one can write *truly* the history of England, who does not feel that sentiment toward the Church of England. So deeply inwoven has that church ever been in the fates and fortunes of the realm, and so conservative an element has it proved, through all its social revolutions, that we greatly doubt whether one who should look with a hostile or indifferent eye on its early or later struggles, whether against Roman domination or popular tumult, could tell the English story aright. And we are perfectly satisfied that he who can now see no beauty in her solemn services, no merit in her saintly martyrs, no reverence in her time-honored sanctuaries, and no blessings in her pious educational endowments, is to the same degree unfitted for unfolding thoroughly the true working elements of her national greatness. But we are far from charging such defect on the work before us. We only say that we sometimes miss what we think would have added to it a new grace and a deeper truth. Among the incidental marks of that to which we allude, is the habitual use, throughout the work, of the term “Catholic” as identical with the Church of Rome. Now such language is as false in theology as it is in fact. No one portion of the Christian church has a right to appropriate to itself that apostolic epithet. To yield the title to Rome is to acknowledge her claim, a surrender that has never been made by any portion of the Greek or oriental churches. In western Europe, too, the Church of England (to say nothing of other branches) has ever claimed a share in that title, as part of her primitive heritage, and daily so uses it, not in its arrogant Roman sense, but in its apostolic and Christian, as a bond of brotherhood with the universal church of Christ, from the first ages till now. In recalling it then to its true use, all sound branches of the church are equally interested with that of England. The feelings of Christendom are at length awake upon it, and we venture little in saying that the day has gone by when Roman usurpation of the term, or even careless use of it by

others, will be silently passed over. The "estrays" will be reclaimed by its rightful owners, and, as one of the "notes" of the primitive church, be borne by all who hold to primitive doctrine. No matter when or where carelessly dropped, no matter how long falsely claimed or publicly worn, against the Christian's birthright there can be no "statute of limitation;" the church "catholic" is the church "universal," and the Church of Rome must be content to be described by an humbler epithet.

We may not close our notice of this magnificent History without some mention of that which comes nearest to our own labors—its "literary" portion. This, too, is a novel addition. Beyond a few brief words of conventional praise or trite criticism, what could the student of Hume or Rapin have heretofore learned of Chaucer or Spenser, or any other literary name? Now he opens the volume of history and finds it a very "*ars poetica*;" not the poet's name only, but his works, his special merits, his chosen models, his laws of versification, his influence on the taste and literature of the day, together with choice extracts illustrative—all these go to make this portion one of the newest and most interesting of the many additions which this work has made to English history. It fills up a "vacuum"—supplies a "*desideratum*," which all students felt, but few or none knew where or how to remedy. Let such turn, for instance, to the fifth chapter of the sixth book of the present work, and see how large addition will be made to their previous stores as gained from preceding historians.

But we must conclude our too extended though still imperfect sketch. Not only is the *subject* of the History too vast to be adequately examined, but even the *manner* of treating it. We have contented ourselves, therefore, with indicating some of the leading merits of this new plan, as well as pointing out what appear to us some of its inherent difficulties and dangers. That they have been altogether avoided or overcome in the work before us, we do not assert; but we do say they have been so in a very high degree, and that it has resulted in what may well be termed a magnificent work—one which distances all that has gone before it, whether we look to accumulation of materials, to thoroughness of research, to varied knowledge, to interesting narrative, or, lastly, to that which will be its most attractive feature, its unnumbered pictorial illustrations. We need not say we *wish* it success—it will *command* it; but we do say that we hail its appearance as a national benefit; for in proportion as it makes us sound English scholars, in the same proportion will it go far to make us sound American citizens.

ART. II.—*Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets.*

By WILLIAM HOWITT. 2 vols. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

MANY thanks to thee, friend Howitt, for these pleasant volumes. They are neither biographical nor critical, but occupy just that ground which no one is better qualified to cultivate than thyself. And there are more to come. The dramatists, with the exception of the greatest of them all, are passed by, with some dear masters of the lyre, of whose homes and haunts we have almost the promise in thy brief advertisement. Disappoint us not in this matter; and though it may cost thee thousands of miles of travel, as did the volumes before us, yet is there abundant treasure in the poetic commonwealth of England; and no other living man may follow in the vein thou hast opened; or, if he follow, may find those gems and precious things, and give them to us in the freshness of thine own simplicity and singleness of purpose. Tell us about the smooth Waller; and about Young, merry and jovial in his life, but sad and sombre in his poetry. Make us better acquainted with Akenside and Beattie, and the gentle Allan Ramsay. We would know something more, too, than the mere biographer or the professional critics tell us of our dear friends—friends they are, though we never saw them—Milman, whose heroics Byron slandered; kind Miss Mitford, and stately Mrs. Norton; Browning, a true poet, less admired than she to whom he gave his name, when he blotted from fame's fair temple—Elizabeth Barrett: tell us of them both, now that they two are one; and leave room in thy volumes for all that thou mayst glean of him, the recently departed, who caused the tear and smile so pleasingly to blend, and whose name will live while oppression riots on half-paid toil, or man wears linen. But let us turn from what we wish to what we have; and with a well-earned compliment to the publishers, who have given us these volumes in a style most befitting, in the perfection of typography, and with striking embellishments, sit we down together, gentle reader, to the feast before us.

As was most proper, the genial CHAUCER heads the list; albeit the lapse of five centuries renders it extremely difficult to track his haunts, more especially as former biographers seem to have confirmed Tyrwhitt's assertion, that just nothing of him is really known. That he was born in London, he tells us himself; but whether he was educated at Oxford or at Cambridge is uncertain. The probability seems to be that he studied at both universities.



He became in early life a courtier, and, according to Rymer, received many solid tokens of royal regard. In the thirty-ninth year of his age the king granted him an annuity of twenty marks. Seven years after, he was made controller of the custom of wools, &c., in the port of London, and had a grant for life of a pitcher of wine daily. On the accession of the second Richard he had another annuity of twenty marks, and from that sovereign, as well as from Henry IV., he received many tokens of special favor. He was, successively, envoy to Genoa and ambassador to France, where, according to Froissart, he conducted a treaty of marriage between the young prince of Wales and the French king's daughter.

But the life of the "father of our truly English poetry," as he is justly styled, was not all sunshine. Owing to his connection with the Lollards, and for other reasons not so well known, he incurred the king's displeasure, was obliged to surrender his annuities, and to flee from his native land. On his return he was imprisoned in the Tower, where he was treated with great rigor; and on his liberation, which was effected not without dishonor to himself, he wrote his "Testament of Love," in which he complains "of being berafte out of dignitie of office, in which he made a gatheringe of worldly godes." His great work, the *Canterbury Tales*, was written when he had reached his sixtieth year; remained in manuscript more than half a century after his death, which occurred in the year 1400; and was first issued from the press of the celebrated Caxton. Our author says:—

"Spite of the rude state of the language when he wrote, the splendor of his genius beams and burns gloriously through its inadequate vehicle.... The language has gone on perfecting and polishing; a host of glorious names and glorious works have succeeded Chaucer and the *Canterbury Tales*, making England affluent in its literary fame as any nation on earth; but, from his distant position, the father of English poetry beams like a star of the first magnitude in the eternal hemisphere of genius.... The life and the characters he has represented to us are a portion of the far past, rescued for us from the oblivion that has overwhelmed all that age besides. To the latest ages men will read and say: 'Thus, in the days of Wiclif, of John of Gaunt, and Richard II., did men and women look, and act, and think, and feel; thus did a great poet live among them, and send them down to us, and to all posterity, ten thousand times more faithfully preserved than by all the arts of Egypt and the East.' Quaint as they are, they are the very quintessence of human nature. They can never die. They can never grow old."

But who reads Chaucer nowadays? Few, indeed, very few. The attempt is too much like working one's passage; and readers

dislike toil, and preter the ease of the railroad, and, if it might be, the speed of the electric telegraph. With the multitude the enjoyment and the pleasure are found not by the way, but at the journey's end; not among the jewels of the author, but at the finis of the printer. It is some sort of satisfaction to know that the loss is their own; and gratifying to transcribe, here, the joyous outburst of one who has studied his antique language and uncouth spelling, and found therein an ample recompense. *Labor ipse voluptas.*

"There is an elastic geniality in his spirit, a buoyant music in his numbers, a soul of enjoyment in his whole nature, that mark him at once as a man of a thousand; and we feel in the charm that bears us along a strength that will outlast a thousand years. It is like that of the stream that runs, of the wind that blows, of the sun that comes up, ruddy as with youth, from the bright east on an early summer's morning. It is the strength of nature living in its own joyful life, and mingling with the life of all around in gladdening companionship. For a hundred beautiful pictures of genuine English existence and English character; for a world of persons and things that have snatched us from the present to their society; for a host of wise and experience-fraught maxims; for many a tear shed, and emotion revived; for many a happy hour and bright remembrance, we thank thee, Dan Chaucer, and just thanks shalt thou receive a thousand years hence."

A greater in the world's esteem, though scarce an equal, follows: EDMUND SPENSER, born also in London, and, like his predecessor, for many years a courtier and a dependent on the great. He took his master's degree at Cambridge in 1576; thence removing to the north, he wrote his *Shepherd's Calendar*, which he dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, by whom, and the great earl of Leicester, he was introduced to the queen of England. Elizabeth received him graciously; and it is said, though from her known parsimony the fact is questionable, she made him a gratuity of a very large sum in those days—one hundred pounds. In 1579 he was employed on a mission to France, and in the next year was made private secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland. His life, however, was far from happy, and he found, to his sorrow, that to have friends at court implies having enemies also. It was enough for the prosaic Burleigh that Spenser was a "rhymer," as he called him, and the protégé of his rivals, Leicester and Sidney "All this," said the sturdy treasurer, when he received the queen's command to pay the poet a hundred pounds, "all this for a song!" To the bitter and unceasing enmity of Burleigh, and the vexations consequent thereon, the poet evidently alludes in the following expressive lines in his "Mother Hubbard's Tale:"—

"Full little knowest thou that hast not try'd,  
 What hell it is in suing long to byde ;  
 To lose good days that might be better spent ;  
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;  
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;  
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow ;  
 To have thy prince's grace, yet want his peers' ;  
 To have the asking, yet wait many years ;  
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares ;  
 To eat thy bread with comfortless despairs ;  
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,  
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."

A part of the forfeited estate of the traitor Desmond, containing some three thousand acres of land, in the county of Cork, was granted him through the influence and interest of his friends. Here, in 1590, he wrote the first parts of his master-piece, "The Fairie Queene." Six years after he published the remaining cantos. At Kilcolman—so was his estate called—he passed several of his happiest years. In the society of an affectionate wife, whom he celebrates in immortal verse, with his children growing up about him, and in the midst of scenery the most magnificent, he poured forth streams of melody, cheering and perennial. But all this happiness, and the labors and the life of the poet, came to a speedy and a mournful termination. In the memorable rebellion of Tyrone, an infuriated mob, with savage yells, burst open his dwelling at midnight, set it on fire, destroyed his property, his books, and several unpublished poems ; and, keenest pang of all, his youngest child, in his cradle, perished in the flames. Distracted, he fled to London. In poverty, heart-broken, he died there in 1598. His friend, the earl of Essex, was at the expense of his funeral, "which was attended," says Camden, "by poets, and mournful elegies, and poems, with the pens that wrote them, thrown into his tomb."

"Ah ! what a warning for a thoughtless man,  
 Could field or grove, or any spot of earth,  
 Show to his eye *an image of the pangs*  
*Which it hath witness'd ; render back the echo*  
 Of the sad steps by which it hath been trod !"

Thus touchingly moralizeth Wordsworth, in sad contrast with the poet's own description of what Kilcolman was in the bright sunshine of his prosperity :—

"Beside the same a dainty place there lay,  
 Planted with myrtle-trees and laurels green,  
 In which the *birds sung many a lively lay*



*Of God's high praise, and of their sweet loves' teene,  
As it an earthly paradise had been."*

In no mood for penning a panegyric, or for the needless task of dwelling upon the beauties of his verse, let us simply say that, as a poet, he accomplished his great mission:—"to breathe lofty and unselfish thoughts into the souls of men; to make truth, purity, and high principle, the objects of desire."

Of SHAKSPEARE, the great and peerless, whose statue, "in the Walhalla of British poetry, must be first admitted and placed in the centre, before gradations and classifications are thought of," our author has gleaned but little that is new. His homes and haunts in London have disappeared before the march of improvement. The theatres, at the doors of which, on his first appearance in London, he held horses, and where afterward he enacted his own inimitable characters; the house at Bankside where he resided when in London; Paris Garden, where the queen, her nobles, and ladies, were wont to amuse themselves at bear-baits, while Willy looked on and studied human nature; the Mermaid Tavern in Cheapside, where, on club nights, he met the choice spirits of the age—are gone, all gone. "If the fame of men depended on bricks and mortar, what reputations would have been extinguished within the last two centuries in London!" Not so, however, with the quiet village of Stratford upon Avon. The house in which the poet was born is still standing; and "there"—we quote our author—

—"there stands the house in which he wooed his Ann Hathaway, and the old garden in which he walked with her. There, only a few miles distant, is the stately hall of Charlecote, whither the youthful poacher of Parnassus was carried before the unlucky knight. There stands his tomb, to which the great, and the wise, and the gifted, from all regions of the world, have made pilgrimage, followed by millions who would be thought so, the frivolous and the empty; but all paying homage, by the force of reason, or the force of fashion, vanity, and imitation, to the universal interpreter of humanity. It is well that the slow change of a country town has permitted the spirit of veneration to alight there, and cast its protecting wings over the earthly traces of that existence which diffused itself as a second life through all the realms of intellect. There is nothing missing of Shakspeare's there but the house which he built, and the mulberry-tree which he planted. The tree was hewn down; the house was pulled down and dispersed piecemeal by the infamous parson Gastrell, who thus 'damned himself to eternal fame' more thoroughly than the fool who fired the temple of Diana."

In his habits Shakspeare was abstemious and moral. A lover of home, and devotedly attached to his domestic hearth, he annu-

ally retired from the dissipated company of the witty and the gay, to spend all the time in his power in the peaceful place of his birth and the purity of his wedded home. Of his prudence and economical habits no better evidence is needed, than that he who came to London in his twenty-third year, poor, friendless, and glad to seize upon any employment that might give him honest bread, had laid by, before forty, a fortune calculated to be equal to a thousand pounds a year at the present day. Passing by the pages in which our author dwells, dolefully, on the fact that some of the descendants of the poet are still living in but moderate circumstances; and the well-merited castigation which he gives to those "who annually turn Stratford and their club into a regular 'Eatonswill,' on pretense of honoring Shakspeare;" and excusing the insertion of a long account of his visit to Stratford, made and first published some seven years ago,—another evidence of an author's partiality for his own offspring,—we must say that the want of something better was a poor excuse for their insertion in the present volumes. When a man has nothing to say, it is always best to say nothing; and certainly no honor is done by devoting pages of commonplace thought to him of whom John Milton gloriously asks:—

"What needs my Shakspeare for his honor'd bones  
The labor of an age in piled stones?  
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid  
Under a stary-pointing pyramid?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame!  
What need'st thou *such weak witness of thy name*?  
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
Hast built thyself a long-lived monument."

In a kind of parenthesis between the writer of these lines and him of whom they were written,—a miserable mud cottage between two gorgeous palaces,—we have *Abraham Cowley*. It would puzzle thee, Howitt, to give what to thyself shall seem a good reason for placing *him* among the "most eminent British poets." True, he had his admirers in his lifetime, and at his death was buried in Westminster Abbey. His body lies in close proximity to those of Chaucer and Spenser, but by thine own confession he was a mere constructor of toys and gewgaws; a dealer in artifices, conceits, and fustian. As says the old gastronome:—

"Unless some sweetness in the bottom lie,  
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pie?"

And Cowley is nothing but crinkling: a mere dealer in "fricasseed snow." The house in which, in 1608, the great MILTON

first saw the light was destroyed by the memorable fire; else had it been, to this day, a shrine for as many pilgrimages as the bard of Avon's modest dwelling. His father was in easy circumstances, and early discovered the budding genius of his son, whose delight in books was so intense, even from infancy, that he seldom left them till after midnight. Over the pages of Spenser, whom he calls his master, the youthful Milton was wont to bend with intense enthusiasm; and, encouraged and urged on by parental smiles in his boyhood, he drank deeply at the Pierian spring. Our author laments, as others have done before him, and as we do, though lamentation is useless, that more restraint was not placed on the studies of the lad. Perchance, if it had been so, he had not lost his sight; and then, again, perchance the *Paradise Lost* had not been written, and to this day there had been no real epic in the English language. At Christ's College, Cambridge, which he entered in his seventeenth year, he wrote, as is well known, elegies in Latin verse, unsurpassed, if equaled, by any that have been produced since the Augustan age. On leaving his alma mater, where, the cynical Johnson tells us, though he says he is ashamed to tell it, "he received the indignity of corporal correction," meaning that his tutor whipped him, he went to reside at Horton, in the county of Buckingham. Here, besides thoroughly reading the Greek and Latin authors, he made himself so well acquainted with the Italian, as to be enabled to speak and write the language with such fluency as to astonish the most learned natives. On his tour through that country he was honorably received by the most distinguished men of the age, spent some of his happiest hours, and made preparations for his great poem, the scheme of which he had already conceived. Hearing, however, of the national troubles in his own land, "instead of proceeding forward," we quote the eloquent Warton, "to feast his fancy with the contemplation of scenes familiar to Theocritus and Homer, the fires of Etna and the porticoes of Pericles, he abruptly changed his course, and hastily returned home to plead the cause of ideal liberty." He came back, and engaged in the humble but honorable task of teaching school; and here, says our author—

"We encounter one of the most disgraceful pieces of chuckling over his lowly fate, to be found in that most disgraceful *Life* of our great poet and patriot, by Dr. Johnson. On Milton's head, Johnson poured all the volume of his collected bile. Take this one passage as a specimen of the whole:—'Let not our veneration for Milton forbid us to look with some degree of merriment on great promises and small performances; on the man who hastens home because his countrymen are



contending for their liberty, and, when he reaches the scene of action, vapors away his patriotism in a private boarding-school.' The passage is as false as it is malicious. Milton did not promise to come home and put himself at the head of armies or senates. He knew where his strength lay, and he came to use it, and did use it most effectually. He did not say, 'I will be another Cromwell,' but he became the Cromwell of the pen. He did not make great promises and show small performances; he did not vapor away his patriotism in a private boarding-school. He took to a school, because he must live; but he soon showed that every moment not required for teaching his private pupils was ardently and unceasingly devoted to teaching the nation and the world. His pen was worth a thousand swords; his thoughts flew about and slew faster than bullets or cannon-balls. Shame to the old bigoted lexicographer! must every true son of his country and lover of truth exclaim, when he reads what Milton wrote and what he did. To say nothing of his Tractate of Education and other works; to say nothing of his Paradise Lost, and all his other noble poems, all breathing the most lofty and godlike sentiments—those sentiments which create souls of fire, of strength, and truth, in every age as it arises—what are his *Areopagitica*? his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*? his *Eiconoclastes*? his *Defensio Populi*? his *Defensio Secunda*? his Treatise on the Means of removing Hirelings out of the Church? his *Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Cases*? Are these nothing? If ever there was a magnificent monument of human genius, of intellectual power, and glorious patriotism, built up by one man, it exists in these immortal works. Vapored away his patriotism in a private boarding-school!... The poor schoolmaster, who on the plains of Italy heard the cry of his country for help, flew to her rescue as confidently as if he had been a prince, with fleets and armies at his command. In a poor hired dwelling he prepared his missiles and warlike machines. Men, like Johnson, in the bigotry of despotism, might despise him and them; for they were but a few quires of paper and a gray goose quill; but he soon shot that quill higher against the towers of royalty, deeper into the ranks of the oppressors, than ever the bullets of Cromwell and Fairfax could pierce. His papers flew abroad and unfurled the banners of liberty, before which kings trembled, and the stoutest myrmidons dropped their arms. His *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates* vindicated, in unanswerable eloquence, the right of nations to call their monarchs to account for their offenses against the laws. His defense of the people from the accursed charges of the hireling Salmasius flew through Europe, and struck kings and servile senates dumb. By the side of Cromwell the visage of the blind old man was seen with awe and wonder; the learned and the wise, from distant realms, came to gaze upon the unequaled twain; and when the inspired secretary exclaimed—

'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,'

the guilty persecutors shrunk aghast, for they knew that where the voice of Milton could reach, the arm of Cromwell could reach too.

Who shall say how much of the renown of England at that day sprung from the pen and soul of John Milton! how much he inspired of that which Cromwell did! and how much of the grand march of political and social renovation, which is now going on throughout the world, originated in the vaporings of the poor schoolmaster! Before his fame how pales that of him who has dared thus to revile him! What are all the works of Johnson, and we are inclined to give them their fullest due, when compared with those of Milton, and their consequences? Before him

‘Whose soul was like a star, and dwelt apart,’

it became the man who so worthily chastised the meanness of a Chesterfield, to have bowed with humility and reverential love.”

This is not more spirited than well deserved. With as great severity might be handled Johnson’s frigid criticisms on the poetry of the blind bard, but it is needless. The world differs from the critic when he says of “*Lycidas*,” that the diction is harsh and the numbers unpleasing; when he says of “*Comus*,” that almost all the speeches are too long; and of his sonnets, that “of the best it can only be said that they are not bad.” It savors, indeed, strongly of the ridiculous, that the author of “*Irene*” should venture to criticise and censure the style, the measure, or the melody of verse, that will be embalmed in thousands of hearts when the fact that he himself attempted poetry is forgotten. For several interesting incidents in the domestic life of Milton we must refer to the volumes before us. He died in November, 1674, was buried in the church of St. Giles; and it seems probable, from the statements of our author, though, for the credit of humanity, we could wish that the fact might be disproved, that his coffin has been disinterred and opened, and his bones carried off by sacrilegious relic-hunters. But the spirit lives; and though in his lifetime, and afterward, his name was loaded with obloquy and reproach, a halo of increasing glory now surrounds it, and it cannot die. As a British poet, by those who do not place him first, he is esteemed second only to Shakspeare; and as a man, a more ardent and sincere lover of liberty and virtue, a more zealous and indefatigable champion of the right, one who brought to his great task more learning or a greater genius, has never been permitted to bless our world. He was, indeed, “the noblest model of a devoted patriot and true Englishman; and the study of his works is the most certain means of perpetuating to his country spirits worthy of her greatness.”

Of BUTLER, the witty author of *Hudibras*, little is known, save that during life he struggled with adverse fortune, and after his death was honored with a monument in Westminster Abbey. His

name, Johnson says, and Howitt agrees with him, can only perish with the English language. If we mistake not, his poem is little read at the present day; and, if doomed never to be forgotten, he is, what amounts to nearly the same thing, very much neglected. In succession, our author gives us DRYDEN and ADDISON, alike in that both married ladies who, priding themselves on their birth, rendered the houses of the poets unhappy; and unlike in the fact, that while the latter was fortunate in the acquisition of this world's goods, and honored with high office, the former, through life, grappled with poverty, and was substantially neglected by those who fawned upon him and fed him with cheap flattery. Dryden had also to contend with the malignity of envious rivals; and what was perhaps the bitterest ingredient in his cup, the laureateship, which he held for a season, was taken from him, and, with its emoluments, bestowed on his unworthy rival, Shadwell. For no better reason than the hope of mending his fortune, he abjured Puritanism and embraced Popery; but in this he was also disappointed, and was even less successful as a Papist than as a Protestant. "Poor Dryden! with the cross wife, and the barren blaze of aristocracy around him, the poorest coal-heaver need not have envied him." His rank as a poet is well ascertained, and his fame will live when his faults and misfortunes are forgotten. Expressive is the inscription on his monument in Westminster Abbey; it is one word—DRYDEN. Not near his equal as a poet, though popular in his day, and praised by all parties as the author of *Cato*, Addison's is a life upon which it is far more agreeable to dwell. It was he who first sounded forth the glory of Milton, who turned the attention of England back to her earlier poets, and who did more than all others to make periodical literature what it is. As a prose writer, he to this day continues to deserve Johnson's eulogium:—"Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." Somewhat dissipated in his earlier life, he has left, in his "*Defense of the Christian Religion*," ample evidence that he had theoretically studied the great truths of divine revelation, the power of which upon his own heart he practically exemplified in his last moments, when, aware that the lamp was flickering in the socket, he called for the licentious Lord Warwick, and, with great tenderness, desiring him to listen to his last admonitions, said: "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die."

GAY, never eminent, and rarely successful in his poetic productions, has left behind him some verses worth more than all his tra-



gedies, comedies, operas, and fables. In the following lines, little known because of the rubbish by which they are surrounded, he reaches an elevation that he seldom gained, and held but for a season:—

“O could the muse in loftier strains rehearse  
The glorious Author of the universe,  
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,  
And circumscribes the flaming worlds their rounds;  
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,  
And my Creator’s name inspire my lays!”

And again, at the close of his poem called “A Contemplation on Night:”—

“When the pure soul is from the body flown,  
No more shall night’s alternate reign be known;  
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,  
But from th’ Almighty streams of glory flow.  
O! may some nobler thought my soul employ,  
Than transient, empty, sublunary joy.  
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,  
But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.”

Better known, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries or predecessors, and, except Shakspeare, more frequently quoted, it needs not that we dwell at any length on that greatest master of English versification—ALEXANDER POPE. Born in London, inheriting a feeble constitution and a deformed body, he lisped in numbers from his childhood. All the instruction that he received was finished when he reached his twelfth year, at which age he wrote his “Ode on Solitude.” From that period he was his own teacher; and delighting in books, he made himself master of Latin, Greek, and French, and was one of the very rare instances of a “genius at once precocious and enduring.” In his twenty-third year, he gave to the world his “Essay on Criticism,” and soon after, his “Rape of the Lock,” which at once secured him fame and filled his purse. Four years after he issued the first volume of his *Homer*, which had been preceded by several of his smaller works, among which was that wonderful triumph over the harshness of our “crabbed English,” the “Ode on St. Cecilia’s Day.” He himself gives a humorous account of the celebrity he had already attained, when he says, in a letter to Martha Blount, describing his journey to the celebrated university:—“About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells rang out in different notes, the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth, some in deeper, some in softer tones, that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill prepa-

ration to the life I have since led among these old walls, memorable galleries, stone porticoes, students' walks, and solitary scenes. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in the most dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain when the monks of their own order extolled their piety and abstraction; for I found myself received with a sort of respect which the idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious, are in your world. Indeed, I was treated in such a manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself what college I was founder of, or what library I had built. Methinks I do very ill to return to the world again—to leave the only place where I make a figure; and from seeing myself seated with dignity in the conspicuous shelves of a library, put myself into the abject posture of lying at a lady's feet in St. James's Square."

Flattered and caressed on every side, and—would it had not been so!—seduced into the company of the profligate and licentious, he plunged into excesses which charity would fain cover from every eye. One lovely trait, however, shines forth in his character. It was that of filial affection. At Twickenham, whither he retired, reluctantly, from the maddening scenes of London, which were undermining his constitution and hurrying him to the grave, his parents were the cherished objects of his kindest regard. Swift called him the most dutiful son he had ever heard of. Over the grave of his mother, who lived to see her ninety-third birthday, he placed this simple and touching inscription:—

Ah! Editha,  
Matrum optima,  
Mulierum amantissima,  
Vale!

After many pleasant reminiscences of the poets' homes and haunts, which we may not even glance at, our author concludes with adverting to the disgraceful fact, that, as in the case of Milton, and even worse, his grave has been rifled, and "the skull of Pope is now in the private collection of a phrenologist."

Of SWIFT, two biographical sketches have been given to the world; differing from each other in their estimate of his character, perhaps, as much as it was possible for two men to differ with the same facts before them. Johnson paints him with a pencil dipped

in gall, guided, apparently, by personal pique ; while Scott disguises the worst features of his character, and applies unsparingly the friendly varnish. Our author evidently aims to do him justice ; but, after all, is constrained to admit, that in intense selfishness he was seldom equaled, in his treatment of the fair sex a fit subject for the indignant contempt of every honorable mind, and that many of his writings, "wonderful as is his talent, and admirable as is his wit, are dreadfully defiled by his coarseness and filthiness of ideas."

The transition from such a character to the pride of Scotia, THOMSON, Jemmy Thomson, as he was called, is pleasant. While the world would have been none the worse had Swift never lived, and certainly the better if his wit, with its indecent drapery, had been buried with him, of Thomson it may be truly said, that he wrote

"No line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

An ardent lover of nature, many of his descriptions, in "The Seasons," his most admired production, are admitted and felt to be wonderfully true, and on every page is evidence that he was continually looking from nature up to nature's God. With a heart apparently swelling with gratitude to the Giver of all good, the poet instills into his reader the most ennobling sentiments, and closes the poem with a magnificent burst of adoration which has no superior in the language, and is equaled only by the morning hymn put by Milton into the lips of our first parents. We have called "The Seasons" his most admired production. It is so ; but his "Castle of Indolence" is unquestionably a finer poem. The former abounds in harsh passages and strangely inverted sentences ; is unequal, and often prosaic. The latter is harmonious in diction, well sustained throughout, and everywhere pervaded by a tone of manly and invigorating thought. "Such a stanza as this," says Howitt, "is the seed of independence to the minds of thousands :—

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :  
 You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;  
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
 Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face ;  
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
 The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve ;  
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,  
 And I these toys to the great children leave :  
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave."

A peculiar trait in his character, which, from a perusal of his



writings, none would have guessed, was—indolence, a love of ease and self-indulgence. These were his “besetting sins.” It is hard to believe what Quin says of him who so gorgeously describes the ushering in of day, that he never saw the sun rise in his life; yet is there no doubt of the fact, that to a friend, who, finding him in bed at noon, and asking why he did not rise earlier, he replied, listlessly, that “he had nae motive.” How, in such spirit-stirring lines as these—and he has many more such—does the sluggard rebuke himself:—

“It was not by vile loitering in ease  
That Greece obtain’d the brighter palm of art;  
That soft, yet ardent Athens learn’d to please,  
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,  
In all supreme, complete in every part!  
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,  
And o’er the nations shook her conqu’ring dart:  
*For sluggard’s brow the laurel never grows;  
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.*”

To his self-indulgence, and the effeminacy and susceptibility consequent thereon, is attributed his premature death, by a cold, caught on the Thames, in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was buried in the church at Richmond, and on a brass tablet above his grave is an inscription closing with the following well-known lines from his own “Winter:”—

“Father of light and life, thou Good Supreme!  
O teach me what is good; teach me myself!  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,  
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss.”

Passing SHENSTONE, whose poems no one pretends to praise, and few to read, and even whose taste in landscape gardening our author questions, we come to that most wonderful instance of precocious genius, CHATTERTON. His history is more like romance than reality, and the truth in his case is indeed stranger than fiction. Fatherless, and his widowed mother pinched with poverty, he had, necessarily, few advantages of early education. Until six and a half years of age he gave no evidence of intellect, and his poor mother began to think him an absolute fool. Suddenly and unexpectedly the hidden spark of genius burst forth; and, says Cumberland, as quoted by our author:—

“He grew thoughtful and reserved. He was silent and gloomy for long intervals together, speaking to no one, and appearing angry when  
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noticed or disturbed. He would break out into sudden fits of weeping, for which no reason could be assigned; would shut himself in some chamber, and suffer no one to approach him, nor allow himself to be enticed from his seclusion. Often he would go to the length of absenting himself from home altogether, for the space, sometimes, of many hours; and his sister remembered him being most severely chastised for a long absence, at which, however, he did not shed one tear, but merely said, 'It is hard, indeed, to be whipped for reading.' His money, all that he could procure, went to get the perusal of books; and on Sundays, and holydays, and half-holydays, he was either wandering solitarily in the fields, sitting beside the tomb of Canynge in the church, or was shut up in a little room at his mother's, attending to no mealtimes, and only issuing out, when he did appear, begrimed with ochre, charcoal, and black lead. From twelve to seven, each Saturday, he was always at home; returning a few minutes after the clock had struck, to get to his little room, and to shut himself up. In this room he always had by him a great piece of ochre, in a brown pan; pounce-bag full of charcoal dust, which he had from a neighbor; also a bottle of black lead powder, which they once took to clean the stove with, and made him very angry. Every holyday, almost, he passed at home; and often, having been denied the key when he wanted it, because they thought he hurt his health and made himself dirty, he would come to Mrs. Edkins, and kiss her cheek, and coax her to get it for him, using the most persuasive expressions to effect his end; so that this eagerness of his to be in this room so much alone, the apparatus, the parchments, both plain as well as written on, and the begrimed figure he always presented when he came down at tea-time, his face exhibiting many stains of black and yellow, all these circumstances began to alarm them."

Very far were they from conjecturing the real nature of the lad's employment. Plentifully supplied with parchment which he found in the old church of St. Mary Radcliffe, with his ochre, and charcoal, and black lead, he was imitating antique manuscripts, and clothing in the drapery of bygone years his own strange fancies. He produced, to the utter astonishment of all who saw them, pedigrees of different individuals, with coats of arms, elaborately painted; histories of old bridges and churches; castles and palaces in strange styles of architecture, beautifully drawn and elaborately described. He was looked upon as a lucky boy, by those who gazed upon the treasures dragged by him, as they thought, from the clutches of dim antiquity. The dark ages seemed to grow bright, as one trophy after another of his imaginary heroes, and architects, and painters, was presented for the study of the antiquarian; and, what is most strange, no one suspected the imposition. To this day, in the history of Bristol, by the learned Barrett, may be seen copies of the wonders palmed upon him by this wonderful stripling: an ancient castle, in a style

of architecture never seen before nor since ; unique towers, fanciful battlements, the coinage of his own brain, all passing through the hands of scholars and philosophers as veritable gold. And all this by a child of eleven or twelve years of age ! Says our author :—

“ And now a new world had dawned before his inner vision ; the sensibilities of the poet were quivering in every nerve ; mysterious shapes moved around him, which one day he must report to the world—shapes, the offspring of that old church, and its tombs and monuments, and traceries and emblazonments, mingled with the spirit of his solitary readings in history, divinity, and antiquities ; and that melancholy foreboding, that *Ahnung* of the future, as the Germans term it, which like a present angel of prophecy, unseen, but felt, hangs on the heart of youthful genius with an overpowering sadness, was spread over him like a heavenly cloud, which made the physical face of life dreary and insipid to him.”

And he wrote poetry, but with strange perverseness still continued the use of his parchment, and black lead, and ochre ; and attributed his own productions to men long dead and mostly forgotten. It was fame enough for him to be deemed the fortunate finder of these treasures, the productions, as he averred, of no less than eleven different authors, among whom the most celebrated were John à Iscam, Maister Canynge, and Thomas Rowley ; and truly, had these men written the verses thus fathered upon them, their names had been inscribed high up on fame's enduring temple. But alas for Chatterton ! His ingenuity was too great ; his success ruined him. The critics, the knowing ones, were taken in ; and when the fraud was at length detected, when the wonder was a thousandfold increased by the discovery that the boy was himself the author, why then, instead of clasping him to their hearts, and offering their friendly guidance, they spurned him as a base impostor, turned him off to penury and beggary, to starvation, to death by his own hand, to a grave among paupers, unnoticed and unknown. “ It was a new kind of crime, this endowment of the republic of literature with enormous accessions of wealth ; and, what was more extraordinary, the endowers were not only denounced as thieves, but as thieves from themselves ! Macpherson and Chatterton did not assert that *they* had written new and great poems, which the acute critics proved to be stolen from the ancients, Ossian and Rowley ; *that*, and their virtuous indignation, we might have comprehended ; but, on the contrary, while the critics protested that Chatterton and Macpherson *themselves* were the actual poets, and had only put on *the masks* of ancients, they treated them, not as clever maskers, joining in the witty conceit,



and laughing over it in good-natured triumph, but they denounced them in savage terms, as base thieves, false coiners, damnable impostors ! O, glorious thieves ! glorious coiners ! admirable impostors ! would that a thousand other such would appear, to fill the hemisphere of England with fresh stars of renown !” . . . “ Not thus was execrated and chased out of the regions of popularity, and even into a self-dug grave ‘ the great Unknown,’ ‘ the author of Waverley.’ He wore his mask in all peace and honor for thirteen years, and not a soul dreamed of denouncing Sir Walter Scott, because he had endeavored to palm off his productions as those of Peter Pattison or Jedediah Cleishbotham.”

That the youth who thus perished by his own hand, in his seventeenth year, had many faults, and grievous ones, it were useless to deny ; equally vain to dwell, in imagination, upon what he might have been, had he found upon this broad earth one friend to sympathize with him, and foster in his soul those aspirations which he breathed forth in the following lines—lines full of trust in divine goodness, over which, alas ! despair triumphed :—

“ O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,  
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,  
To thee, my only rock, I fly ;  
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

“ The mystic mazes of thy will,  
*The shadows of celestial light,*  
Are past the power of human skill ;  
But what th’ Eternal acts is right.

“ O teach me, in the trying hour,  
When anguish swells the dewy tear,  
To still my sorrows, own thy power,  
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

“ If in this bosom aught but Thee,  
Encroaching, sought a boundless sway,  
Omniscience could the danger see,  
And mercy look the cause away.

“ Then why, my soul, dost thou complain ?  
Why, drooping, seek the dark recess !—  
Shake off the melancholy chain,  
For God created all to bless.

“ But ah ! my breast is human still ;  
The rising sigh, the falling tear,  
My languid vitals’ feeble rill,  
The sickness of my soul declare.

"But yet, with fortitude resign'd,  
I thank th' inflictor of the blow ;  
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,  
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

"*The gloomy mantle of the night,  
Which on my sinking spirit steals,  
Will vanish at the morning light  
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.*"

Of GRAY, whose fame rests securely on one unequaled elegy, familiar to every reader of the English language, our author has gleaned but little of interest ; while of GOLDSMITH, the true-hearted Irishman, than whom

"No mortal ever left this world of sin  
More like the infant that he enter'd in ;"

and of BURNS, whose verse, like an electric shock, thrills the heart, and kindles the eye of the Scotsman wherever he wanders, he gives us many details of great interest, on which it were pleasant to linger ; but we pass to spend a few moments with the bard of Olney, the timid, melancholy, yet joyous and buoyant COWPER. Contradictory as are these epithets, they are applicable, all, to him whose iron creed drove, almost, if not quite, to madness that same mind, which bursts forth frequently in loftiest strains of trust, and confidence, and rapturous thanksgiving ; is seen unbending itself in sportive letters of the most childlike simplicity ; and, as in the journey of the world-renowned John Gilpin, delighted, at times, to revel in the fun of the broadest farce. Unfortunate was it, for the poet and for the world, that he ever saw John Newton, and imbibed from him, in all their chilliness, the gloomy dogmas of hyper-Calvinism. The perusal of his correspondence with that well-meaning but rigid predestinarian, contrasted with his letters to his other friends, and more especially to the Unwins, reveals, to some extent, the secret of that withering blight that preyed so long and so grievously upon him. His heart told him of God's impartial love, and echoed back, responsively, the blessed assurance that "whosoever will may take of the water of life freely." Then pours he forth strains of gladness worthy of an angel's lyre, and soars aloft, carrying his reader with him to listen, while

"One song employs *all nations*, and *all cry*,  
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us !'  
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks  
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops  
From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;

Till nation after nation taught the strain,  
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

But soon, fearfully, his creed, interpreted after the fashion of the straitest sect of Calvin's followers, throws a dark cloud over all this goodly prospect, and hides the sunshine of the poet's soul in dark eclipse. He gropes, in wandering mazes lost. Election, with its fearful counterpart, haunts him like the demon of despair. He concludes, as every man not mantled with self-complacency must conclude, that if there be reprobates, *he ought* to be one; and, in many of his letters, more than intimates his firm conviction that in this respect what ought to be, *is*. This feeling sometimes tinges his verse, though not often, with hues of saddest melancholy, as in the poem beginning—

"O! happy shades, to me unblest!  
Friendly to *peace*, but not to *me*!  
How ill the scene that offers rest,  
And heart, that cannot rest, agree."

The incidents of his life are familiar, and his fame, as a painter of nature, and as a poet inspiring the loftiest sentiments, is too well established ever to be shaken. How full of solemn dignity and trustful assurance are the lines which it will do thee good yet once again to read:—

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain  
That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,  
Can wind around him, but he casts it off  
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.  
He looks abroad into the varied field  
Of Nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared  
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy  
With a propriety that none can feel,  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling say, 'My Father made them all!'  
Are they not his by a peculiar right,  
And by an emphasis of interest his,  
Whose eye they fill with tears of holiest joy,  
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love  
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world  
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?"

\* \* \* \* \*



He is indeed a freeman : free by birth  
 Of no mean city, plann'd or e'er the hills  
 Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea,  
 With all his roaring multitude of waves."

Very scurvily was our enthusiastic tracker of the haunts of the British poets treated by the surviving relatives of the gifted Mrs. TIGHE, and in right good earnest does he lash their contemptible arrogance. Our author overrates her poetry. Her "Psyche," with the profits of which she built an asylum for orphans, contains, amid much incongruity, some pleasing poetry. The victim of hereditary consumption, a vein of sadness runs through her verse, and, lovely and beloved, she found an early grave. It is of her that Mrs. Hemans, a congenial spirit, while musing upon her early departure, pensively sings :—

"Thou hast left sorrow in thy song,  
 A voice not loud, but deep !—  
 The glorious bowers of earth among,  
 How often didst thou weep !

"Where couldst thou fix, on mortal ground,  
 Thy tender thoughts and high !—  
 Now peace the woman's heart hath found,  
 And joy the poet's eye !"

Still sadder is our author's strain, and far higher his admiration, when discoursing of the youthful KEATS, who died at Rome when he had scarcely passed the age of twenty-four. During the three years in which he penned all his poems, he had the consciousness that his disease, the slow-wasting consumption, was incurable; and it had pleased us better had he left more evidence of the truth of the latter part of the line applied to him by our author :—

"He sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

Perhaps as favorable a specimen as we can give, in a short space, of one whose nature, in the rather hyperbolic language of our author, was "one pure mass of the living light of poetry," is his sonnet "On first looking into Chapman's Homer :"—

"Much have I travel'd in the land of gold,  
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,  
 Round many western islands have I been,  
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold ;  
 Oft of one wide expanse have I been told,  
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;  
 Yet I did never breathe its pure serene  
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold—  
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

*When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
Or like stout Cortes, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and his men  
Look'd at each other in a wild surprise,  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."*

Of course we have no fault to find with our author's tracery of the haunts of SHELLEY and of BYRON, nor with his estimate of their poetry, whatever be our opinion of his unsuccessful attempts to palliate their vices, and to apologize for the evils resulting from their precepts and their example. He deplores the fact that the former was in early life the avowed champion of atheism, "yet was he honest;" he throws the blame of his expulsion entirely on the heads of the college, making his hero a perfect martyr; and appears to deem it an ample atonement for his brutality toward his first wife, which resulted in her suicide, that she was of humble station, of uncongenial mind, and that he bitterly lamented "the catastrophe of her death." So of Byron, bringing into bold relief every good trait in his character, he speaks tenderly, as though his unquestioned genius, and the harsh treatment he received from the world, accounted for, if they did not justify, his skepticism, his utter selfishness, and even his avowed licentiousness. In many respects the two poets were alike. Both of noble family, and both unhappy in their matrimonial connections; both haters with the intensity of bitterness of what they deemed the cant of Christianity, and both self-exiled from their native land. Shelley was drowned by the sinking of his boat in the Gulf of Spezia, at the age of thirty; and Byron, who had been intimately familiar with him during their residence in Italy, expired on the classic shores of Greece.

Far inferior as a poet, yet infinitely more pleasing is the perusal of the pages dedicated to the pious CRABBE, of whose life and writings an extended notice may be found in a former volume of this Review. Many interesting facts which were unknown to his biographer are brought to light by the indefatigable researches of our author; but lack of space forbids us to linger. In the same unceremonious manner too must we pass over the "haunts" of that pleasing egotist, that rarest specimen of self-esteem—JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd. His poetry is not of a high order, nor is it doomed to immortality. Some of his imitations of contemporaneous poets, and especially those attributed to Wordsworth, are, in the language of our author, "admirably grave quizzes;" and he copies, as a specimen—

"A boy came from the mountains, tripping light,  
 With basket on his arm,—and it appear'd  
 That there was butter there, for the white cloth  
 That over it was spread, not unobserved,  
 In tiny ridges gently rose and fell,  
*Like graves of children cover'd o'er with snow ;*  
 And by one clumsy fold the traveler spied  
 One roll of yellow treasure, all as pure  
*As primrose bud reflected in the lake.*  
 'Boy,' said the stranger, 'wilt thou hold my steed,  
 Till I walk round the corner of that mere ?  
 When I return I will repay thee well.'"

The boy holds the horse, but the stranger returns not. Frightened by a thunder-storm, the steed breaks away, and the boy begins to be alarmed about his butter, thus exposed to the hot sun of a long summer's day. He gently lifts the white cloth, to feel,

"With his left hand, how it affected was  
 By the long day and burning sun of heaven.  
 It was all firm and flat—no ridges rose  
 Like graves of children—basket, butter, cloth,  
 Were all one piece, coherent. To his home  
 The boy return'd, right sad, and sore aghast."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, the youngest of thirteen children, was born of pious parents, in Devonshire, October 21, 1772. Delicate, and of a timid disposition, he found no associates among boys of his own age. "I never," says he, "thought as a child, never had the language of a child." Solitary, and without play-fellows, he spent his early years in reading and meditation. "I never played," he says, "except by myself, and then only acting over what I had been reading or fancying, or half one, half the other, with a stick cutting down weeds and nettles, as one of 'the Seven Champions of Christendom.'" At the age of ten he was sent to a public school in London, where he was roughly treated, flogged, and half starved. "There"—we quote again his own language, and would that it might meet the eye of some parent, just now casting about in his mind for an economical place of banishment for his boy—"there I felt myself alone among six hundred play-mates. O, the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! the yearnings which I used to have toward it in those unfledged years! How in my dreams would my native town, far in the west, come back, with its churches, and trees, and faces!" Here, too, he was frequently and severely beaten; and the pedagogue, at the end of a flogging, generally gave him an extra cut,



"for," said he, "you are such an ugly fellow!" At this school were laid the foundations of those bodily sufferings which made his after life one scene of torture, and drove him to the excessive use of opium. From the school, after an unsuccessful effort on his part to be apprenticed to a shoemaker, he was sent, at the age of nineteen, to Jesus College, Cambridge, where his scholarship gained him many honors, but which he soon left, embarrassed with debt, and on his way to London enlisted as a common soldier. One of the most amusing episodes in the life of any literary character is the account given by our author of this strange enlistment; of his awkwardness with his armor, and especially with his horse; of his meditations upon Cæsar and Leonidas, by which he tried to render the severity of his daily drills endurable, and to bear the taunts of his officers, who never ventured to advance him out of the awkward squad; of his employment as letter-writer for the regiment, to the wives and sweethearts of the soldiers, who, availing themselves of his ability and good-nature, nevertheless deemed him a "natural," because of his inability to learn his exercise; of his venturing to correct the Greek quotations of his officers as he stood sentinel at the door; and most especially of his services, faithful and unrequited, as nurse to his sick fellow-soldiers in the hospital—

"One of whom he had volunteered to attend during a most malignant attack of small-pox, when all others deserted him, and had waited on him and watched him for six weeks. To prevent contagion, the patient and his noble-hearted nurse were put into an outhouse, where Coleridge continued all that time, night and day, administering medicine, guarding him from himself during violent delirium, and, when again capable of listening, sitting by his bed and reading to him. In the annals of humanity, that act must stand as one of the truest heroism."

At length, released from his irksome situation through the interposition of friends, he married a sister of the wife of his friend Southey; and under a contract to write a volume of poems for thirty guineas, he removed to the neighborhood of Bristol, where, with his bride, in a little half-furnished cottage, he commenced the cares of housekeeping. In his younger days he had embraced infidel principles, which he abandoned after his marriage, and became for a while a Unitarian preacher. For a while he floundered through the mazes of Berkeley, Spinoza, Hartley, and Kant; until, wearied and sick at heart, he abandoned them all, and sought and found rest in the bosom of the Established Church.

Following "the brooding poet with the heavenly eyes," our author introduces us successively to the lovely and enthusiastic

Mrs. HEMANS, the victim of an unhappy marriage; and to Miss LANDON, better known as L. E. L., whose life was embittered and cut short by calumny the most atrocious. Mrs. Hemans was born in Liverpool; married at an early age; and, deserted by her husband, she was left to grapple single-handed with the world, and to provide for and educate her five sons. How touching is her allusion to this fact, and what noble sentiments are revealed in the following extract from one of the last letters she ever wrote:—

—“It has ever been one of my regrets, that the constant necessity of providing sums of money, to meet the exigencies of the boys’ education, has obliged me to waste my mind in what I consider mere desultory effusions—

Pouring myself away,  
As a wild bird, amid the foliage, tunes  
That which within him thrills, and beats, and burns,  
Into a fleeting lay.

“My wish ever was to concentrate all my mental energy in the production of some more noble and complete work; something of pure and holy excellence, which might permanently take its place as the work of a British poetess. I have always hitherto written as if in the breaking-times of storms and billows. . . . A greater freedom from these cares, of which I have been obliged to bear up under the whole responsibility, may do much to restore me; and though my spirits are greatly subdued by long sickness, I feel the powers of my mind in full maturity.”

Bravely did she bear up under all her troubles; and, pouring forth lays of sweetness, if the wish of her heart to produce some one great poem were ungratified, she succeeded in winning for herself a name, and in meeting, by her single pen, “the exigencies of the boys’ education.” Some of her most admired verses were written during her last illness; and but a little while before her death she wrote that “soul-full effusion,” “Despondency and Aspiration.” She died in Dublin, May 16, 1835, and over her grave is a simple inscription, with the verses:—

“Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit, rest thee now;  
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.  
Dust to its narrow house beneath,  
Soul to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in death  
No more will fear to die.”

More wonderful than even the wildest of his own romances is the life of “the great wizard of the North,” Sir WALTER SCOTT.

On his unequalled success in the sterile plains of Parnassus, whence he drew with his gray goosequill the astounding sum of half a million sterling, our author dwells with garrulous wonder; and with sadness amounting almost to tears gives the history of his reverses, when the "thunderbolt of fate had fallen on the great magician," whom he styles the "Job of modern times." For ourselves, we love to view him best in the days of his adversity, when, by the mismanagement of others, his riches, so suddenly amassed, had taken wings and fled away. Patient, industrious, and honest, with honor untarnished, he needed not the pity of his friends, while he spent the remaining strength of his latter years in the toilsome drudgery of authorship, that he might pay off claims which the laws of the land would have sustained him had he refused to meet, or the friendly bankrupt act would have wiped out, had he permitted it, with a wet sponge. Our author traces his homes and haunts from the house in which he was born, through his various residences in Edinburgh; dwells, delighted, on the room in Castle-street, No. 39, where he wrote most of his earlier productions—the house now occupied by Professor Napier, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*; and with minute particularity describes his world-renowned residence at Abbotsford. In quick succession, after his pecuniary losses, other sorrows fell upon him. His wife could not bear up under her reverses, and soon died; a son and daughter were prostrated on the couch of lingering sickness; his great publisher and dear friend "died too, of the fatal malady of ruined hopes." As in the history of most men of eminent genius, there is none to inherit his name, and, says his son-in-law, Lockhart, "the hope of founding a family died with him."

Another bard of Scotia follows—CAMPBELL, author of "*The Pleasures of Hope*," by which designation he will continue to be, as he was in his life, best known; so much so, that he is said to have felt toward it as the Athenian did, who was tired of hearing Aristides called "the Just." His poems, "*Gertrude of Wycming*," "*O'Connor's Child*," and numerous others, some of which first appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of which he became editor in 1820, are also well known and properly appreciated. He was not treated with remarkable liberality by his publishers; and it is related that at a dinner-party, where were assembled many of the craft, he startled them, when called on for a toast, by replying, with mock gravity—"Gentlemen, I give you Napoleon; he was a fine fellow—he shot a bookseller." He was of an amiable disposition, kind-hearted, frank, generous. In his latter years he had an accumulation of domestic afflictions. He died in 1844,



and was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. In tracing his haunts in the city of the poet's birth, our author relates "one of the most curious things" that he ever met with. It seems that, accompanied by a friend, he called on a cousin of the recently departed poet, at whose house Campbell had been wont to make his home. After an introduction to Mr. Gray, a "tall, gray man,"

—"And on my asking if he could oblige me by informing me where Campbell was born, to our great astonishment he replied that he really did not know. 'And, indeed,' said he, very gravely, 'what may be your object in making this inquiry?' Being informed, the tall, gray man reared himself to an extraordinary height, and looked very blank, as though it was a sort of business very singular to him, and quite out of his line. Had my name been that of a silver merchant, no doubt it would have been instantly recognized; as it was, it was just as much known to him as if it had been Diggery Mustapha, the ambassador of the Grand Turk himself. He shook his head, looked very solemn, and could 'really say nothing to it.' 'What!' I exclaimed, 'not know where your celebrated cousin was born?' 'Well,' he had an 'idea that he had some time heard that it was in High-street.' 'In what house?' 'Could not say—thought it had been pulled down.' 'Could he tell us of any other part of the city where Campbell had lived?' You might just as well have asked the tallest coffee-pot in his shop. He put on a very forbidding air: 'Gentlemen, you will excuse me—I have business to attend to. Good morning.' Away went Mr. Gray, and away we retreated as precipitately."

Still pursuing his researches, the gentle Quaker

—"called on the secretaries of the *Campbell* Club, but they, like the tall Mr. Gray, knew nothing of Campbell. On returning, we met another Mr. Gray, a brother of the former one. We accosted him with the question, but he shook his head, and 'really did not know.' This was rather too much for my gravity, and I observed that I supposed the fact was, that Campbell was not known at Glasgow at all. This remark seemed not quite lost. He replied, gravely, 'they *had* heard of him.'"

The laureate SOUTHEY does not appear to have been, as a poet, one of our author's favorites; he says nothing of his prose, unequalled, especially in biography, by any writer of his day; and on his course as a man he pours vials of unmingled scorn. We have given specimens of his laudatory strains; the reader shall have a spice of his vein when his bile is stirred:—

"The contrast between the beginning and the end of his (Southey's) career, the glorious and high path entered upon, and so soon and suddenly quitted for the pay of the placeman and the bitterness of the bigot, cling to his memory with a lamentable effect. . . . For a man whose heart and intellect were full of the inspiration of great sentiments on the freedom of man in all his relations as a subject and a citizen, on

peace, on religion, and on the oppressions of the poor, to go round at once to the system and the doctrines of the opposite character, and to resolve to support that machinery of violence and oppression which originates all these evils, is so unaccountable as to tempt the most charitable to hard thoughts. Nothing is so easy of vindication as a man's honesty, when he changes to his own worldly disadvantage, and to a more free mode of thinking; but when the contrary happens, suspicion will lie in spite of all argument. . . . What a metamorphosis that was! The man who set out in a career that augured the life of a second Milton, ending as the most thorough, though probably unconscious, tool of tyranny and state corruption! The writer of "Wat Tyler" lauding George IV. and Castlereagh! The author of the "Battle of Blenheim" singing hymns to the allied sovereigns, and hosannas over the most horrible war and carnage, and for the worst purposes in history! . . . And last, and worst, the man who justly lashed Lord Byron for his licentious pen, being subjected to the necessity of slurring over the debaucheries of such a monster as George IV., and singing his praises as a wise, and just, and virtuous prince! . . . No greater dishonor could have befallen a man of Southey's private character than to have *so fully justified* the scarifying strictures of his aristocratic satirist:—

"He said—I only give the heads—he said  
 He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way  
 Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,  
 Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould delay  
 Too long the assembly he was pleased to dread,  
 And take up rather more time than a day,  
 To name his works—he would but cite a few—  
 Wat Tyler—Rhymes on Blenheim—Waterloo.

"He had written *praises of a regicide*;  
 He had written *praises of all kings whatever*;  
 He had written *for republics* far and wide,  
 And then *against* them bitterer than ever:  
 For pantisocracy he once had cried  
 Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;  
 Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—  
 Had turn'd his coat—and *would have turn'd his skin*.

"He had sung against all battles, and again  
 In their high praise and glory; he had call'd  
 Reviewing the '*ungentle craft*,' and then  
 Become as base a *critic* as e'er crawl'd—  
 Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men  
 By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd.  
 He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,  
 And more of both than anybody knows." BYRON.

This is sufficiently severe, but he lays it on still more heavily, and declares that, "spite of the indecencies of Byron's muse, and

the orthodox character of Southey's, it must be confessed that the former is much less mischievous than the latter;" and then goes on to argue that, bad as Byron was, reckless, licentious, Southey, by his poems, and especially by his conduct, has done infinitely more harm to the cause of truth and justice. Most ludicrous, indeed, is the account, given by Lockhart, of the indignant rejection of the offer of the laureateship—a *piece of court plaster*—by Scott, and its ready acceptance by the double-dyed radical who wrote "Wat Tyler" and the "Botany Bay Eclogues;" and our author contends, with great plausibility, that the sudden change in his sentiments had a peculiar effect on his poetry; in which, though many beauties are to be found, he "never seems to be at home." His verses are specimens of beautiful manufacture, rather than a part of himself. He was, however, one of the most industrious of men, prudent, and, in all his domestic relations, faultless. Late in life he married a second wife, the sweet poetess, Caroline Bowles, who tended him with untiring assiduity during the tedious years of mental imbecility into which he fell soon after their marriage. He died March 26, 1843, "in good esteem with the powers that be, and worth £12,000."

After a few pages devoted to the graceful JOANNA BAILLIE, in her quiet retreat at Hampstead, our author passes to *Rydal Mount*, the home, for more than thirty years, of his most especial favorite, WORDSWORTH. Serene in his old age, the friend of Coleridge and of Southey, and, indeed, of all the writers of note of the last generation, the poet is passing away amid all the blessings of life, and in the enjoyment of all the honors that his fellow-men can confer. Tourists and travelers from all parts of the world call upon him, eager to see him and to take him by the hand. "My last remaining wish," was the message sent in by a visitor, who, it seems, called at an untimely hour, "is to shake hands with Mr. Wordsworth." Poetry has been his business all through life, and he has gone on, heedless alike of frowns and flattery, erecting for himself an enduring monument, from the top of which it is amusing to look down upon the snarling curs that yelped at him in his progress. "This will never do," said the man who "did the slashing" for the Edinburgh Quarterly, as he introduced to his readers the "Excursion," in which he declared there was neither poetry nor common sense, "from the hour that the driveler squatted himself down in the sun, to the end of his preaching." To the pages of the same erudite journal was the world indebted for a mathematical demonstration of the absolute impossibility of crossing the Atlantic by steam; and there too may still be read witty sarcasms on the pro-



ject of traveling by railroads, and the *ex cathedra* denunciation of Grey, the author of the railway system, as a madman worthy of Bedlam. It is possible that the critic has since been whirled along the land by the power of steam; that he may have been told that the same agent is every day transporting thousands across the deep blue sea; and in his garret may have heard the taunt flung back upon him from universal Christendom—"This *will* do!"

In succession, our indefatigable tracker of poetic haunts introduces to our more familiar acquaintance MONTGOMERY; the fortunate and accurate LANDOR, whose prose is better than his poetry; LEIGH HUNT, the friend of Byron and of Shelley, and for a long time the caustic editor of the "Examiner;" ROGERS, rich alike in fancy and in purse; MOORE, felicitous in his management of rhythm, but who, we are glad to know, would give "a great portion of his fame to be able to cancel for ever" many of his earlier poems, and who, at the age of sixty-six, still sits at his desk and works for honest bread; ELLIOTT, from whose poems our author quotes largely; JOHN WILSON, the professor, prose-writer, poet, critic, from whom it was unnecessary to quote; PROCTOR, better known by his *nom de guerre*, Barry Cornwall; and TENNYSON, who moves on his way through life, "heard, but by the public unseen," and of whose whereabouts our author is obliged to confess that he knows little; but having already exceeded our intended limit, we must close with a brief sketch of the bard of Sheffield.

JAMES MONTGOMERY was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, November 4, 1771. His father was the minister of the Moravian Brethren in that place, in the simple faith of which devoted people the son was educated, and to which he has adhered through the changing scenes of life to the present hour. In his sixth year his parents were sent as missionaries to the slaves in the West Indies, where in a little while they both died, while their son was a student at the seminary of the Brethren in Yorkshire. He wrote verses when but ten years of age; and an ardent desire to distinguish himself as a poet interfered with the studies to which his friends had devoted him, and thwarted the plan of the Brethren to send him in the footsteps of his father as a missionary of the cross. Leaving the seminary, he was placed in a retail shop, near Wakefield; whence, although he had been treated with kindness, he privately absconded with an almost empty pocket in quest of fame and fortune. Through many discouragements and trials he at length found his way to London, the great object of his youthful ambition, where, to his utmost consternation, he was advised by a respectable publisher, to whom he showed a volume of his manu-

scripts, not to print them. He then turned his hand to prose, and, seeking another bookseller, presented for his acceptance an eastern tale. The man of trade did not deign to read a line beyond the title, but, counting the pages, and the lines on a page, civilly returned the copy, with the heart-appalling words, "It won't do." At length the gay vision which had haunted his imagination began to grow dim, and, after a series of disappointments and mortifications, he gladly accepted a situation which promised him bread, if not fame, in the office of a newspaper at Sheffield. After two years in this service, a gentleman, to whom he was personally almost an entire stranger, but who seems to have formed a just estimate of his talents, enabled the poet to become himself the publisher of the "Sheffield Iris." He entered upon this office in tempestuous times, and when England, and indeed all Europe, were mad with political excitement. Twice in the course of a few years he was fined and imprisoned for what were strangely enough deemed libels. The first was the publication of some verses written by an Irish clergyman, in which the judge succeeded in persuading the jury that there was a libel on the war then raging between France and England, although, on the trial, it was proved that the poetry in question was written nine months before the war began. His other "libel" was a too truthful account of the butchery of his fellow-citizens by the soldiery, who were called out to quell a riot in the streets of Sheffield. Three months' imprisonment and a fine of £20 was his punishment for the former; for the latter, six months' imprisonment and £30. Howitt, in the preparation of the volumes before us, visited the cell in which the poet was confined, and where, in his hours of loneliness, he penned some of his sweetest verses. He describes it, as was right, with the same minuteness he does the other "haunts"—cottages, gardens, palaces—of England's gifted sons. Fearless in the discharge of his duties, zealous for what he deemed the right, neat and nervous in his editorials, and not seldom enriching the columns of his paper with poetry of a high order, it is not wonderful that his patronage increased, and that in his later years the poet has realized, in a good degree, the visions of his boyhood.

His poetry, at times indignantly severe, as in his fearful delineations of the horrors of slavery and the slave trade in "*The West Indies*;" glowing with patriotism and love of liberty, as in the "*Wanderer of Switzerland*;" soaring on imagination's loftiest wing, as in the "*Pelican Island*;" or devoted to the unappreciated but unparalleled missionary heroism of his own beloved Moravians, in "*Greenland*," is everywhere imbued with the

sentiments and doctrines of a pure Christianity. In all his poems is perceptible that spirit of consecration which he breathes forth in his stanzas on the death of Thomas Spencer:—

“I will not sing a mortal's praise:—  
To THEE I consecrate my lays,  
To whom my powers belong;  
Those gifts upon thine altar thrown,  
O God! accept;—accept thine own:  
My gifts are thine—be thine alone  
The glory of my song.

“I worship not the sun at noon,  
The wandering stars, the changing moon,  
The wind, the flood, the flame;  
I will not bow the votive knee  
To Wisdom, Virtue, Liberty;  
‘There is no God but God,’ for me—  
Jehovah is his name.”

To Montgomery was ever present a higher motive, a holier purpose, than the amusement of his readers. He aims to make them wiser, better, happier. In him, after all, was fulfilled the fondest wish of his parents. He is a minister of God, a herald of glad tidings; not indeed as they hoped, to one tribe or to one congregation, for the brief day allotted to those who thus labor in the Lord's vineyard, but to untold myriads in either hemisphere, who, charmed by the music of his verse, and imbibing from it lessons of benevolence and love, shall be thereby attracted to its central glory—the cross of Christ. F.

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ART. III.—*Lectures on Temperance.* By ELIPHALET NOTT, D. D., LL. D., President of Union College. With an Introduction by EDWARD C. DELAVAN, Esq. Albany: E. H. Pease & Co. 1847.

PERHAPS few men in our whole country have done more to promote the cause of temperance than Edward C. Delavan, Esq., of Albany, N. Y. He has not only consecrated a large portion of his large estate to that cause, but has devoted his personal efforts to the furtherance of it, with a zeal and perseverance as rare as they are truly praiseworthy. Among the many good things he has done in this way, his publication of the “Inquirer” deserves special consideration. Though some of the numbers may have con-



tained sentiments to which all of the friends of temperance could hardly feel free to subscribe, yet the tendency of the whole has been eminently salutary. The number containing ten lectures by the venerable president of Union College, and largely circulated among the professional men of our country, can hardly be spoken of in terms of too high commendation. It is, doubtless, one of the very best publications on the subject that has, from first to last, been issued from the American press. Thus appreciating these Lectures, it gives us great satisfaction to know that the learned and excellent author has added another valuable lecture to those before published, and that Mr. Delavan has given the whole to the public, in the form of a neat little volume, embracing an appropriate Introduction from his own pen.

Though Dr. Nott is "old and well-stricken in years," he still writes with all the strength and all the vivacity of a young man. His reputation for eloquence, as well as elocution, has long been established. In pulpit oratory, especially, he has few equals in our own country, or, indeed, any other. But however elevated his former reputation, the Lectures under review must raise it still higher. They not only evince uncommon powers of ratiocination, but abound in passages of great force and genuine beauty. Though delivered (at Schenectady, N. Y.) in 1838-9, they are well suited to the existing posture of the temperance question; and the author deserves special thanks for consenting to their publication.

Had the venerable president attempted a systematic essay on the several topics introduced into these Lectures, greater unity of design and execution would, doubtless, have been apparent in the performance. But what might have been gained in this way, would have been lost in another. The rigidly literary taste might have been better pleased, but the popular effect would have been much less salutary. Indeed, these Lectures—sometimes diffuse, excursive, and elegantly redundant, but always terse and to the point—are admirably adapted at once to enlighten the public mind and move the public heart.

Nor should we do justice to this very timely and very able performance were we to omit to say, that, though it makes no pretensions in that direction, it is truly a learned one. Nothing but the most patient and untiring research, as well as the most intimate acquaintance with the classical history of intoxicating liquors, could have enabled Dr. Nott to bring such a mass of singularly pertinent facts to bear upon the subject under consideration.

It is deeply to be regretted that the cause of temperance has sometimes been advocated in a tone and spirit, adapted rather to

repel and exasperate, than to convince and invite. Too little allowance has been made for the infirmities of human nature, and too little patience has been exercised under the tardy operations of the human understanding. There is, however, nothing of this in Dr. Nott. Full of kindness, he deals in argument, not invective. Mild and insinuating, he draws the line of circumvallation around the position of the enemy with so much skill and adroitness, that he is taken captive almost before he is aware of it. Thus conquered, he is as well pleased with the victor as he is with himself; and better pleased with the discovery of truth than he is with either. We give the following specimen from the lecturer, and the rather as it embraces most edifying historical matter:—

“*Are then intoxicating liquors, of the kind and quality generally in use among us, deleterious as a beverage, or are they not?* This is the real question; and not whether, being deleterious, they ought to be avoided? That pure alcohol is poison; that every beverage containing alcohol contains an element of poison; and that other elements of poison are often, if not usually, contained in intoxicating liquors, are known and admitted facts. That these elements of poison, however, usually exist in such liquors, in sufficient intensity to disturb the healthy action of the system, by the production of crime, insanity, disease, or death, is not to be taken for granted, nor to be decided by reasoning *a priori*.

“The same article may be healthful to plants and injurious to animals; healthful to animals and injurious to men; healthful to one man and injurious to another; healthful to some men at one time and one degree, and injurious at another time and in another degree; or healthful in occasional, and injurious in habitual, use. Now how it is with the several kinds of intoxicating liquors in use among us, are questions of fact, to be determined not by clamor or dogmatism, but observation and experiment. To furnish data for such determination, however, no new experiments are required to be performed;—a series of experiments, reaching through more than forty centuries, having been already furnished—experiments tried first in Asia on the top of Ararat, where the ark rested; and since tried in Europe, in Africa, in America, and in the islands of the sea. We have only to collect and collate these scattered results, to enable us to arrive at a knowledge of the truth.

“Hear Moses speak:—‘And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine.’ What next?—‘and he was drunken.’ I need not repeat the residue of the afflictive and humiliating details. Nor need I repeat the still more afflictive and humiliating details of drunkenness and incest, which the use of wine occasioned in the family of Lot, after their departure from the vale of Sodom.

“Hear Solomon speak:—‘Who hath wo? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself

aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' Neither here need I repeat the residue of the afflictive and humiliating details.

"Hear Isaiah speak:—'But they have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean.'

"But this, it is objected, is the testimony of sacred writers only. It is so. Would that of profane writers be deemed more conclusive?

"Hear, then, Pliny the Younger speak; Pliny, than whom a purer patriot or a profounder sage lived not, out of Palestine, among the nations:—'If we examine closely, we shall find there is nothing on which more pains are bestowed by mankind, than on wine. As though nature had not liberally furnished water, with which all other animals are content: we even force our horses to drink wine,\* and we purchase, at great pains and expense, a liquor which deprives man of the use of his reason, renders him furious, and is the cause of an infinite variety of crimes.

"It is true it is so delicious that multitudes know no pleasure in life but that of drinking it. Yea, that we may drink the more, we weaken this liquor by passing it through the straining bag,† and we invent other methods to stimulate our thirst; we go so far as to employ poisons. Some persons before drinking use hemlock,‡ that the fear of death may compel them to drink. Others swallow the powder of pumice-stone, and many other things which I should blush to name.

"The most prudent facilitate the digestion of vinous crudities by resorting to sweating rooms, whence they are sometimes carried forth half dead. Some cannot even wait to reach their couch, on the first quitting of the bath, nor even to put on their tunic: but, naked and panting as they are, rush eagerly on great pitchers of wine, which they drain to the bottom, as if to exhibit the strength of their stomachs. They next vomit§ and drink anew, renewing the like career twice and

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\* The custom of giving wine to horses was known to Homer.—Vide Iliad, viii, li. 88. Philip de Comines says, that "at the close of a battle, having made his war-horse, who was much exhausted and very old, drink wine, it appeared to renew and rejuvenate him." The practice is common enough among all our cavaliers.

Columella, chap. iii, book 3d, recommends giving wine to cattle worried and overheated with labor.

† Columella, book ix, chap. 15.—The Greeks were acquainted with the custom of passing wine through the saccus.

[Vide Theophrastus de Causes, vi, chap. 9.] The Romans use to pass through the saccus old and too heavy wines.—Vide Martial, lib, xi, epig. 40: also xii, 61.

‡ Wine is a remedy for the poison of hemlock, according to Pliny, lib. xxii, sec. 17.

§ See on this custom Cicero.—Pro Dejotaro. Also Martial, book iii, ep. 82. Suetonius, Life of Vitellius xiii, and of Claudius, chap. xiii.



three times, as though born only to waste wine ; as though men were under obligation to be the channel by which wine should return to the earth. Others borrow from the barbarians most extraordinary exercises, to show that they are constituted genuine wine-bibbers. They tumble in the mire, where they affect to lay the head, flat on the back, and to display a broad and muscular chest. All this they shamefully practice, because these violent acts cause them to drink with increased avidity.

“ And now what shall we say to the infamous representations upon the drinking-cups and vessels for wine, which would seem as though drunkenness alone were insufficient to excite men to lewdness ? Thus they drink, as if prostitution and drunkenness, ye gods, were invited and even bribed with a reward ! Some receive a certain sum of money, on condition of eating as much, as they drink ; while others expend in wine what they obtain in games of chance. Thus the eyes of the husband become heavy ; while those of the wife are wide open, and employed in full liberty. It is then the most secret thoughts are revealed. Some at such times disclose the contents of their last wills ; others throw out expressions, which, in the common phrase, they will thereafter be forced to eat. How many perish in consequence of words uttered in a state of inebriety ; so that it has passed into a proverb, that “ wine brings truth to light.”

“ Such men, at best, see not the rising sun,\* and thus abridge their lives. Thence proceed their pendulous cheeks, their ulcerated eyes, their trembling hands, incapable of holding the full glass without spilling a portion of its contents. Thence those furious transports which disturb their slumbers, and that inquietude—just punishment of their intemperance—in which their nights are passed. The highest reward of their drunkenness is the creation of a monstrous passion, and a pleasure which nature and decency forbid. On the morrow their breath is still infected with the odor of wine. They experience, as it were, a death of memory, and almost total oblivion of the past. Those who live after this sort, call their conduct the art of making time and enjoying life ; though the day of their debauch and the subsequent day are equally lost. In the reign of Tiberius Claudius, about forty years ago, it became the custom at Rome to drink wine in the morning with empty stomachs, and to take no food till after drinking. This was of foreign derivation, and was introduced by certain physicians, who wished to commend themselves to the public favor by the introduction of some novelty.

“ To drink is, by the Parthians, considered highly honorable. Among the Greeks, Alcibiades has thus distinguished himself ; among the Latins, Marcellius Torquatus, of Milan, who had been prætor and proconsul, has obtained the surname Tricongious, by drinking at once three congii of wine† in the presence, and to the great astonishment, of the emperor Tiberius, who, in his old age, became severe, and even

\* Vide Seneca, Epig. 122. Athenæus, lib. vi, p. 273 ; also some of the Preface of Columella.

† Three gallons, one quart, and one pint.

cruel, but in his youth was much addicted to drinking. It is believed, moreover, that Lucius Piso obtained from him the prefectship of Rome, for having remained at table two days and two nights in succession with this prince, who had even then mounted the throne. It is said, also, that in nothing did Drusus Cæsar more closely resemble his father, Tiberius, than in the quality of a deep drinker.

“Torquatus, of whom we have spoken above, had no equal in his exact observance of the Bacchanal laws; for the art of drinking has also its laws. Whatever quantity of wine he drank, he never stuttered or vomited. The morning found him still at his potations. He swallowed a great quantity of wine at one draught; and if a small cup was poured out to him, he never failed to demand the remainder. While he drank he never took breath nor spat, and he never left in his glass any heel-taps which could produce sound when thrown on the pavement; in which he diligently observed the rules for the prevention of trick in drinking.

“Tergilla reproached M. T. Cicero, that he drank two congii at a single draught, and that one day, being intoxicated, he threw a glass at the head of Marcus Agrippa. Truly these are the works of drunkenness. But, doubtless, Cicero, the son, wished to take from Mark Antony, the murderer of his father, the palm of drunkenness; for it is well known that, before him, Antony had been very jealous of the title of a first-rate drinker, and even published a treatise on his drunkenness, in which he dares to apologize for that vice. But this treatise persuades me only, that the drunkenness of Antony was the cause of all the evils with which he has afflicted the earth. He vomited forth his work a short time before the battle of Actium; as if to show he was already intoxicated with the blood of the citizens, and thirsted only the more for it. For this necessity accompanies the vice of drunkenness, that drinking augments thirst; and every one knows the “*bon mot*” of the Scythian ambassador, that the more the Parthians drank, the more they thirsted.

“The western nations have also peculiar intoxicating drinks. The Gauls and Spaniards composed them of grain steeped in divers manners. The Spaniards give them various names. There is a method of rendering them susceptible of long preservation. Similar drinks are also made in Egypt from grain. There is no part of the world where inebriation is not practiced; for they drink such liquors pure, that is, without diluting them like wine. The earth seemed to produce grain for the nourishment of man; but, by Hercules, how industrious is vice; we have found a method to make even water intoxicate us!

“Two liquors are furnished by trees—both very pleasant—wine for inward, and oil for outward, application. Oil, however, is the most useful, and men have been industrious in their efforts to procure it; but they have been infinitely more diligent in regard to wine, having invented ninety-five different kinds; perhaps double the number, on full examination, might be reckoned: and so few of oil!”

“If, then, the use of intoxicating wine, deemed to be the least deleterious of the intoxicating liquors, required, even in countries suited to the vine, so much caution, was attended with so much hazard, and

led, even occasionally, to such lamentable results,—what was to be expected from those other and baser fabrications, which the brewer's and distiller's arts have subsequently palmed on the world?—What?—Precisely what has taken place,—*a mighty and gratuitous increase both of guilt and misery.*”—Pp. 16–24.

The increase of intemperance and its consequent evils, since the art of distillation was first discovered, is indeed truly astonishing. If the world, before such discovery, had been greatly *injured* by alcoholic drinks in a diluted and comparatively innocent state, it has been absolutely *cursed* by them, since the process of separating the intoxicating principle has come to be generally known. The evil has been enhanced in several ways. In the first place, intoxication is now much more easily produced than formerly. The drinker has not to gorge a gallon or two, as did those of ancient times who drank the weaker liquid, in order to bring on the appropriate paroxysm: a much smaller quantity will do the deed of degradation quite as effectually. The single glass will make the man as much of a brute now, as the gallon would then. Besides, the intoxicating principle has been greatly multiplied by the art of distillation. Anciently this principle existed, almost exclusively, in vinous liquids: at least, it existed then in much the larger proportion. Of course, the field of its production was comparatively limited. Large portions of the earth are quite too cold for the growth of the vine. And where it does grow, only a very small part of the fruit of it is allowed (perhaps we should rather say was anciently allowed) to pass through the process of fermentation;—a process indispensable in order to its acquiring the intoxicating principle.

It must be seen, then, that, but for the art in question, the means of intoxication would have been comparatively beyond the reach of large portions of the species: so that, if men did not abstain from principle, they must have done so from a kind of necessity; for the plain and obvious reason, that the baleful potation could not be commanded. But the distillery has effected a most disastrous revolution. It has done what was slanderously imputed to the apostles—“turned the world upside down.” In its dreadfully malign influences we have a practical realization of the opening of Pandora's box. It has almost forced into our very lips the poisonous liquid. Go, it must—such is human depravity—at all times; even in times of the greatest scarcity! Breadstuffs and nutritious roots are converted by it into burning founts of fire-water, and sent forth in a thousand streams, spreading desolation, and death, and putrefaction, throughout the four quarters of the globe! By the aid



of this mighty engine of death, alcohol has acquired a sort of ubiquity, being everywhere to be found ; one might almost say,

“ In the void waste, as in the city full.”

Go where we will, in any and every part of the civilized world,(?) and the means of inebriation are at hand. And especially is this the case since the brewery has sprung up as a kind of adjunct to the distillery ; a faithful ally in the work of death !

Community being thus everywhere brought into such close proximity to the dangerous and ensnaring liquid, and tempted by so many artifices to partake of it, it is not at all strange that the vice of intemperance should have been constantly on the increase, the wide world over, till within the last few years. With the exception of Ireland and the United States, it is perhaps still on the increase. Indeed, the statistics of different lands place this humiliating fact beyond all question. Even Protestant Europe seems disposed, “ in the length of it and in the breadth of it,” to pay fealty to “ King Alcohol.” However cruel his mandates, or oppressive his exactions, the inclination to acknowledge his authority is, indeed, strangely prevalent in almost all parts of this sin-stricken and distracted orb. The ravages of famine, and pestilence, and war, are often subjects of eloquent declamation ; but all three together have probably done much less injury to the human race than has the single vice of intemperance. Of all the avenues to death, this is the broadest, steepest, most frequented. But though on this point our author dwells largely and most eloquently, we cannot now notice his painfully interesting details further than simply to transcribe one single incident, which may serve as a sort of index to the whole dire tragedy.

“ Among these cases of moral desolation, I remember one of peculiar aggravation : it was that of a gifted and aspiring individual, and a professed Christian. Crossed and humbled by domestic affliction, he sought, as many still seek, relief in alcohol. His friends foresaw the danger and warned him of it—that warning he derided : he even denied the existence of a propensity, which, by indulgence, was soon thereafter rendered uncontrollable ; when suddenly, shrinking from the society of men, he shut himself up in his chamber and endeavored to drown his cares in perpetual inebriation.

“ His abused constitution soon gave way, and the death-scene followed. But O ! what a death-scene ! As if quickened by the presence of the king of terrors, and the proximity of the world of spirits, his reason suddenly lighted up, and all his suspended faculties returned in their strength. But they returned only to give to retribution a severer aspect, and render the final catastrophe more instructive and more terrible. For though at intervals he seemed to pour out his soul in con-

fession, and to implore forgiveness in the most thrilling accents,—shame, remorse, and despair, were predominant; and there was, at times, an awfulness in the paroxysms of agony which no words can describe, and which can be realized by those only who witnessed it. 'There,' said he, pointing to his bottle and his glass, which he caused to be placed beside his death-bed, 'there is the cause of all my misery; that cup is the cup of wretchedness: and yet—fool that I have been!—I have drank, drank it voluntarily, even to its very dregs. O, tell those miserable men, once my companions, who dream of finding in inebriation oblivion to their miseries, as I have dreamed of this; tell them,—but it were vain to tell them—O! that they were present, that they might see in me the dreadful sequel, and witness, in anticipation, the unutterable horror of a drunkard's death.' Here his voice faltered, his eye fell upon the abhorred cup, and, as his spirit fled, a curse, half articulated, died away upon his quivering lip!"—Pp. 28, 29.

It were eminently a work of supererogation *now* to furnish the proof that alcohol is a poison. For, after so many startling facts, demonstrative of the position, have been spread before the public, who, in his sober senses, can doubt it? The conclusions reached by the late Dr. Thomas Sewall, whose opinion alone is worth that of any conceivable number of our would-be philosophers, have been so abundantly supported by reiterated experiments, that, really, there is no room left for honest and discriminating unbelief. If any fact within the whole range of physiological science has been established, this certainly has been. Alcohol, "pure alcohol, coagulates all the animal fluids except the urine, and hardens the solid parts. It instantly contracts the extremities of the nerves it touches, and deprives them of sense and motion. If received into the stomach, it produces the same effects. If the quantity be considerable, a palsy or apoplexy follows, ending in death." Used constantly and in smaller quantities, it always produces inflammation,—inflammation more or less active in this delicate organ. "The disease is insidious, and invariably advances, thickening and indurating the walls of the stomach, producing sometimes scirrhus and sometimes cancer;—the orifices become occasionally indurated and contracted, and when this is the case, death soon puts an end to the sufferings of the wretched victim."

The lecturer justly and forcibly remarks:—

"It should seem that such an article—an article not contained in rye, or barley, or grapes, or apples; not the product of the vineyard, or the orchard, or the harvest field, as is usually supposed, but the product of putrefaction;—it should seem that such an article, an article at once the product of death and the element of death;—it should seem that such an article contained enough of vengeance in it to satisfy the

avarice of dealers and the appetite of drinkers, without the addition of other and more deadly ingredients. But such is not the fact!"—Pp. 48, 49.

Bad as pure alcohol is in itself, it has been rendered still worse by poisonous admixtures. This fact, too, has been placed beyond all reasonable doubt. It is demonstrated not only by the testimony of those who are acquainted with the *modus operandi* of the whole guilty business, but by actual chemical analysis. But for the singularly conclusive and unimpeachable character of the evidence, we should be tempted to question whether some mistake had not been committed, and the matter represented in a light which truth would hardly warrant. The case, however, admits of no question. Let every lover of French brandies, therefore, take it for granted, that, whenever he indulges himself, he is taking into his stomach either lapis infernalis, or potash, or aqua fortis, or oil of vitriol, or spirits of nitre, or essence of ambergris, and the like, or all of them together. French wines, so called, are no better. Most wines that go under that designation are, doubtless, made in this country. But, wherever manufactured, they are so utterly vitiated by the addition of poisonous and other substances, that no rational human being who wishes to preserve his life and health can choose to drink them. With malt liquors it is, if possible, still worse. To make what would be called by connoisseurs a good article, without the addition of substances known as among the most deadly poisons, would, we suppose, be quite impossible. Hence henbane, nux vomica, coculus indicus, sulphuric acid, and other abominations too numerous to mention, enter largely into the composition of this class of beverage.

\* The rigid friends of the temperance cause are generally pious people; people having a high regard for the sacred writings. It is not wonderful, then, that nothing has been more perplexing to them than those objections to total abstinence which have been professedly deduced from the inspired volume. These objections, it is not to be denied, have, in some instances at least, the appearance of great plausibility. We think, however, it is only in appearance; and that nothing contained in the Holy Bible, when fairly interpreted and rightly understood, furnishes any authority whatever for using alcoholic liquors as a beverage. But the point deserves examination.

The two Hebrew words which are most commonly used for wine, and which are, perhaps, always so translated, are יַיִן and תַּיִר. Both of these terms are, clearly and beyond all question, generic. The former comprehends wine of all kinds; the latter,



the fruit of the vine, in the cluster, in the press, or in the vat; either in the solid form of grapes, or of grape-juice. When applied to the unpressed grape, it is of course so applied by a frequent Scripture metonymy; the container being put for the contained. Besides these two words, there are some half a dozen others which are used in the Hebrew Scriptures to designate particular kinds of wine; as inspissated wine; mixed wine, whether with water, or with drugs; sweet drink from the palm and other trees, but not from the vine; unmingled wine; wine red, thick, turbid; and the like. As, however, the import of these words has little connection with our present argument, we cannot now spend time to examine them. The point which we propose to establish is simply this:—*That when wine is spoken of approvingly in the Old Testament Scriptures, we have not the slightest reason to suppose that alcoholic wine is intended, but exactly the reverse.* The following passages may serve as an example:—

“Thou mayest not eat within thy gate the tithe of thy corn, or of thy wine,” (תִּירוֹשׁ, sweet, unfermented, unintoxicating wine,) “or of thy oil, or the firstlings of thy herds or of thy flocks, nor any of thy vows which thou vowest, nor thy free-will offerings, or heave-offering of thine hand: but thou mayest eat them before the Lord in the place which the Lord thy God shall choose,” &c. Deut. xii, 17, 18. “Yea, the Lord will answer and say unto his people, Behold I will send you corn, and wine, (תִּירוֹשׁ,) and oil, and ye shall be satisfied therewith.” Joel ii, 19. “Therefore they shall come and sing in the light of Zion, and shall flow together for the goodness of the Lord, for wheat, and for wine, (תִּירוֹשׁ,) and for oil, and for the young of the flock, and of the herd.” Jer. xxxi, 12, “For the children of Israel, and the children of Levi, shall bring the offering of the corn, of the *new wine*,” (תִּירוֹשׁ—the same word,) “and the oil, unto the chambers, where are the vessels of the sanctuary,” &c. Nehemiah x, 3. This word, תִּירוֹשׁ, occurs some forty or fifty times in the original of the Old Testament; and in only one solitary instance with disapprobation, and not even then as producing intoxication.

The other word, זֵיֶן, is more ample in its signification, embracing wine of all kinds; as well in its natural and *unintoxicating*, as in its artificial and *intoxicating*, state. A few examples will sufficiently indicate this.

“For their vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah; their grapes are the grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter: their wine (זֵיֶן) is the poison of dragons, and the cruel venom of asps.” Deut. xxxii, 32, 33. “Who hath wo? who hath sor-

row? . . . . They that tarry long at the wine, (יִיד) they that go to seek mixed wine," (מִסְכָּה, spiced, drugged, eminently intoxicating wine.) Prov. xxiii, 29, 30. "In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine (יִיד) is red; it is full of mixture,"—referring most probably to superadded poisonous drugs,—“and he poureth out the same: but the dregs thereof, all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out and drink them.” Psal. lxxv, 8. The above passages evidently refer to fermented and intoxicating wines: those which follow, as evidently refer to wines in their original and innocent state. “And wine (יִיד) that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man’s heart.” Psal. civ, 15. “Wisdom hath killed her beasts; she hath mingled her (יִיד) wine; she hath also furnished her table. . . . Come eat of my bread, and drink of the wine (יִיד) which I have mingled.” Prov. ix, 2-5. “I have eaten my honey-comb with my honey: I have drunk my wine (יִיד) with my milk: eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.” Cant. v, 1.

From the preceding examples it seems that the Hebrews used the word יִיד much as we use the word *cider*; embracing the specified liquor in all its forms and stages, fermented and unfermented, intoxicating and unintoxicating. The inference to which we come, and the one which seems to be abundantly established by all the facts in the case, is, that, whenever wine is spoken of approvingly, as a blessing, and as an emblem of the mercy of God in Christ, the pure, original, unfermented, unintoxicating juice of the grape is intended; and that to attach any other meaning to the sacred text involves not only a high reflection on the wisdom and benignity of the Deity, but the word of inspiration in most palpable contradictions and inconsistencies. For if the use of wine is permitted in the Hebrew Scriptures, it is also most positively interdicted in the Hebrew Scriptures. Take a single instance: “Look not thou upon the wine (יִיד) when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.” Prov. xxiii, 31, 32. The article here intended must certainly be a very different one from that which is put into the same category with “corn,” and “oil,” and “dew,” and “honey.” This is rendered unquestionable, not only by the effects which are attributed to it, but by the specific characteristics under which the inspired author points it out. Its “giving its color in the cup,” and “moving itself aright,” are graphic and unmistakable descriptions of the process and results of vinous fermentation. Now, that the use of such an article, as a beverage, should have been approved and recommended by the



God of the Bible, we hold to be utterly incredible. The reason why any candid person has ever so imagined, must be found in the fact, that the term *wine*, when used in the Holy Scriptures, has been supposed to indicate precisely the same article which now, in our own country, and others similarly situated, goes under that designation; a supposition wholly unwarranted by any just principle of Biblical exegesis, and most incontestably at war with the facts in the case.

The view here taken of ancient wines, such wines as were used in the days of the patriarchs and prophets, is abundantly supported by heathen writers who flourished at a very early day. Horace, one of the first Latin poets, says,—we give only the English translation,—

“Auidius first, most injudicious, quaff’d  
Strong wine and honey for his morning draught:—  
With lenient beverage fill your empty veins,  
For lenient *must* will better cleanse the veins.”

Thus clearly discriminating between intoxicating and unintoxicating wines. Again, elsewhere,—

“Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii,  
Duces sub umbra; nec Semelius  
Cum marte confundet Thyoneus  
Prælia.”

He tells his friend Mecænas, that he might drink a “hundred glasses of this innocent Lesbian,” without any danger to his head or senses. In the Delphian edition of Horace, we are told that the “Lesbian wine could injure no one; that, as it would neither affect the head nor inflame the passions, there was no fear that those who drank it would become quarrelsome.” It is added, that “there is no wine sweeter to drink than Lesbian; that it was like nectar, and more resembled ambrosia than wine; that it was perfectly harmless, and would not produce intoxication.” To other wines a similar character is given. Pliny says, “*Surrentinæ vina caput non tenent*”—“Surrentine wine does not affect the head.” Speaking of the weak wines of Greece, Columella says,—“Those small Greek vines, as the Mareotic, Thasian, Psythian, Sophortian, though they have a tolerably good taste, yet, in our climate, they yield but little wine, from the thinness of their clusters, and the smallness of their berries. Nevertheless, the black Inerticula, (the sluggish vine,) which some of the Greeks call Amethyston, may be placed, as it were, in the second tribe, because it both yields a good wine and is harmless: from which also it took its name; because it is reckoned dull, and not to have spirit enough to affect the nerves, though it is not dull and flat to the taste.” Book iii, c. 2.



Pliny says, lib. xiv, cap. 2, that there was a Spanish wine called "*Inerticulam justius, sobriam, viribus innoxiam, siquidem temulentiam sola non facit*:"—"a wine that would not intoxicate." Speaking of the unfermented juice of the grape, Aristotle says, Meteor., lib. iv, cap. 9, "οἶνος θ', ὁ μὲν γλυκὺς, δὲ καὶ οἱ μεθύσκεται."—"that sweet wine would not intoxicate."

But we have not space for further enlargement on this topic, and must refer the reader to the work under review; where he will be sure to find the most ample and satisfactory information respecting every material point connected with it. The author's general conclusion should, however, be given in his own words:—

"From the foregoing examination, it is apparent that the fruit of the vine, in the state in which it exists in the vat, the vineyard, and the cluster, is called in the original by the sacred writers of the Old Testament, *tirosk, yayin, ausis, &c.*; that in the Greek translation of these terms by the Seventy it is called, *oinon*; in the Latin translation, *vinum*; and in the English, *wine*. And it is further apparent that the fruit of the vine, in the same state, is called by the same name by profane writers: hence we meet in Aristotle with (*oinon*) wine of the vat; in Livy, with (*vinum*) wine of the field; and in Cato, as well as Isaiah, with (*vinum pendens*) wine of the cluster: and hence, also, when we do so meet with these terms, though the presumption will be that they refer to the fruit of the vine in some state, it can only be determined in which by considering the attendant circumstances; and for the obvious reason, that the terms, *yayin, oinos, and vinum*, are generic terms, and embrace, in their comprehensive meaning, the fruit of the vine, or pure blood of the grape, in all the states in which it exists.

"But whatever question may be raised about the quality of other kinds of wine, there can be no question about this pendent wine of Cato; for it is the wine of the cluster of Isaiah. This wine must be good wine, for it is wine approved by God; and there was, as we have seen, a time when it was approved of man also: and however it may now be spoken against, we believe it still to be not the less worthy of commendation on that account, because we believe it still to be, what it then was, (in the sense in which we use the terms,) unintoxicating wines. Not that we affirm the pure blood of the grape, as expressed from the ripened cluster, to have been always absolutely unaffected by fermentation, but only slightly and insensibly affected by it. In olden time wine, as we believe, was appreciated not as now according to its strength, but according to its weakness.

"I am aware that there are those who consider the question of fermentation in wine, a question not of degree, but of totality. Pure alcohol, say they, is poison; and because it is so, every beverage in which alcohol is contained, how minute soever the quantity, must be poison also. This, though plausible, is not conclusive; and were it so, the water we drink, nay the very air we breathe, would be poison; for oxygen and nitrogen, of which it is composed, are so; and so is every mixture of the two in any other proportion than the proportion in which the God of nature

has united them in the vital air; and yet, when so united, they are breathed not only with impunity, but of necessity, as an essential element of life. In like manner, though alcohol be poison, and though every mixture of it in any greater proportions than that in which God has united it with those other elements in the '*pure blood of the grape*,' may also be poison, it does not follow, if so united, it must be so. On the contrary, the beverage thus formed may be not only innocuous, but nutritious and renovating; as the noble Canaro found when he drank the fresh new wine of the recent vintage: and yet this same beverage, so bland and healthful while its original elemental proportions are maintained, may increase in potency as its contained alcohol is increased by progressive fermentation, till changed in its nature, it becomes, what the Bible significantly calls it, '*a mocker*;' executing on those who drink it a vengeance which the Bible no less significantly describes, by comparing it to the bite of the serpent and the sting of the adder. . . . Who ever thought, because bread and milk are sanctioned in the Bible, that therefore bread must be eaten after it had become moldy by age, or milk after it had become sour by fermentation? From the moment the animal is slain, the herb gathered, or the cluster of the vine plucked, the process of decay commences, which, unless arrested, is rendered unfit for use by progressive fermentation. With wines, as with herbs and meats, some were originally comparatively good, and some comparatively bad; and some which were originally good became bad through mistaken treatment, the progressive process of fermentation, or some other incidental process through which they may have passed. Meats recently slaughtered, herbs recently gathered, and wines recently expressed from the cluster, are usually the most healthful, nutritious, and refreshing. And though wine perfectly free from alcohol may not be obtainable, and though its most perfect state be the state in which it is expressed from the cluster, still it may be more or less objectionable as it deviates more or less from that state, till it becomes positively deleterious and intoxicating. Though God's grant to man covers wine among other good things, it designates no particular kind, it gives no directions as to the mode of preparation, or the time when it is most fit for use. These and similar instructions are to be looked for, not in the book of revelation, but of nature. Man is a rational creature, and God treats him as such. The great storehouse of nature is flung open before him, and permission is given him to slay, or gather, and eat; not indeed inconsiderately and indiscriminately, but of such, and such only, as are suited to his nature, and as are good for food. In the selection and preparation of the articles, reason is to be exercised, experience consulted, the good distinguished from the bad, the precious from the vile."—Pp. 120, 121, 122–128, 129.

But we have not done with the supposed Scripture authority for drinking alcoholic wines. Three instances are, not unfrequently, adduced from the New Testament to show that the use of such wines, as a beverage, is sanctioned by Christ and his apostles, namely, the paschal supper, the marriage at Cana of Galilee, and St. Paul's advice to Timothy, 1st Epist. v, 23.



With respect to the paschal supper, however difficult it may be to prove a negative, we think it may be made to appear very probable, to say the least, that alcoholic wine was not used on the occasion.

1. Wine formed no part of the original institution, as may be seen from the thirteenth chapter of the Book of Exodus.

2. At whatever time wine was introduced in the celebration of the paschal supper, the presumption is that the kind selected was in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion. But who can imagine that stimulating, exciting, intoxicating drinks would at all consist with the institution, as characterized in the Holy Scriptures?

3. The wine used at the passover was uniformly diluted with water. This is evident from the Talmud and the Christian fathers. See the point stated at large in Horne's Introduction. Indeed, the practice of diluting the sacramental wine obtained in the Christian church till a comparatively recent day. Among the changes effected in the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer, express mention is made of "omitting the rubric that ordained water to be mixed with the wine" at the eucharist. But does not this very circumstance, the adding of water to the paschal and sacramental wine, prove that the wine used on those occasions was intoxicating wine? By no means. The dilution was effected, not with a view to diminish the intoxicating properties of the wine used, but to bring it as nearly as possible to the state in which it existed when first expressed from the grape. The unintoxicating wines of antiquity were thick and ropy, rendered so by the various processes adopted to prevent fermentation, and the dilution was needful in order to their convenient, and perhaps even pleasurable, use. It is, we suppose, well known that many of our American churches, in order to avoid the use of alcoholic wine at the holy communion, import what may be called a *vinous sirup* from France, or some other vinous country. The sirup thus imported is made by boiling some four or five—more or less—quarts of the unfermented juice of the grape into one, so as entirely to prevent fermentation. But when it is used in this country at the table of the Lord, it is always restored, by dilution, as nearly as possible to its original state. This fact indicates the bearing of our present argument.

4. The divine enactment touching the passover utterly prohibits the use of anything and everything "leavened," during the time of its celebration. It reads as follows: "Unleavened bread shall be eaten seven days; and there shall be no leavened bread seen with thee; neither shall there be leaven seen with thee in all thy



quarters." Exod. xiii, 7. Now Gesenius, than whom no one in matters of this sort is better authority, declares that the word *קַיִשׁ*, which our translators have rendered *leaven*, applies to wine as well as bread. In this he is corroborated by Mr. Herschell, a converted Jew, whose opinion seems entitled to great consideration.

5. Finally, we urge the present opinion and practice of the Jews as conclusive on the point. The Hon. Mordecai Manasseh Noah, of New-York, says, in a recent publication, "Unfermented liquor, or wine free from alcohol, was alone used in those times, as it is used at the present day at the passover." This "judge in Israel" is corroborated by the Rev. C. F. Frey, another converted Jew, who affirms that during the passover his former brethren "dared not to drink any liquor made from grain, or any that had passed through the process of fermentation."

In view of all these considerations, we doubt whether any ingenuous mind will be disposed to urge the paschal supper as a precedent for the ordinary use of alcoholic wine.

The argument drawn from the use of the wine miraculously produced at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, (vide John ii, 1-11,) we deem equally irrelevant and inconclusive. To assume that the article supplied on that occasion was intoxicating wine, is a most palpable *petitio principii*; for it is the very thing to be proved. As wine *may* exist, and in the days of our Saviour certainly *did* exist, in an unintoxicating state, what right has any one to assert, in the absence of all evidence, that this hymeneal beverage, furnished by Him whose whole life was one of abstinence as well as beneficence, was poisonous and intoxicating? The presumption, certainly, lies wholly in the opposite direction. He who "went about doing good," could not so far identify himself with the prince of darkness as to join in making what the pen of inspiration has elsewhere designated as the "mocker," the "serpent," the "adder." No—no! Such a character must not be imputed to the Son of God. Innocence and love could do no such thing.

The article supplied by him on this festal occasion was pronounced by "the ruler of the feast" to be "good wine." But what kind of wine is "good wine?" Why, most obviously, that kind which is "good" to the unperverted taste, and whose effects upon the health and happiness of man are "good." But this cannot be truly predicated of alcoholic wine. So far from it, that, to the unperverted taste of the whole species it is as grossly offensive, as, in its actual effects upon both body and mind, it is indubitably deleterious. If "the ruler of the feast" judged as would have

done Pliny, Columella, Theophrastus, and other ancient sages—some of whom were cotemporary with the apostles—had they been present on the occasion, then there is no difficulty whatever in determining the specific character of the wine in question; for these men have set in judgment on the quality of wines, and pronounced the weaker, unintoxicating wines, the better wines.

It remains that we notice, in this connection, St. Paul's advice to Timothy: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." Now though the wine-bibber should demonstrate, by "proof as strong as holy writ," that St. Paul here recommends to Timothy the use of alcoholic wine, it would avail him nothing, for the obvious reason that it was prescribed medicinally. Timothy was sick, and needed medicine; and his senior in years and office, who took a fatherly interest in all that concerned his physical health and ministerial prosperity, recommended to him the use of a "little" wine. But though a little alcoholic wine were required by the peculiar state of Timothy's stomach, it would be a singular sort of logic to conclude from hence that men, women, and children, in good health, may with safety and propriety use a *little* of the same article—not to say a good deal of it! Suppose St. Paul, in view of Timothy's infirmities, had recommended to him the use of a little ipecacuanha or emetic tartar, is it probable that any man in his sober senses would have thought of pleading apostolic advice or precedent for the habitual and ordinary use of those potent medicines?

But we deny in toto, and challenge the proof, that St. Paul recommended to Timothy the use of alcoholic wine. To say nothing of his being divinely inspired, he was certainly a man of good common sense, and would never recommend to this young minister what, so far from benefiting his diseased stomach, must, in the very nature of things, have aggravated his complaint. We have already seen something of the effects of alcohol upon the human stomach. The post-mortem examinations of the late Dr. Sewall are most decisive and awfully edifying. It is, however, not by post-mortem examinations only that the direful effects of alcohol upon the human stomach have been made apparent. As if Providence would *force* a conviction of the dreadful reality upon the public mind, these effects, *while in actual progress*, have been subjected to the tests of ocular demonstration. If, with such facts before us, we do not believe, neither would we be persuaded though one rose from the dead. The remarkable case in view has been reported in several of our medical and temperance journals, and is substantially given by Dr. Nott in his fifth lecture.



As it is not only admirably suited to our present purpose, but contains most curious and desirable information, we transcribe the chief part of it from the lecturer:—

“A young Canadian, St. Martin by name, was wounded by a cannon ball, which, in its passage, opened an orifice in his stomach; which orifice, though the wound healed, was never closed. Hence it became necessary, in order to prevent the escape of food, to cover that orifice with a pad. Dr. Beaumont, the army surgeon, who effected the cure, being impressed with a sense of the importance of the opportunity thus furnished for investigating the process of digestion, received the young man into his family, and instituted a series of experiments, which were continued two or three years. During these experiments he found, that whenever St. Martin drank fermented liquor, ‘the mucous membrane of the stomach was covered with inflammatory and ulcerous patches, the secretions were vitiated, and the gastric juice diminished in quantity, and was of an unnatural viscosity; and yet he described himself as perfectly well, and complained of nothing. Two days subsequent to this, the inner membrane of the stomach was unusually morbid, the inflammatory appearance more extensive, and the spots more livid than usual; from the surface of some of them exuded small drops of grumous blood; the ulcerous patches were larger and more numerous; the mucous covering thicker than usual, and the gastric secretions much more vitiated. The gastric fluids extracted were mixed with a large proportion of thick, ropy mucus, and a considerable muco-purulent discharge, slightly tinged with blood, resembling discharges from the bowels in some cases of dysentery. Notwithstanding this diseased appearance of the stomach, no very essential aberration of its functions was manifested. St. Martin complained of no symptoms indicating any general derangement of the system, except an uneasy sensation and tenderness at the pit of the stomach, and some vertigo, with dimness and yellowness of vision on stooping down and rising up again.’ Dr. Beaumont further observed, that ‘the free use of ardent spirits, wine, beer, or any other intoxicating liquor, when continued for some days, has invariably produced these changes.’”—Pp. 146, 147.

Such being the indisputable effect of alcoholic wine, it seems utterly preposterous to suppose that St. Paul would recommend it to Timothy as a specific for his diseased stomach and other “often infirmities.” Wines there were that would make an excellent prescription for a feeble stomach; and to these, doubtless, the patient would understand the apostle as referring. Of the innocent, healthful, invigorating article here intended, we have already spoken with sufficient explicitness, and therefore deem it unnecessary, in this place, to add anything further. Though, to prevent all mistake, it may perhaps be well enough simply to say, that, in cases of extreme vital prostration, such prostration as sometimes follows long-continued and violent sickness, alcoholic stimulants may



answer an excellent purpose. But Timothy was in no such condition, and consequently needed no such prescription.

With respect to the New Testament, then, as with respect to the Old, our conclusion is, that, when rightly understood and fairly interpreted, it furnishes no authority whatever, either by formal permission or divinely sanctioned example, for the habitual use of intoxicating liquors. So far from it, that, if it do not contain specific inhibitions, it lays down principles which are utterly inconsistent with the practice. No man, therefore, who forms his character upon the model of a pure and elevated Christianity, will indulge himself in exciting potations.

But to return to the work under review. Though Dr. Nott has considered, candidly and thoroughly, the bearings of the sacred volume on the general question of total abstinence, and has, in our opinion, done much more than any of his predecessors in this department of Biblical criticism, to show that alcohol drinking has no sanction from the word of God; yet, alas for the imperfection of the human understanding! even this splendid effort has failed to give satisfaction to *all* the friends of the temperance cause. While the great majority of those that love that cause have hailed the publication of these Lectures as almost forming an epoch in the temperance reformation, certainly as being likely to contribute largely to a most blissful consummation, a few seem disposed to receive this publication with much both of abatement and reserve. Nay, some of the lecturer's positions have been openly, we had almost said violently, assailed. This opposition, too, has come from a quarter where it might have been least expected. The Rev. John Marsh, editor of the Journal of the American Temperance Society, has deemed it his duty to put the public on their guard against some of Dr. Nott's views. Did not Christian charity forbid the supposition, we might be almost tempted to think that there is something *personal* at the bottom of these criticisms. Certainly it seems strange that courteous and gentlemanly explanations, explanations deemed to be essential to a right understanding of matters at issue, should have been denied a place in the columns of the Temperance Journal! nor hardly less strange that the editor of that Journal should have judged it proper to treat such men as the venerable Dr. Nott and the philanthropic Delavan with so much apparent coolness! Probably, however, the whole should be attributed to an absorbing zeal for the interests of the temperance cause.

But what is there new or startling in the positions of the lecturer? So far as we are able to perceive, just nothing at all. True to a chemical fact, Dr. Nott admits that an infinitesimal quantum of

alcohol exists in the newly expressed juice of the grape ; nay, often even in the perfectly ripe grape itself ; and yet maintains that "the fruit of the vine," in such a state, is both innocent and healthful. Combined as the alcohol is with other elements, and modified by them as it is in the ripe grape and the recently expressed juice, he alledges it to be utterly insufficient to produce intoxication. Nor is this mere speculation ; it is matter of fact. No one was ever known to be inebriated by eating ripe grapes, or drinking wine as it ran from the press. Dr. Nott asserts this fact ; and hence maintains that the Bible, in sanctioning the use of wine—sweet, original, unfermented wine—does not sanction the use of intoxicating liquors, in the strict and proper sense of that phrase. Here, then, everything is plain—everything consistent. The position eminently "justifies the ways of God to man ;" instead of resolving, as Mr. Marsh seems inclined to do, the Bible permission to drink wine—assuming it to be intoxicating wine—into the sovereignty of God !

But the lecturer by no means leaves the matter here. He maintains that, on the ground of expediency, even *unalcoholic* wines, could we obtain them, should not *now* be used as a beverage. For the same reason that St. Paul was willing to abstain from "meat,"—the reason that eating it might cause his brother to "offend," that is, stumble or fall,—Dr. Nott thinks all who wish well to their fellow-men should wholly refrain from drinking wine, however innocent the practice in itself, or however free the article consumed from the intoxicating principle. The practice might be of dangerous tendency. Our weak brother would possibly be offended. Under cover of our example, and failing to discriminate between what is innocent and what is otherwise, he might "stumble" and ruin himself for ever.

Thus we understand Dr. Nott ; and, so understanding him, we cannot sympathize in the fears expressed by the American Temperance Journal. We believe them to be utterly groundless. They are justified by no sound reasons, either of philosophy or ethics. The editor assails what he can never demolish. These Lectures will remain a monument of the learning, the eloquence, and the truly Christian philanthropy of their venerable author, long, long after he is gathered to his fathers. Destined to no ephemeral existence, they will be read and admired by generations yet unborn. Their extensive publication at this day cannot fail to do an incalculable amount of good ; and if Mr. Delavan accomplishes but half what he has undertaken in this way, the friends of the temperance cause will be under infinite obligations to him. We are the more certain in this estimate of the Lectures under review, as



it is supported by the published opinions of gentlemen whose intelligence and devotion to the interests of temperance entitle them to the greatest confidence. Chancellor Walworth, in a letter to the editor of the Temperance Journal, says, "I think you have unintentionally erred in supposing that there is any abandonment of correct temperance principles in Dr. Nott's Lectures, or that they are not calculated greatly to aid us in persuading others to abstain totally from the use, as a beverage, of anything that can intoxicate. .... He has succeeded in showing that the pen of inspiration, under the dictation of the unerring wisdom of the Most High, only commends as good the pure and unintoxicating blood of the grape, before the vinous fermentation has progressed so far as to render it inebriating and absolutely hurtful to man. And he also shows that the same unerring wisdom has denounced all intoxicating wine, or other inebriating drinks, as a curse instead of a blessing to mankind.

"In a case," continues the chancellor, "which recently came before the court of dernier resort for decision, I had occasion to examine the question, and expressed the opinion that a beverage cannot properly be considered as a strong or inebriating liquor, if none of those who use it ever get intoxicated by such use, or when it is impossible for any one to drink a sufficient quantity to produce such an effect. .... Taking them together,"—Dr. Nott's Lectures,—"it will be seen that he has done much to rescue the language of inspired wisdom from the unhallowed uses to which many had attempted to pervert it, for the purpose of vindicating the drinking usages of society. He has also done much to relieve the minds of sincere Christians from error, who had been taught to believe their Saviour had sanctioned the use of intoxicating wine as a beverage. And I think his Lectures will be found not to contain anything to encourage the use of wines, or of any liquor produced by fermentation, as a common drink, in any stages of their fermentation."

These views of Chancellor Walworth are indorsed by the "New-York Central Temperance Committee," which committee is composed of gentlemen of the highest distinction, both for mental discrimination and ardent zeal for the temperance cause. The Executive Committee of the New-York State Temperance Society, composed of gentlemen equally well known and equally distinguished, say, in an address "To the Executive Committee of the American Temperance Union:" "We have regretted to perceive, in several late numbers of the Journal of Temperance, that your editor disapproves of Dr. Nott's teaching, and Mr. Delavan's circulating, the opinion that wine is rightfully distinguished into *intoxicating* and *unintoxicating* beverage, and that the former



is the wine styled the 'mockers,' and condemned in the Bible, and the latter (the pure blood of the grape) the wine pronounced a blessing, and granted to Jacob for a beverage. We are led to address you by reason of the distinction taken and the doctrines taught in these Lectures, being the same which have been taken and taught in works sanctioned and published by ourselves, and because we firmly believe this distinction to be intelligible and sound, and the only one which avoids a conflict with the unyielding laws of nature or the infallible word of God. Considering these Lectures as a pre-eminently able and convincing argument against the use of all intoxicating liquors, especially against the use of wine of every sort as a beverage, among the more wealthy and fashionable classes of community, we cannot but approve of the course Mr. Delavan has taken, and hope he will persevere in his endeavors to give them a wide circulation. And we take the liberty of soliciting your careful attention to these Lectures,—to their richness in scientific and historical facts and illustrations, their kindness, force, candor, and eloquence of argument, and their peculiar fitness to disabuse the mind of the Christian public of those perversions of Scripture, from which the cause of temperance has suffered so much in times past."

To the preceding we will only add the approval of one of the most distinguished Biblical critics of the age. Professor Moses Stewart, writing to Mr. Delavan, says:—"I have read the discourses," (of Dr. Nott,) "and have no hesitation in saying that they are powerful, eloquent, argumentative, candid, and kind, without exaggeration, and without any timid shrinking from a full-length portrait. If Dr. Nott had been raised up for nothing else, it would have been a great end to be accomplished, to write these discourses. My compliments and my earnest congratulations to him on the ground of his complete success in his noble and benevolent undertaking. *Sero in cælum redeat*, even a sober heathen would say to him; that is, *Late may he return to glory!* or, in other words, *Long may he live!* The criticisms that I should have to make in the way of *calling in question*, would be 'few and far between.' I deem them unnecessary—my meed of praise is in full measure, 'heaped up and running over.' Yes, give as many wings as you can to such a messenger, and let him visit the whole English world. God has given you an opportunity to do more good than many kings and princes have: use it to your utmost, and then ascribe all the glory to him."

We have adduced the preceding commendations, both to show the estimate in which these Lectures are held by the clearest heads

and purest hearts of our country, and to aid, as far as possible, in giving them circulation. It will have been seen that we have confined our remarks, chiefly, to those parts of the book under review which relate to the Scripture bearings of the question of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. If we have not noticed other parts of it, it was simply because it did not fall within our design to do so, and not because we do not deem them exceedingly valuable and interesting. The volume is worthy of the serious perusal and careful study of all classes, and is especially commended to the attention of those who, by an incorrect generalization, have fallen into either of the two opposite errors upon "the wine question." They will in this case, as in most others, find that the truth lies between the two extremes. P.

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ART. IV.—1. *Methodist Quarterly Review for April, 1847. Art.*

I. *Phrenology and Revelation. A Review of Fowler on Religion.* By Rev. D. W. CLARK.

2. *The British Quarterly Review: Phrenology tested. A Review of Contributions to the Mathematics of Phrenology.* By JAMES STRATTON. Also, *The Brain and its Physiology; a Critical Disquisition on the Methods of determining the Relations between the Structure and Functions of the Encephalon.* By DANIEL NOBLE, M. R. C. S. Eng. London, 1846. *Eclectic Magazine*, February, 1847.

SUPERFICIAL men often find their favorite hypotheses, which they have dignified by the name of science, in direct contact with the most ancient and thoroughly established truths. The history of one such Utopian reformer is the history of all. He never infers the probable error of his own scheme, but decides at once that the time-honored system is unsound merely because it is opposed to his! Regardless alike of the teachings of experience in relation to the fate of such men, and of the importance of the truths he attempts to overthrow, he proceeds forthwith to proclaim the baselessness of these venerable principles, and to show how clearly this discovery follows from his own demonstrable science. With no very special regard to the graces or forms of modesty, he proceeds immediately to prefer his claims to the gratitude and respect of mankind as their deliverer from the thralldom of custom, and from the delusion of happiness in the enjoyment of their holiest institutions. The very extent and apparent impracticability of the

revolutions he proposes, rather encourage than alarm him. There is something so flattering to natural vanity in the idea of standing out before the world as the fearless opposer of what even general experience has found to be true; something so noble and manly in being, *de facto*, in the place of "Athanasius contra mundum," that he throws himself, with the most reckless daring and enthusiasm, against even the impregnable walls of truth; and such is his delirium of joy in these assaults, that he really seems not to know when he has dashed out his own brains! At the very moment in which he has just succeeded in drawing sufficient attention to himself to expose the ridiculousness of his attempts, and provoke a smile at their folly, he is waiting, with suppressed breath and "erectis oribus," to catch the universal acclamations of praise and eternal obligation for the glorious deliverances he has wrought out for oppressed humanity.

In no instance is the truth of these remarks more evident than in the history of phrenological discoverers. Having caught a glimpse of a supposed relation between craniology and psychology, they have jumped at once into the broad daylight of the science of phrenology! They have discovered a universal law by noticing a few slight or striking coincidences, which may, however, be easily accounted for without the existence of any such law. They have generalized without competent facts, and been content with conjecture and assumption nearly endless, as the basis of a *splendid science*.

But phrenology assumed as true, and what follows? Why, the established principles of metaphysical philosophy are all false. Locke, Reid, Stewart, and Brown, are all wrong in asserting the indivisible unity of mind. The clearest distinctions are confounded. The ablest philosophers are treated with contempt, and men are kindly notified to beware of such blind guides, and to rely upon phrenologists as the true wonder-working spirits in the philosophy of mind. From them we must receive the key of metaphysical knowledge, and the pure principles of that philosophy which shows, plainly enough, all philosophy to be not merely false, but simply ridiculous.

The Christian religion, too, is directly in the way of this furious science. But it *must* go through, and *will*. No use to remonstrate. And what then, but to run over, trample down, and stamp into the earth, this old, and, no doubt, superannuated system? Consolation to our doting hearts if then we can gather up so much as a fragment, as a relic of its former greatness and power! Ten years—not more than ten years, certainly, will be ample to esta-



blish the new theory of man! Universal nature, its own restorer, stands out beautified and adorned, with only one God (the genius of phrenology) to adore, and the immortal discoverer, the high priest of a regenerated world.

That true science and religion are in no *permanent* danger from such empiricism as this, is quite certain. The experience of centuries has abundantly shown their ability to resist all such strengthless assaults, however furious they may be. These fictitious schemes of radicalism and folly evidently have no power to uproot the great principles of inductive philosophy or of revealed religion; and yet they do harm. They unsettle the weak, delude the romantic and visionary, and encourage the morbid sensitiveness of the masses. They divert the attention of multitudes from reliable sources of improvement, and become fatal by inducing dependence upon false remedies for the ills of nature, until it is too late for the true. He, therefore, who points out the errors of such schemes, and throws insuperable obstacles in the way of their progress, however plausible or contemptible they may be, does a good and essential service to the cause of truth, and deserves well of his country and his race.

Such a service, to some good extent, has, as I conceive, been rendered by the reviewer of "Fowler on Religion," whose article is introduced at the head of this. He has shown conclusively the falseness of many of Mr. Fowler's infidel doctrines. In the style of its argument his paper is clear, caustic, and popular; and it seems to be, on the whole, a good execution of his design.

We cannot, however, resist the conviction that his design was such as to leave room for an article of a different character, calculated to promote the same general ends. Indeed, the doubts of the reviewer, as to how much was due to phrenology as a system, and his evident inclination to admit that it might be entitled to the rank of a science, necessarily very much modified his plan, and, we think, deprived him of his very best weapons in the conflict upon which he had entered. The doctrines of his author in regard to religion he denies, nay, utterly abhors. He must, therefore, either reject his premises, or deny that his conclusions are legitimate. He prefers the latter, and hence commits himself to the pledge of sundering the irreligious theology of Mr. Fowler from the doctrines of phrenology. For ourselves, we could wish that he had more formally and distinctly addressed himself to this important point. If, by a clear statement of the premises and conclusions of Mr. F., he could have shown that they were not legitimately connected, he would have spoiled the book, and then he could easily have exhibited the

incorrectness of the doctrines, and left phrenology to take care of itself. That his readers had some reason to expect such a course, we think is evident from the following:—

“Let us premise, however, that we wage no war against phrenology—none against the science proper—kept within its legitimate bounds. We may even assent to many of its general principles—many of the results to which the experiments and researches of scientific men seem to have led them. But our author must pardon us if our credulity fails when we attempt to follow him through some of the varied applications he has sought to give it.”

Again:—

“We will, however, endeavor to point out some of the gross absurdities involved in our author's theory of the relations existing between phrenology and revelation; and also to show that that theory is illegitimate, even if the truth of phrenology, as a science, were admitted.”

We regret, therefore, that the reviewer did not make a point-blank issue with his author upon the infidel tendencies of phrenology; for as religious as Mr. Fowler believes his philosophy to be, Mr. Clark evidently and truly considers it unvarnished infidelity. Objectors to the system have charged these results upon it as legitimate and necessary, and Mr. Fowler has fully conceded the ground. But our reviewer, as I understand him, denies it, and hence upon the question, Do the principles of phrenology tend to infidelity? he takes the negative. As we consider this view of the subject far from being established, we should have been pleased to see a close and thorough argument in its favor from so able a pen as the reviewer's. Evidently, however, this was not his design. He meant to exhibit the philosophy and not the philosophizing of his author, and in this he has succeeded. He is a candid and amiable writer; and hence, while he treats with deserved severity the erroneous doctrines of Mr. F., he gives him credit for “much that is good,” for “many sound principles.” “He has,” says Dr. Bond, in effect, “done much, but much more remains to be done.”

To contribute what we can in so small a compass to what “remains to be done,” is our sole purpose. We by no means appear as the opponent of our esteemed friend the reviewer, but merely ask permission to take our place by his side, as a co-laborer in the field of truth. We do not, it is true, agree with him in regard to phrenological tendencies, but upon this point we feel ourselves occupying a ground of argument which he has seen proper mainly to omit.

Says the writer of “Phrenology tested,” mentioned at the head of this article—



"Half a century has elapsed since Dr. Gall first announced to the world the elements of that system of phrenology. This science, if science it may be called, has long since run the gauntlet of public opinion; it has outlived the first ardor of its supporters and the early virulence of its foes. Fifty years have been afforded for its establishment or refutation. In every enlightened country it has supported, during a long period, its public lecturers and periodicals; it has been made the subject alike of metaphysical and physiological investigations; the lights of science have been brought to bear upon it; anatomy, human and comparative, pathology, experiments upon living animals, and numerous other sources, more or less direct, have been assiduously ransacked for evidence of its truth or falsehood. And now, when a critical inquiry into the functions of the brain, by a member of the medical profession, who is favorably known as a contributor to the medical periodicals of the day, has been offered to the public, claiming for phrenology the rank of an inductive science, we are surely in a favorable position calmly to review the evidence which has been accumulated in favor of phrenology, and whether or not it affords a correct physiology of the brain, and a true picture of the human mind."

If it should be admitted that the argument has been exhausted, and that the grace of novelty is entirely gone, this fact we must be allowed to regard as rather favorable than otherwise to a dispassionate and successful review of the discussion. It is certain that, after all that has been written, pro and con, and though the champions of both parties have laid aside their weapons, each claiming the victory with perfect assurance, much uncertainty upon the subject still rests upon the public mind; and, if we have not mistaken the facts, while the opponents of phrenology have been resting in confidence that enough has been done to secure its destruction, it has been artfully and insidiously gaining ground among the speculative, the indifferent, and the credulous parts of the community. With these views, we shall need no apology for attempting a contribution to the truth, in opposition to it; and we start with the proposition, that

**PHRENOLOGY IS CONTRARY TO FACT, AND THEREFORE UNTRUE.**

To prevent mistake, we must at this point define what is meant by phrenology. It is not those general indications of countenance, gesture, and bearing, by which all men are accustomed to conjecture, sometimes with shrewd accuracy, and sometimes with palpable incorrectness, something of the characters of individuals. Perhaps even this may be said more frequently to amuse than instruct mankind. But whether there be much or little in these general means of interpreting character, in fundamental phrenology, craniology alone is the index to mind. No dependence whatever is to be placed upon the adjustment of muscles, the cast of



the eye, the movement of the limbs, the tone of the voice, or the action of the subject. Nothing is to be relied upon, as an indication of character, but what can be touched upon the head; and hence phrenological practitioners often propose to perform their experiments blindfolded, and yet tell the character of a perfect stranger with infallible accuracy. The influence of temperaments is only a seeming exception to this remark; for whatever may be their effect in supplying the material, and graduating the power of the faculties, if phrenology be true, the brain is the sole organ, and the cranium the sole index of mind.

Nor is it any individual article of a phrenological creed that we single out to oppose, for any such article, however true or false, would not be phrenology.

Nor the teachings of any particular author or lecturer, for these are so numerous and contradictory, that to attempt their refutation would be equal to the madness of Don Quixote in his chivalrous war with windmills, sheep, and winesacks.

There are, however, certain fundamental principles which constitute the system. These are prominent and unmistakable, and with them the scheme either stands or falls. They may be briefly expressed as follows:—

“THE MIND MANIFESTS A PLURALITY OF FACULTIES.” THESE FACULTIES OPERATE THROUGH SEPARATE PORTIONS OF THE BRAIN AS THEIR PECULIAR AND APPROPRIATE ORGANS, EACH PRODUCING ITS DISTINCT DEVELOPMENT UPON THE EXTERIOR SURFACE OF THE CRANIUM. THESE DEVELOPMENTS HAVE BEEN ASCERTAINED AND SEPARATELY IDENTIFIED, AND THEIR METAPHYSICAL CAUSES SO ACCURATELY MARKED AS TO CONSTITUTE A NEW, CLEAR, AND THE ONLY SYSTEM OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAN—THE SCIENCE OF PHRENOLOGY.

This summary does not, of course, attempt to include everything that phrenology asserts. It is believed, however, that it will be acknowledged as a fair and accurate statement of the fundamental elements of the system. Here, then, the issue is made. If each and all these positions shall be found to be contrary to fact, it will follow that there is no such thing as *the science* of phrenology.

*We shall examine them first in the light of established psychological facts.*

In observing his own phenomena, man must have been early led to the discovery of mind. Matter, the entity everywhere present to his senses, furnished no solution to the mysteries of thought, and feeling, and volition, which he could not fail to observe pervading his being. The Creator had so constituted him, that he

could not long remain in possession of a treasure so vast in value, and not be aware of it. The *idea* of mind was an easy, a natural, and a necessary inference, from the *action* of mind; and to its wonderful powers were referred gradually, but necessarily, all those mysterious developments in anthropology which it was seen matter could in nowise account for. The earliest philosophical efforts of mind struggle with the idea of pure spirituality, spurn the gross dogmas of materialism, and show how hard it is to annihilate in man the principles which God has revealed. The idea has been modified, obscured, and degraded, in ten thousand ways, but the history of philosophy shows that the Creator has furnished its evidence so universally and clearly, that it must and will have the ascendancy. Man can no more lose it than he can lose himself. The very efforts by which he would argue it out of existence prove it invariably present, and sufficiently rebuke the folly of skepticism. Between the extremes of materialism and spirituality, as the subject of thought, feeling, and volition, there can be no medium. If it have one attribute of matter, it is not mind; and if no law of matter enter into the explanation of mental phenomena, then mind is wholly spiritual in its essence, and immaterial in the mode of its action.

The mind of man acts like an indivisible whole. It does nothing in parts. Its phenomena present to the mind's consciousness a continuous, successive activity, as a sole and individual subject ought to do. A narrow inspection of its most rapid movements will show the order of time in all its distinct actions, and dissipate the dream of a multiplicity of separate faculties. But a failure to detect succession is no evidence that it does not exist. Even in matter it is often so rapid as to be totally imperceptible. The boy who draws his bird upon one side of a card and his cage on the other, and, by strings at the ends, turns it in such a manner as clearly, to visual perception, to throw the bird into the cage, knows very well that he is not there; and that, actually, after one is seen, the card must make half a revolution before the other can be. He tells you it moves so fast you cannot see it, a fact which, simple as it is, shows conclusively that we are never safe in denying physical succession upon the evidence of our senses. The whole universe is in motion; but our knowledge of the fact, evident and necessary as it is, is only an inference. If, then, the rapidity of material succession can prevent its recognition by the senses, certainly that of mental succession may prevent its recognition by consciousness. The speed of lightning is not comparable to that of thought. What folly, then, to suppose that when our attention



fails to keep up with its velocity, mind has no succession; especially as, by retarding the progress of our most rapid mentalities, careful observation will detect the succession of those thoughts which seem to be simultaneous. Mind is therefore a unit—a distinct, indivisible whole. In this spiritual nature it presents itself in its varied states when their several conditions occur. Thought is the mind thinking; sensibility, the mind feeling; and will, the mind determining; otherwise the subject of these phenomena is nothing but divisible matter.

God has taken up this spirit, and treated it as a distinct individuality, defining its responsibilities as a unit, holding no particular part or faculty responsible for its delinquencies, or excusing or rewarding others for the correctness of their action. But as a spiritual whole, an indivisible and indestructible essence, he has brought it into opening activity in a world of probation, charged it with its momentous responsibilities, and revealed its deathless rewards in a world of retribution. Philosophers have caught the spirit of its phenomena and declared it to be *mind*—mind in its total and eternal distinction from matter—and asserted its phenomena to be utterly incompatible with any and every law of matter, organic and inorganic. This must be regarded as the first great fact of psychology, to which phrenology is uncompromisingly opposed, namely, the existence of mind as a pure spiritual essence, without body or parts, known as mind by the complete distinctness of all its phenomena from everything we know of matter, and by the entireness and perfect individuality of each one of its acts.

To this established fact phrenology opposes the doctrine of separate coexisting and coacting faculties. Upon the radical divisibility of the original essence of mind, there is a verbal disagreement among phrenologists. But this is of no consequence, inasmuch as it is impossible to conceive of a coexisting distinct class of faculties inhering in one original subjective entity, so as to take on local, uniform, simultaneous action, in more than seventy different departments of the brain, without regarding that subject as a physical, substantive existence. These faculties must be either qualities of the same nature as their subject, which must hence necessarily be divisible, or they are themselves the divided whole of the mind's essence. Either alternative admitted, and mind, in its distinctive, essential character, is annihilated, and the whole of its phenomena are utterly and for ever unaccountable. For however frequently the effort may be made, man will wholly refuse to accept any explanation of these phenomena, upon material principles.



To enable us to judge further of phrenology, as a metaphysical system, we inquire after its *method*. So far as it can be said to have any, it is exceedingly physical and incorrect. Material developments are made the indices of mental condition and capacity. We charge no inconsistency upon the system here. It is certainly reasonable that a scheme tending inevitably to materialism, should judge of mind by the physical state; and to such a scheme there can be nothing in the way of making the soul of man wholly dependent upon the body, and subject to its control.

But let us examine this method narrowly, and see what reliance can be placed upon it, as a mode of studying mind. It is observed that certain men and lower animals are fond of certain things. It is hence inferred that God has provided them with special faculties, corresponding with these preferences. For instance, some are petulant and quarrelsome. Now how could this be, if they had not been furnished by their Creator with an original tendency to fight? From this it is supposed to follow, that combativeness is a primary and ultimate faculty of mind; and henceforth, all whose heads are prominent at the posterior inferior angle of the parietal bones, behind the ear and above the mastoid process, are expected, *cæteris paribus*, to exhibit a strong tendency to war. The state of the cranium at this particular locality is regarded as the certain index to the habit of the mind. Man sometimes takes life, and hence it is forthwith inferred that destructiveness is one of the original faculties of the human soul. He takes care of his offspring, hence the primary faculty, philoprogenitiveness. Sometimes he stays at home, sometimes he prefers any other place to home; he must therefore be primarily endowed with inhabitiveness. Sometimes he sings; not always, it is true; for while some are amateurs in music, others have no relish for it under any circumstances; nevertheless, *tune* is one of the original faculties of the human mind.

Now is it possible to ascertain, with any kind of accuracy, the primary laws of mind in this way? Ought not the merest tyro in the study of man to know, that all these external developments are the result of various complex mentalities, which must be carefully analyzed to ascertain the primary laws which they involve? And in analysis, it is evident, phrenologists are the most palpably deficient of any class of pretended philosophers. To test this point, let us try the power of analysis upon some of these asserted original faculties. Take alimentiveness, for instance. This is a desire for food or drink. But has the soul an original ultimate faculty, with its appropriate organ, for eating and drinking? Then we

shall be liable to appetite in another life, and some kind of aliment must be provided for our accommodation there! for I am in no danger of being disputed when I say, that every primary original faculty of the soul is necessarily indestructible. Now, upon critical examination, is this faculty of alimentiveness anything more than a desirous sensibility, made to take on the character of appetite, by the occasional bodily condition? What then was needed, in the original mental constitution, to meet the physical necessity for aliment in this life? An original eating and drinking faculty, says the phrenologist, inherent, and hence, necessarily, an eternally indestructible part of mind! The philosopher would say, simply a susceptibility of desire, capable of taking on this peculiar condition, when the occasional nervous irritability takes place which produces what we denominate appetite.

Take another, destructiveness. What can this mean but a propensity to destroy? And it is natural to inquire, what could have been the need, in the original formation of mind, of a propensity to destroy? If Scripture history were of any authority with phrenology, it might be relevant to inquire, what were the uses of this faculty of destructiveness in a perfect and sinless state? Was it needed in paradise? And will it be needed in heaven? But just look at the variety of circumstances and motives under which this killing occurs, and you will see with what consummate folly destructiveness is claimed to be a simple, original faculty. The butcher kills with a simple desire for food and love of gain. The hunter kills with a paramount love of sport. The sheriff kills with a mere feeling of responsibility to government. The assassin kills with a feeling of revenge, or to reach some other selfish end. And the warrior kills to prevent being killed, or to gratify a feeling of patriotism, or revenge, or love of glory. But here is this merely physical act, caused by so many completely distinct mentalities, under the auspices of phrenology, taking the rank of a primary, simple, and ultimate mental power! a part of the mind itself!

Take another at random, locality. "This faculty conceives and remembers the situations and the relative localities of external objects." It is certainly true that men note localities, but what philosophical mind would suppose that this is done by a single mental faculty? What, again I ask, could have been the occasion for the creation of a separate faculty for the recognition of place, when the power of sensation and voluntary concentration of mind upon a given cause, with the power of comparison, would provide for it? Precisely the same of configuration, size, weight, coloring, and order: what further mentality is or can be involved in any or all

these mere perceptions, than a simple sensation, with sufficient attention to connect the sensation with its cause? What unmitigated nonsense this phrenological creation of so many distinct original faculties for doing the work of simple perception!

But we must stop. The further prosecution of the metaphysical argument is, we believe, wholly unnecessary. Having commenced the analysis of phrenological simple faculties, the reader can carry it on at his leisure. He will find that nearly all these faculties are complex, and that the physical terms by which they are designated are gross misnomers. Of the whole thirty-seven simple faculties of Spurzheim, we verily believe there is *but one* that will not admit of analysis—but one (namely, comparison) that has received a name appropriate to an original mental power.

We therefore dismiss the psychological discussion of the subject by simply desiring the reader to observe, that so far from there being a cranial indication of these thirty-seven different faculties, there are no such faculties to be indicated. The application of a little accurate analysis annihilates the whole superstructure.

*We come now to inquire how far the anatomy and physiology of the encephalon agree with the fundamental principles of phrenology.* "The brain is the organ of the mind," is one of the most common assertions of phrenologists. And yet, understood in a phrenological sense, it is certainly untrue. To allow that any one part of neurine matter is *the* organ of the mind, is to exclude every other part. That the brain, with every part of the nervous system, is a medium of connection between the external and internal world, is highly probable. That part of the system technically denominated the sensorium is undoubtedly an instrument of sensation and volition, but in what way, it is wholly impossible to know. To understand, however, the phrenological sense of this expression, "the brain is the organ of the mind," it is necessary to observe, that it is claimed absolutely, that each one of the thirty-seven or more distinct faculties has its peculiar and uniform local organ in each hemisphere of the cerebrum, and each side of the cerebellum; that two portions of the brain, which have been ascertained, bounded, and identified, in distinction from every other portion, are known to be set apart for the exclusive use of each separate faculty. This is what is meant by claiming that "the brain is the organ of the mind."

Now the great question that a plain man, and especially a Yankee, will naturally ask, in view of these wonderful revelations, is, "How do you know?" and I insist upon it as a reasonable question. In what manner has it been ascertained that these dif-



ferent faculties of the mind inhabit different and peculiar organs? And how is it now proved that the soul uses these local organs for the reception and development of its thoughts, feelings, and purposes? Our honest friend will no doubt be amused to be told that there is not the slightest indication, from the conformation of the brain, or any part of it, that any such organs exist. Take up a specimen of the brain, and commence a search for the phrenological divisions which are asserted with so much confidence. In the upper portion you see the two hemispheres of the cerebrum, connected by transverse commissures. In the lower and posterior portion you see the cerebellum, or little brain. And these are all the divisions, above the medulla-oblongata, which you can see. Studying the cerebrum more minutely, you will recognize the anterior, posterior, and middle lobes of each hemisphere, indicated only at its base, and various other inferior portions, not one of which is capable of phrenological dissection. In the cerebrum there is a perfectly homogeneous mass of white neurine, constituting the foundation of this portion of the brain. Outside of this is a continuous mass of gray neurine, supposed to be the seat of nervous influence. The convolutions forming these portions are distinctly marked, and extend, without division, over the entire hemisphere of the cerebrum. So far, then, is this portion of the brain from being capable of phrenological dissection, that you cannot get out a single organ of the whole without making a perfectly arbitrary incision through the gray and white neurine. And we defy any man living to show, so far as the structure of the brain is concerned, why the boundaries and partitions of these organs may not as well be made in one place as another. In the cerebellum there is a complete intermixture of the gray and white neurine, so that in attempting to dissect out the organs of the animal propensities, it would be necessary to cut them both indiscriminately, and it is out of the question to show why this should be done in any one place instead of another. The undeniable truth is, that this mapping out of the brain is a thing of the imagination, for the accommodation of phrenology, without the slightest foundation in fact.

But we shall here be told that the location of the organs is wholly the result of observation upon the external surface of the cranium, in connection with character; and that the whole theory of the phrenological division of the brain is an inference from the fact, that certain cranial developments are connected with certain traits of mind; and hence it has been ascertained that the portions of the

brain lying directly under these external protuberances are the organs of the faculties indicated.

*This brings us to the discussion of phrenological craniology*, the only possible theory of which must be, that the uniform action of a particular mental faculty, through a particular organ, pushes out, or produces the enlargement of, the cranium at that point. If the action be slight, the elevation will be slight; but if it be violent and long-continued, we shall have a large development upon the cranium. Size, too, is the measure of power. The more mind we have in any one place, or acting in any particular organ, the larger that organ will be; and hence, of course, the larger the organ, other things being equal, the stronger and more active the faculty.

With the view of settling, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the questions of fact involved in this theory, we shall take up three points of comparison, each of which must be completely decisive.

The first is between the external conformation of the brain, and the internal surface of the skull. If the active power of the cerebral organs is so marked and distinct as to leave its indications upon the external cranium, so that the latter are the invariable indices of the former, it certainly is not too much to claim that the exact external form of the brain will be imprinted upon the inner plate of the skull. This form ought, it is true, to be precisely that of the seventy-four or more phrenological organs. But, whatever it may be, it is absolutely essential to the doctrine of cranial developments by cerebral action, that the exact form of the brain should impress itself upon the inner plate of the skull. Can anything be clearer? Now take the brain in one hand and the cranium in the other, and make the comparison for yourself, and you will see plainly that no such thing is the fact. There are various irregularities of the inner plate, bearing a general agreement to the form of the cerebrum and the cerebellum. But look at the deep furrows and regular oval elevations made by the convolutions of the cerebrum, and see if they have produced their perfect impress upon the cranial plate. Nothing of the kind. Those deep, regular, transverse furrows which such an impression would produce, we affirm, cannot be found in any skull in the world. But if cerebral action does not make its exact impress upon the skull, there can be no telling anything about the character, locality, or extent of such action by the condition of the cranium; for if the bolder forms of cerebral convolutions are not delineated upon the inside of the skull, it must be impossible that those which are so faint

that nobody can either see or feel them should exhibit themselves upon the outside.

We cannot withhold our surprise that any man, claiming to have a competent knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the encephalon, should believe or allow for a moment that the specific form of the cranium is produced by that of the brain. Just look at the tissues and fluids which intervene between the brain and the skull, for the express purpose of protecting the brain from what would be the inevitably fatal effects of collision between its soft and delicate fibres and the hard bone that covers it. Adhering closely to the inner surface of the skull is a strong fibrous membrane called *dura mater*, (hard mother.) Next to this is the *arachnoid*, a smooth and polished serous membrane, composed of two layers, the parietal and visceral. The parietal lines the *dura mater*; the visceral covers the brain without dipping down into the sulci, between the convolutions. Beneath the *arachnoid*, in connection with the *pia mater*, is the sub-*arachnoid* fluid, varying in quantity in different heads. The *pia mater* (soft mother) is a delicate cellular membrane, the fine vascular network of which supplies the surface of the brain with blood. It adheres to its convolutions, dipping down into and lining the furrows between them. Now these membranes and the sub-*arachnoid* fluid fill up the irregular space between the brain and the skull, making any such action and developments as *phrenology* requires absolutely impracticable. If the delicate distinctions which are supposed to be delineated upon the surface of the brain, marking the form and outlines of the several organs, existed at all, they could only impress themselves upon the yielding matter between them and the cranium, and produce no definable modifications even of the inside of the skull.

The next point of comparison we introduce is between the inner and outer surfaces of the skull. The theory we are examining requires that these should exactly correspond. It could not be reasonable to suppose that the action of any power within the cranium would produce a convex exterior, without a concave interior surface exactly agreeing with it. Not only ought the substance of the brain to show the distinct action of these faculties, with elevations and boundary-lines agreeing perfectly with the external developments, but the interior of the skull ought to show, most distinctly, the marks of that internal pressure which produces the external elevation.

Now it so happens that no such correspondence exists. Let any man, educated or uneducated, take a human skull, and compare the inner with the outer surface, and he may convince himself,



beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the external developments, claimed by phrenologists as indications of organs and faculties, were never produced by the action of the brain. He will find, it is true, a general correspondence, sufficient to indicate that the skull was intended to inclose and protect the brain in all its parts, but he will see that the two plates of the cranium are only generally parallel. They are never perfectly so, as they ought to be, to make phrenology possible. Hence, though we succeed in finding an external elevation, we are by no means certain of finding an internal cavity beneath it. In some instances this may chance to be so; but in others a convex portion of the outer plate is underlaid by a convex portion of the inner, whereas the action of the faculty through the organ should have indented the inner surface and pushed out the protuberance. Let us examine a few special organs, and see what cranial indications of their existence we can find.

Benevolence is situated on the upper and middle part of the frontal bone, on either side of the longitudinal sinus, in the mesial line of the head. Reverence (veneration) is situated in the middle of the sincipital region, at the place which corresponds with the fontanel in children. Next comes firmness, in the middle of the upper and posterior part of the sincipital region. We have introduced these, because their location may be easily ascertained by persons not familiar with phrenology. Take a skull and place the two fingers upon the middle line of the crown, near the upper point of the forehead, and pass them directly over the crown beyond the highest point, and you will have passed over these prominent organs. You find a general fullness, probably, as you ought to, at the top of a well-constructed arch. Now examine the inner surface at the same points, and you find no indication, in a single instance, that these elevations have been produced by internal action of any kind. You may find a concavity, but it will in no respect resemble the size and form of the pretended organ. You will find a perfectly smooth inner, opposed to an irregular outer, surface, or, just as likely, two convex surfaces directly opposite.

Examine some of the intellectual organs. Individuality is behind the root of the nose, between the eyebrows; form, in the internal angle of the orbit of the eye—if large, it pushes the eyeball outward and downward; size, in the internal angle of the orbit, above configuration or form, and on both sides of individuality; weight, in the vicinity of size, in the ridge of the eyebrows; coloring, (color,) in the middle of the eyebrows. Order lies externally of coloring. Calculation (number) is placed at the external angle of the

orbit. Now by comparing a skull and a phrenological chart, you will perceive that these organs are all located upon a ridge forming the upper and outer portion of the orbit of the eye, produced by the frontal sinus and the zygomatic process before the ear, the distance from the brain varying from the fourth of an inch to an inch, and the inner surface showing no signs of internal action to produce such enlargement. Language is situated in the lower and back part of the anterior lobe of the brain, and lies transversely upon the orbitary plate of the frontal bone. This portion of the bone, so far from indicating any internal action, producing a special external development, is found, upon examination, to be slightly concave outside, and quite convex inside.

Alimentiveness lies before the ear, behind and above the zygomatic process. Here, besides the high elevation produced by this process, we have the temporal muscle, filling the temporal fossa, and thus aiding in the production of a celebrated cranial organ!

Further particular description is unnecessary. Any person who will may examine for himself, and be perfectly convinced that there is no such special correspondence between the outer and inner condition of the cranium as phrenology requires.

A reason, which deserves high consideration, why the two tables of the skull do not perfectly agree in form, and hence the external developments cannot be relied upon as indices of internal action, is found in the diploe. This is the spongy cellular bone between the two plates. In infancy it is very soft and vascular, but as age increases it is removed, either by absorption, and the approximation of the two tables to each other, or by the deposition of a solid ossific matter in the cells. The thickness of the diploe differs in different crania, and in different portions of the same cranium; and hence the irregularity of the two tables of the skull, in reference to each other. No phrenologist, however shrewd, can possibly tell whether his cranial organs are produced by the enlargement of the diploe or by some other cause.

Besides, there is a very uncertain difference in the thickness of the cranial tables. In some parts of the head an enlargement of the bones occurs, perhaps to three times their natural thickness, and this accumulation may take place on the inner or outer table, so little is the dependence to be placed upon the prominences of the external cranium.

But it will here be said, that though the cranium before the writer may give no internal signs of mental local action, to produce phrenological indications externally, yet others might; for in phrenology nothing can be told of one head from the examination of

another. A single remark upon this point cannot fail to show the weakness of the system. We are examining original necessary faculties—those which constitute the whole of the mental structure. With any kind of regard to philosophical accuracy, we must claim them all for every mind, and find their cranial indications in every skull. If they belong to the collective psychology, no mind can exist without them; and if phrenology be true, no head can be found which does not indicate them. It is saying nothing at all, to say that there are external developments enough, in different parts of different heads, to make out the whole number. There must be in every head such a correspondence between the internal and external cranium, as to show that the number of external organs, and the same identical ones, in every head, have a necessary and unmistakable connection with the internal action of precisely the same faculties. What kind of induction is that which starts with several facts, which, upon examination, turn out to be true of only now and then an individual of the species, failing in a multitude of instances, and nevertheless insisting upon the general law which a sufficient number of instances, without an exception, would indicate—namely, that the particular external developments upon the head are produced by the action of the organs upon the inner table of the skull? Can this be inductive philosophy? Certainly it cannot. And we insist upon it that phrenologists are compelled to take the position, that every external cranial development, indicating a mental faculty, has a corresponding internal cavity exactly like it. But we have no hesitancy in asserting that this is not true in any instance yet ascertained, and hence phrenology cannot be true.

But if anything more is wanting to make this assumed influence of the brain, in producing the phrenological developments of the external cranium, perfectly ridiculous, just compare the external surface of the cerebrum with the external cranium. Now it must be allowed—for upon any other supposition craniology is a hoax—that if cerebral impressions are capable of producing phrenological developments, our heads are all ridged and furrowed exactly like the brains. No shrinking now, my wise phrenological friend! It not only ought to be so, but, as phrenology is a science, founded upon fact, *it is so*; and if all the world should deny it, with ever so much obstinacy, you must assert it, and insist upon it, that such is the influence of the faculties upon the brain, and so nicely and exactly does the conformation of the brain control and produce that of the skull, that every man's head is furrowed and ridged all over exactly like the brain, albeit the skeptical, stupid world, never have been able to discover any such thing! and if they could, it



would produce a wonderful breaking up and breaking down of phrenological organs, faculties, charts, books, and men! The truth is, there is no end to the ridiculous absurdities of this pretended philosophy.

*We now come to the historical question.* Has it been found, upon actual observation, that the characters of men can be told from their head? Has the assumed connection between human craniology and psychology been historically established? Phrenologists affirm this; we deny it.

A man may be easily found, in any neighborhood, who has large combativeness, and ought to fight; but he does not and will not. He lives peaceably with his neighbors, in spite of all provocations. Another has very large destructiveness, but kills nothing. He is horror-struck at the idea of taking life in any form. Another has large tune, but he does not sing, and cannot. Another has very large benevolence, reverence, conscientiousness, hope, and marvelousness; he ought to be a very saint, but he is not, and cannot be made to be. He swears when he ought to pray, and dares the vengeance of the very power he ought to reverence and adore. Another, of large amativeness, is famous for his continence. A lady of very small philoprogenitiveness is utterly absorbed in the care of her children; and a man of monstrous inhabitiveness never stays anywhere.

These, and a thousand other similar contradictions to the great science, meet us everywhere. It is of no use to deny it. The facts are so palpable and obvious, that the most confident itinerating lecturer does not dare to deny them. Stubborn as they are, they must be met and explained away. And it is really amusing to see the shifts that are made for this purpose. The man, to wit, who has great combativeness, but shows no disposition to fight, has high benevolence, which restrains him; and so of all the rest. Here is the doctrine of neutralizing faculties. Every marked characteristic of mind and head has some antagonist one, to which we must resort to explain the numberless failures of phrenological character. But we are sure that all this is directly contrary to the plainest and most fundamental principles of phrenology.

These faculties, it must be remembered, are all primary and ultimate. They go to make up the man; and, hence, however conflicting and mutually destructive, they must actually coexist in every case. And, moreover, they act through entirely separate organs, and are wholly independent of each other. We claim, therefore, that the action of the one can have no possible effect to interfere with or prevent the action of the other. They must be capable

of totally independent action; nay, they must have so acted, to have produced these prominent organs, for in no other way can they be phrenologically accounted for. We can therefore see no objection to the coexistence of the most palpably contradictory characters in the same person. We should, we aver, upon strict phrenological principles, expect that the man who has large combativeness and benevolence, would be both quarrelsome and peaceable; that a man with large acquisitiveness and benevolence coexisting, should be a miser, and give liberally to all charitable objects; and so of the rest.

Who can fail to have observed the equivocal position of phrenological professors upon precisely this point? If they find, from looks or words, or any of the numerous evident signs which constantly escape subjects and spectators, that they have erred in giving a man large acquisitiveness, they forthwith ascertain (truly, no doubt) that his benevolence is so large as to control it. If, on the contrary, the laugh is raised upon his being pronounced very benevolent, his acquisitiveness is forthwith appealed to, to show why he is not in practice what he is in theory—making, throughout, these several antagonist developments alternately the subordinate and the governing faculty, as inference or convenience may require. And these decisions are commonly mixed up with such a multitude of cant phrases, shrewd conjectures, low vulgarisms, and complimentary hints, as to entirely divert the attention of the submissive and credulous subject, whose eyes, and ears, and mouth, are all open to receive the flattering potion.

But let us here again remind the reader, that these large antagonist developments must have been produced by the ultra action of their respective faculties; for in no other way can the external organ be the slightest indication of the faculty. Hence the unavoidable phrenological conclusion, that, to have produced these two extravagant developments, the man must have been both a miser and a prodigal; and for any phrenologist to say that these conflicting activities could not possibly coexist, would be to give up the whole ground, by denying the strictly separate and independent action of the faculties. No wonder that Dr. Gall considered man a bundle of contradictions and inconsistencies, for so he certainly must be, if he can and ought to be two or a dozen different and entirely antagonist characters at the same time.

No man shall be permitted to say that these alledged inconsistencies are mere conjectures upon our part. We know the ground upon which we stand when we join issue with the phrenologist upon the question of fact. And though the failures of the assumed

relation between craniology and psychology are evident to every narrowly observing mind, giving attention to the subject, we shall present our readers with a series of experiments which shall *once more* completely overthrow this pretended science. The following extract from "Phrenology tested," the strong article from the "British Quarterly Review," indicated at the head of this paper, is exactly in point, and will require no apology.

After showing that "the terminology of the system is altogether inexact," clearly and briefly stating the principles and history of the system, the writer undertakes to test the question of fact, thus:—

"Now comes the real difficulty. The heads or crania thus measured all differ in size, and it is thus impossible to compare directly the measurements of one with those of another. If they were all exactly of the same size, or rather capacity, we could compare those measurements with precision, and say at once, to the fraction of an inch, how much more tune Handel had than Haydn. We could then, if we had the distance of the central point of each organ from the external ear, say which preponderated over its neighbor, as compared with the corresponding organ of another individual.

"This difficulty, we conceive, is readily got over; and, once got over, we think phrenology must stand or fall by the result. It is a well-known geometrical principle, that similar solids are to each other as the cubes of their homologous lines—or, the cube roots of similar solids are to each other as their homologous lines. If, therefore, we ascertain the capacity of any skull, which may be readily done by immersing it in water up to a given point, and if we ascertain by measurement the distance of all the organs from the ear, (meatus auditorius,) or from each other, we can readily produce a skull of *any given capacity*, preserving the same *form* as the measured skull, and having all the linear measurements precisely what they would have been had the skull measured been of the capacity required. We may thus convert any number of skulls into skulls of precisely the same *size* or *capacity*, each one, however, retaining exactly its own *form*, and the same relative developments of its different parts. This done, the problem is solved, and we can at once compare all the linear measurements of them with fractional accuracy.

"For the purpose of ascertaining how far phrenology would stand this test, we visited one of the oldest phrenological museums in the country, in company with a phrenologist of note and a well-known physiologist, distinguished for his habits of patient and accurate observation; and, with a phrenological bust before us, we carefully measured casts of the skulls of four murderers, Haggart, M'Kaen, Pollard, and Lockey. For the purpose of drawing a comparison between these and heads of persons characterized by intelligence, wit, imagination, the kindlier affections of our nature, the sentiments of firmness, courage, and morality, we measured the casts of the skulls of Burns, Swift, La Fontaine, King Robert the Bruce, and those of two females, Heloise and Stella."



These extreme contrasts, it will be observed, were selected under the eye of "a phrenologist of note;" and though our writer does not claim that their numbers are sufficient for positive induction, it is certain that these marked characters, if any, ought to exhibit the most incontestable phrenological evidence. The process of measurement is thus described:—

"The capacities of the crania were ascertained by repeated immersions in water, up to a line running between the meatus auditorius and the junction of the frontal with the nasal bones, and a careful measurement of the number of cubic inches of the water displaced. In making the linear measurements, one leg of the callipers was placed as nearly as possible in a corresponding part of the meatus auditorius of all the skulls; while the other, guided by the busts before us, and by our phrenological friend, was, with the utmost attainable accuracy, brought to the centre of the organ to be measured; and, while they remained on the cast, the measurements were read off, by the gentlemen assisting, from the other extremities of our callipers, they having first satisfied themselves that they were properly applied to the several organs.

"These measurements being made, we took the cranium of Swift, as being about the mean; and in accordance with the rule referred to, by the following formula—as the cube root of the actual capacity of any skull is to the cube root of the standard capacity, so is any actual linear measurement of the former to the corresponding linear measurement in the same, reduced to the standard capacity—we converted the measurements of all the other crania into those of a cranium having the same capacity as Swift's: that is to say, we converted all the crania into crania having the same capacity, but each remaining similar to its original in *form*, and preserving the same relative dimensions of its different parts.

"The following are the results, arranged, for the convenience of reference and comparison, under the different phrenological faculties:—

1. <i>Amativeness.</i>		Haggart	4.53	Stella	5.44
Bruce	4.48	La Fontaine	4.426	Lockey	5.43
Pollard	4.37	3. <i>Concentrativeness.</i>		Burns	5.12
Swift	4.2	Pollard	5.49	La Fontaine	5.04
Lockey	4.08	Bruce	5.3	5. <i>Combativeness.</i>	
M'Kaen	4.04	Haggart	5.11	Swift	5.60
Burns	3.92	Heloise	5.09	M'Kaen	5.36
Heloise	3.85	Burns	5.06	Burns	4.78
Haggart	3.78	M'Kaen	5.05	Bruce	4.71
La Fontaine	3.76	Swift	5.00	Heloise	4.68
Stella	3.75	La Fontaine	4.8	Stella	4.62
2. <i>Philoprogenitiveness.</i>		Stella	4.76	Pollard	4.58
Pollard	5.18	Lockey	4.62	Haggart	4.01
Bruce	4.81	4. <i>Adhesiveness.</i>		La Fontaine	4.003
Lockey	4.807	Bruce	5.89	Lockey	3.82
Heloise	4.74	Pollard	5.85	6. <i>Destructiveness.</i>	
Swift	4.70	Haggart	5.71	Bruce	6.10
M'Kaen	4.63	M'Kaen	5.68	M'Kaen	5.99
Burns	4.599	Heloise	5.61	Lockey	5.91
Stella	4.56	Swift	5.60	La Fontaine	5.81

Swift	5.80	Swift	5.30	Heloise	4.49
Stella	5.77	Stella	5.26	Stella	4.47
Pollard	5.74	Burns	5.25	17. Causality.	
Heloise	5.658	Lockey	5.13	La Fontaine	4.72
Haggart	5.37	12. Veneration.		Heloise	4.69
Burns	5.16	La Fontaine	5.47	Bruce	4.61
7. Secretiveness.		Heloise	5.33	Burns	4.59
Lockey	6.1	Haggart	5.31	Pollard	4.58
La Fontaine	6.09	M'Kaen	5.31	Lockey	4.55
M'Kaen	6.08	Bruce	5.30	M'Kaen	4.52
Bruce	5.94	Pollard	5.29	Haggart	4.51
Pollard	5.86	Burns	5.25	Stella	4.31
Stella	5.65	Swift	5.10	Swift	4.30
Haggart	5.61	Lockey	5.04	18. Wit, (A.)	
Swift	5.60	Stella	5.03	Haggart	4.84
Heloise	5.49	13. Benevolence.		M'Kaen	4.21
Burns	5.45	Burns	5.45	Lockey	3.97
8. Acquisitiveness.		La Fontaine	5.43	Heloise	3.93
Lockey	5.81	M'Kaen	5.36	Burns	3.82
Swift	5.50	Lockey	5.35	La Fontaine	3.81
M'Kaen	5.50	Haggart	5.31	Bruce	3.77
La Fontaine	5.34	Pollard	5.23	Pollard	3.66
Pollard	5.34	Heloise	5.17	Stella	3.59
Burns	5.25	Bruce	5.055	Swift	3.40
Stella	5.15	Stella	5.03	19. Wit, (B.)	
Bruce	5.15	Swift	5.80	Lockey	4.26
Heloise	5.09	14. Comparison.		Heloise	4.25
Haggart	4.96	La Fontaine	5.19	M'Kaen	4.00
9. Caution.		Pollard	5.18	La Fontaine	3.907
M'Kaen	5.78	M'Kaen	5.18	Haggart	3.81
La Fontaine	5.72	Burns	5.06	Pollard	3.76
Lockey	5.62	Lockey	5.04	Bruce	3.63
Swift	5.6	Bruce	5.00	Burns	3.55
Bruce	5.59	Stella	5.00	Swift	3.55
Burns	5.54	Haggart	4.94	Stella	3.49
Pollard	5.49	Heloise	4.83	20. Ideality.	
Stella	5.44	Swift	4.80	Lockey	5.33
Haggart	5.41	15. Eventuality.		M'Kaen	5.05
Heloise	5.03	M'Kaen	5.07	Pollard	4.88
10. Self-esteem.		La Fontaine	5.04	Stella	4.83
Pollard	5.54	Lockey	4.94	Burns	4.78
Haggart	5.51	Pollard	4.93	Swift	4.70
Bruce	5.49	Haggart	4.81	Heloise	4.60
M'Kaen	5.36	Bruce	4.81	Bruce	4.56
Heloise	5.33	Burns	4.78	La Fontaine	4.51
La Fontaine	5.17	Stella	4.65	Haggart	4.31
Burns	5.16	Heloise	4.64	21. Number.	
Stella	5.13	Swift	4.6	M'Kaen	4.69
Swift	5.10	16. Individuality.		La Fontaine	4.35
Lockey	4.94	M'Kaen	4.94	Swift	4.3
11. Firmness.		La Fontaine	4.95	Lockey	4.26
Bruce	5.55	Pollard	4.78	Burns	3.92
La Fontaine	5.53	Lockey	4.75	Stella	3.9
Haggart	5.51	Bruce	4.74	Haggart	3.84
Heloise	5.49	Burns	4.68	Bruce	3.83
Pollard	5.49	Haggart	4.61	Heloise	3.79
M'Kaen	5.48	Swift	4.50	Pollard	3.64

22. <i>Tune.</i>		Burns	4.21	Haggart	3.91
M'Kaen	4.73	Bruce	4.02	Pollard	3.90
Lockey	4.63	Stella	4.00	Swift	3.80"
La Fontaine	4.40	Heloise	3.93		

To the following particulars in the above tables we ask the reader's special attention :—

"In comparing the measurements of the different crania, thus reduced to a common size, it will be necessary to keep in view the difference in size of the original heads, and to qualify our comparisons by the application of the acknowledged phrenological principle, that greater capacity, or greater size, gives greater energy to the whole character, but does not alter the individual peculiarities."

A few of the facts developed "harmonize with the phrenological doctrine ;"—for instance, La Fontaine, who has the smallest amateness and philoprogenitiveness, was indifferent to the charms of "an accomplished and beautiful wife," and to the paternal obligations due to his son ;—but "far the greater proportion are utterly subversive of it."

"Bruce is considered by phrenologists to have the organ of amateness 'full,' and we find that Haggart, Heloise, Burns, M'Kaen, and Stella, who all displayed this propensity to a great extent during life, have the organ of amateness half an inch less than that of Bruce, with relation, be it remarked, to heads of the very same size ; nay, more, they all have these organs less than Swift—who, says his biographer, 'was naturally temperate, chaste, and frugal,'—and yet every one of them, small as their amateness was, was notoriously celebrated for the vice of incontinence. 'Amateness,' says our author, 'formed a distinct feature in their history, and gave a direction to the whole tenor of their lives and actions ; yet they had organs three, four, and five-tenths of an inch less than those of men who were never characterized by this propensity.' Yet 'the intellectual and moral faculties of Swift and Bruce were many of them less, and the organs less, than theirs.' Again, M'Kaen, notwithstanding his small philoprogenitiveness and concientiousness,\* 'had the strongest regard for his wife and children,' and was restrained from committing suicide by the 'cruel idea' of leaving his wife and family in prison under suspicion of being concerned in the murder when they were totally innocent. And Burns, with philoprogenitiveness still smaller, was distinguished by his domestic virtues, while others in the list with the organ much larger, 'never displayed the propensity at all.'"

Concentrativeness, which "gives permanence to ideas and emo-

\* *Phrenological Journal*, vol. iii, p. 605.



tions," is too small in Stella to represent her true character, and we certainly "would have expected a larger share of it in Swift, Burns, and Heloise, all of whom in their lives and writings abundantly evinced the permanence of their emotions."

Adhesiveness shows a tolerable agreement of relative size and character in nine of the heads, but utterly fails in the other. "Burns was certainly characterized by the strength of his attachments, yet he has the organ smaller than the other eight; and scarcely larger than La Fontaine."

"Lockey, a poacher and a murderer," has the smallest *combativeness* of the ten. "Pollard, another murderer, has less of it than either Heloise or Stella; while Haggart, who was extremely apt to strike, has an organ which measures *one inch* less than Swift's, and half an inch less than Stella's, a patient and peaceable woman, and scarcely more than La Fontaine, a man of the utmost apathy."

"In the organ of *destructiveness* Haggart also measures very little compared with others who displayed far less of the propensity, or none at all! He measures less here again than either Heloise or Stella, and *half an inch* less than the facile French poet." Burns, who displayed so much impetuosity of character, and wrote sentiments fired with energy, has the smallest organ of all! Bruce has this organ very large, but still it does not exceed that of La Fontaine so much as his exceeds those of Heloise and Stella, or theirs that of Burns! The skull of Pollard, in which this organ is nearly of the same size as in Stella, smaller than in Swift or La Fontaine, and half an inch less than in Bruce, was that of a man who, according to a writer in the "Phrenological Journal," had evidently "been laboring under an excessive excitement of destructiveness, which had become so habitual and ungovernable, as to give clear indications beforehand of its existence and tendency."\* He was a butcher, by trade, and a man of very depraved habits. Under the influence of jealousy he stabbed a man and his wife, and four children, his own mistress, and, afterward, himself—the acts being committed with the most savage atrocity. Of this ungovernable propensity to kill, there is certainly no evidence afforded by the form of Pollard's head. The organs of combativeness and destructiveness are comparatively small—they are so relatively;—for, on looking over the other tables, it will be seen that this head is the finest of the whole ten in its phrenological developments. He is not deficient in firmness, having nearly as much as Bruce and Haggart, who are said to have had this organ prodigiously large. He has more *benevolence* than Bruce and Swift, who were

\* Phrenological Journal, vol. iii, p. 394.

both considered charitable men ; more *veneration* than Burns, who is allowed to have had both the organ and the faculty large ; larger *causality* than Swift, and larger *comparison*, *eventuality*, *ideality*, and *wit* than either Swift or Burns, who both displayed all these faculties in an eminent degree."

"Similar remarks as to the counteracting organs, those of the moral sentiments and intellectual faculties, might be made in regard to David Haggart ; they are considerably larger than those of Swift, Heloise, Stella, and Burns. He has as large a *veneration* as any of them save La Fontaine, who *displayed* none at all ; he has larger *benevolence* than Bruce or Swift ; indeed, he has more of almost everything good than Swift. Nor can it be urged that he was instigated to the deeds of outrage and robbery by the desire of gain, for he has a smaller organ of *acquisitiveness* than any of the other nine.

In Burns, Lockety, and Bruce, the organs of secretiveness coincided with their characters. "But that David Haggart should have the organ so small, and La Fontaine should have it so large, compared with these men, are facts which cannot be reconciled with phrenology, and which phrenology can never reconcile with truth." Haggart, "on the other hand, who had this organ nearly half an inch smaller than La Fontaine," kept everything to himself with the most determined tenacity, in spite of the large "love of approbation" which Mr. Combe gave him.

Haggart, who stole night and day for four years, with unexampled activity, has the smallest *acquisitiveness* of the ten ; while Swift, who, with that exception, has the largest *acquisitiveness* and the smallest *benevolence*, "was no thief," but was distinguished by his kindness to the poor ! "La Fontaine, who has the organ also large, showed little of this propensity ; for, in his annual visit to his wife, in September, he always sold off some part of his family estate."

Again : "La Fontaine has the largest organ of *veneration* ; and, omitting Heloise, the next in point of size is Haggart's. Neither of them can be accused of a tendency to venerate what is great or good. The immoral tendency of La Fontaine's Tales is well known ;" though, phrenologically, he should have been a very saint.

*Eventuality* is so signal a failure, that our reviewer shrewdly suggests that this must be "the true organ of destructiveness ;" "for here all the murderers are at the top, and all the moderate people," La Fontaine excepted, "are at the bottom."

The reputed organ of *wit* is completely overthrown by the fact that Swift has the smallest of the ten.

In *ideality* Burns and Swift are both below Lockety, M'Kaen, and Pollard. Further comparisons are unnecessary.

The reader is desired to observe that these heads were taken from a celebrated phrenological museum, collected, of course, with sole reference to marked phrenological contrasts; that this scientific measurement was conducted under the eye of phrenology itself, in obedience to a last appeal by its advocates to mere matter of fact; and certainly no candid mind can fail to come to the conclusion of our reviewer, that "the results are totally incompatible with the truth of the organology of this system." It is perfectly evident that no reliance whatever can be placed upon the alledged size of organs, from the sense of touch or of sight; for these famous and select illustrations of phrenology from the most careful examination of its professors, in the ordinary way, are all completely destroyed by exact and scientific measurement. The heads and organs of the most energetic and intellectually vigorous men turn out to be, in general, the smallest; thus completely overthrowing the great fundamental axiom of the system, that size is "the measure of power." The number of coincidences of character and development indicated, is no greater than it ought to be by common accident.

Another remark is important. Phrenology claims to be a science of fact and induction. Now, to make the argument from fact conclusive, it must be universal,—which is impossible; and induction must find no exceptions to establish a law: whereas, the objection is ample and wholly unanswerable, when it has found a sufficient number of exceptions to preclude the possibility of their being morbid specimens. While, therefore, every day's observations present us with the required exceptions, the British Review has removed all suspicions of their genuineness by a sufficient number of actual demonstrations.

*Finally, we propose to compare the system with revelation.* "If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

And let us first remark that it is at least a very suspicious circumstance, that so many leading phrenologists have turned out skeptics. We will not affirm that every author and public teacher of this hypothesis is an infidel; much less, every believer in it. We know some who are, beyond all question, good Christian men. Some of our best friends are phrenologists in principle: but the very terms of that friendship imply mutual toleration, and the right of independent thought. We must, therefore, be allowed still to insist that the circumstance, that the leading and more accredited authors



upon this subject have written reproachfully of revelation, of the doctrine of depravity, of supernatural conversion, and of the final awards of the gospel, affords ground of strong presumption that there is infidelity in the system which molds their opinions. It is worthy of remark, that these men never allow that their principles in regard to religion are disconnected from the great fundamental laws of phrenological philosophy. Upon the contrary, you will find that their natural relation is not only admitted, but asserted in the most positive manner. It is from the discovery of phrenology, that these men claim the right to give a new religion to the world. The system itself, they affirm, contains the elements of a new theology more congenial to the nature of man. It is not, therefore, from any adventitious circumstances, but legitimately from their premises, as they believe, that they claim the right and the honor of delivering mankind from the thralldom of a supernatural religion. Who, we ask, ought to be legitimate in tracing these sentiments to their results, if not Gall and Spurzheim, Brusaïs, Combe, Caldwell, Fowler, and Grimes? Good Christian men, converts to their system, have stopped short at its asserted results,—denied, remonstrated, argued, and by elaborate efforts endeavored to vindicate phrenology from the accusations of *its friends*, but received no thanks from their teachers! *They* have no gratitude for the benevolence which would strip their system of its universality, as a rectifier of abuses and the regenerator of man; and rob them of the glory of giving a new religion to the world.

A brief section from the history of phrenology will be pertinent and highly illustrative at this point. In September, 1838, a periodical, called "The American Phrenological Journal and Miscellany," was commenced in Philadelphia. The prospectus of the work contained the following paragraph:—

"The religious character of the work will be *decidedly evangelical*; for one prominent object in giving it existence, is to wrest phrenology out of the hands of those who, in ignorance of its true nature and tendency, suppose that they find in it an instrument by which to subvert the truths of revealed religion, and loosen the bonds of human accountability and moral obligation."

Now, how was this worthy effort "to wrest phrenology out of the hands of" infidels received by the great champions of the cause? The distinguished Caldwell volunteered to take the lead in chastising the arrant editor into better opinions, and a wiser and more submissive policy. He says, in his letter to the editor,—  
"The notion avowed in this paragraph appeared to me objectionable on a twofold ground. In the first place, though phrenology,

by demonstrating man to be *constitutionally* a religious being, favors the principle of *catholic* or *universal* religion, it does not countenance any one *specific form* of religion, as such, more than another, except so far as one form is truer and sounder than another. There is nothing in it, therefore, that can be correctly pronounced '*decidedly evangelical*,' in the legitimate meaning of that expression."

Here, then, we have an open declaration of the dissent of phrenology from the Christian religion; and from a man who must be allowed to know. The extent of his infidel opinions among his brethren may be seen at a glance. "A menace," he says, "was uttered against those who had previously been the advocates and propagators of phrenology in the United States." Again,—“I supposed, and had a right to suppose, that the denunciation was *wholesale*; and that all American phrenologists were to be ousted by the lump, to make room for some new-fangled '*evangelical*' sect," &c.

Now, it will be observed that in these point-blank assaults upon the editor of the Journal, there is not the slightest attempt to show that the teachings of phrenology had heretofore accorded with revealed religion, and that, therefore, the charge of antagonism to evangelical Christianity was unfounded. But on the contrary, *a religion* phrenologically indicated, is openly avowed in distinction from one "*decidedly evangelical*;" and the whole class of "American phrenologists" are claimed for the same infidel opinions. And the result of this issue, fairly and publicly made by phrenologists themselves upon the legitimate tendencies of the system, may be seen not dimly shadowed forth in the following significant passage:—

"It is now more than twelve months since the Journal in question was commenced; it is still continued, and better counsels seem recently to have prevailed in its management. In the prospectus for the second volume the censurable and hostile arrogance we have quoted no longer finds a place; and the work is steadily acquiring the confidence [*mark it*] even of those who, as a body, it once avowed, were in possession of phrenology in this country, while they were ignorant of its true nature and tendency, and out of whose hands it was the alledged object of the Journal to 'wrest' the science. The able and efficient pens of some thus unwisely denounced, (and among them is included that of Prof. Caldwell,) now supply the most useful and able articles which adorn the pages of this publication."\*

\* Haskins' History of Phrenology, pp. 133-141. 1839.

And thus this well-meant but mistaken effort to "wrest phrenology out of the hands of" infidels has finally terminated; a result which might have been easily predicted by any man thoroughly acquainted with its fundamental principles, and capable of tracing causes to their legitimate effects.

If the substitution of "the religion of nature" for that of the Bible be infidelity, then the "great lights" of American phrenology are infidels; and no rebuke for their unbelief has, so far as we know, ever come from their distinguished brethren in Europe. It certainly could not but with a very ill grace. We repeat it, therefore, this all looks suspicious. Nay, it furnishes strong presumption that the infidelity professedly extracted from the system by these men actually exists in it; and a thorough examination will show that what we have such strong reasons to suspect is certainly true.

The original source of infidelity in phrenology is its materialism. A portion of the brain, let it be remembered, which has been ascertained, bounded, and identified, in distinction from every other portion of the brain, is, according to phrenology, known to be set apart for the sole use of each separate mental faculty. Now, who can resist the conviction that this is assigning a physiological identity to each of these several faculties, as distinct and specific as that which is assigned to the several organs? For how, we ask, can such separate faculties operate in their own peculiar organs so certainly and uniformly, as to have exclusive control over these several departments of the brain, without having locality in all such parts? It is of no avail for the phrenologist to assert that the mind is a spiritual essence, which in its indivisible state operates through the organs each time; for, it will be remembered that the faculties are asserted to have a perfectly independent action: hence, their various and conflicting phenomena may be perfectly simultaneous. That we do not misinterpret them here, appears from the fact that they invariably resort to this totally distinct and independent action of the faculties, to explain monomania and singular obliquity in the action of memory. It is therefore utterly in vain for phrenologists to attempt an escape from this difficulty. It is no matter how many and various their evolutions, they are inevitably brought back to a mental divisibility exactly corresponding with the alledged organs of the cerebrum and cerebellum. Many of them have confessed that this conclusion was unavoidable; and hence, at length, boldly asserted the doctrine of materialism which it necessarily involves. One of their most distinguished authors and lecturers, in conversation with us, finally acknowledged his firm belief that mind is matter, and that there is nothing but matter in the uni-



verse. He confessed that he had come to these conclusions in connection with the study of phrenology. On being asked if he avowed these doctrines among the people in his lectures, he answered, "No; I never avowed them before, and should not now if I had not been pushed: I don't want every pious old woman in my hair!"

The fact is, divisibility is one of the distinctive attributes of matter; and mental divisibility is a fundamental doctrine of phrenology. This shows at a glance why phrenologists are, or ought to be, materialists. And we deem it wholly unnecessary to argue the essential infidelity of materialism.

Another great practical position of phrenology is, that man is naturally right! That he is as his Creator made him! His original faculties and constitutional tendencies are perfectly correct and pure! Setting aside the influence of hereditary diseases, of disasters, and the force of bad education, prejudice, and example, there are no evils in human nature! Not that all men, or even any two of them, are morally, any more than physically or intellectually, alike, or are to be judged by the same standard of rectitude! Nothing of all this! The standard of every man is in himself and peculiar to himself! He has an indefeasible right to his own degree of natural passion and emotion, as well as perception and reflection! And be the same more or less, he is not to be blamed for it.

Now, certainly, no one needs to be told that all this is a direct denial of the doctrine of original depravity as revealed in Scripture, and sustained by the entire history of the race.

Again: phrenology claims for man the inherent power of self-development and of individual perfectibility. If, for instance, a man wishes to be learned, let him consult the original powers of his soul—his faculties of perception and reflection obey their instincts—and go on *and be so*. If he wishes wealth and rank, let him merely educate his economical and aspiring faculties, *and have them*. If he wishes health, let him obey the physical laws and *he is sure of it*. And, mark it, if he wishes to be religious, let him only obey the suggestions of his nature, his native benevolence, his instinctive conscientiousness, his intrinsic veneration, his original hope, and his constitutional marvelousness, *and he will soon become a model of piety and morality!* These are the elements of his religious character implanted by his Creator! And they will do equally well for the European and the Hindoo, the Chinaman and the Burman, the African and the aboriginal American. All alike have the elements of a perfect religious character, and nothing but their natural development is required to make man, what he ought to be,

a purely religious being ! Nay, more, as the experiment must be allowed to be fairly in operation somewhere in the wide world, and as upon examination there are no more signs of it in one place than in another, it is claimed that the world is everywhere full of religion ;—that man is naturally a religious being, and from the constitution of his mind and body he cannot fail to be so ! He who is endowed with original veneration and alimentiveness can no more cease to adore a superior Being than he can cease to be hungry ! Thus the same religious sentiment brings down the pagan devotee under the crushing wheels of Juggernaut, and the purest Christian before the sovereign Ruler of the universe, both alike obeying the instincts of nature !

Here stands phrenology decidedly opposed to the revealed truth of man's utter helplessness and the grand doctrine of the atonement, the one denied, and the other superseded by inherent original capability and constitutional tendencies.

But we are not through yet. Even phrenologists allow that things are not all exactly right here. That must be admitted from the fact that phrenology is not actually universal, as it will be no doubt in about "ten years !" Hence, reform must go on. But what folly and delusion to point man to any power out of himself for any radical change in his moral condition. These are the self-regenerating faculties ! Let them work ! Only bring the recuperative energies of the soul fully to bear, and away with all this fanaticism of supernatural conversions and revivals ! Convert yourselves ! convert one another ! Native religious power is in you ! Bring it out ! You can see it indicated upon the cranium with good organs in the brain for its successful development ! What more is needed ? And if propensities naturally and purely religious are inherent in man, who can deny a word of all this ?

Again : men are essentially as they were made ! Some are amative by nature, and some are continent ; some philoprogenitive, and some indifferent to children ; some acquisitive, and some benevolent ; some are for fight, and some for peace ; some filled with veneration, and some are infidels. Thus and thus they are very nearly as their Maker made them ! And who is to blame for his original conformation ? Certainly, no one. True, men may vary by effort the preponderance of special propensities, but the disposition is phrenologically present or absent by constitution. God, in the original endowments of men, has made arrangements for just such a mixed multitude as we everywhere see ! A man is a Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, a Catholic, or anything else, because the predisposition is in him, and by a nice discrimi-

nation the reasons of all these peculiarities may be detected in the shape of his head!

Fate is in the system and responsibility out of it; hence there is no probability of hell to an offender.

Finally, as all these anti-phrenological doctrines of man's spirituality,—his fall, natural depravity and helplessness, the atonement, the divine and gracious interference for man's conversion and salvation, the freedom of mind, and personal responsibility,—are clearly in the Bible, there can be no manner of doubt that revelation is false, or at best partial and imperfect, and hence superseded by phrenology. Thus the Holy Bible is thrown away to make room for a discovery of much less than a century in age!

These, it is evident, are the legitimate results of phrenology. Of course, we charge them upon no one unless he avows them. But we are compelled to charge them upon the system; and we exceedingly regret that they have been so extensively adopted, as the necessary conclusions from the premises which phrenology asserts.

We have thus passed through the discussion as briefly as the subject would admit. We have attempted to show that phrenology is contrary to established psychological facts—to facts developed by the anatomy and physiology of the encephalon—to facts in craniology compared with cerebral conformation—to the most palpable historical facts, and to the facts of revelation. We have not merely found it at fault in some particular of each of these departments of truth, but have found it false in numerous instances in each. If we have argued legitimately, it is grossly untrue in every fundamental principle of the system. It is not true that the mind manifests a phrenological plurality of faculties operating through separate portions of the brain, as their peculiar and appropriate organs. No such cranial developments as phrenology claims have been ascertained, and so connected with their metaphysical causes as to constitute any adequate system of the philosophy of man. In fine, if any one of some twenty arguments which we have presented is true, there is no such thing as the science of phrenology. We must believe that the general practice of admitting that "there is some truth in it," "the outlines are true though we do not believe the details," is altogether too obliging. That many true things have been believed and said by phrenologists, and artfully interwoven with the system, there can be no question; and this explains the extent and duration of its power. But if there is any truth in the laws of matter and of mind; if we are to believe the evidence of our senses, of consciousness, of scientific research, and of sacred revelation, phrenology is not true even in its outlines: for certainly that



cannot be generally true which is false in every essential particular.

In conclusion, allow us to say that if phrenology is false, it is not harmlessly so. Its errors are almost all practical errors, and if embraced and persisted in, they must be highly injurious if not finally fatal. It makes a false estimate of character. It deludes the unsuspecting and the young in regard to the true modes of human happiness and usefulness. It saps the foundation of morality and religion. It destroys the revelation of God, and locks up the present, the past, and the future, in inexplicable mystery. It cripples faith, misleads hope, and crushes the heart's best and purest affections. Entire deliverance from the thralldom of a philosophy so false and ruinous must and will come; time alone shall determine, whether by the hands of the present or of some future generation.

*West Poultney, July 27, 1847.*

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ART. V.—*The Works of the late Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne, Minister of St. Peter's Church, Dundee. Complete in 2 vols. Containing his Life and Remains, Letters, Lectures, Songs of Zion, &c. 2 vols., 8vo. Pp. 453. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.*

THE ripe fruit which is constantly being gathered into the heavenly garner, not only reflects eternal honor upon the Redeemer, but leaves behind it a precious odor to bless the church and the world. The faithful watchman upon the walls of Zion, who spends his time and strength for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, knows but little of the influence which his example and labors will exert upon subsequent ages and generations. He labors for the good of those who are immediately under his charge—he preaches to them the word of life when present, and, like Paul, writes to them epistles when absent, “to the end that they may be established.” But the matter ends not here. His godly example is chronicled, and what he had written, for the admonition of the unruly, or the encouragement of the feeble, is multiplied upon the printed page, and is “like bread cast upon the waters, seen after many days,” and scattered among the hungry myriads of succeeding ages and generations. What a wonderful provision of the providence of God is the art of printing! How truly, through the medium of this almost miraculous discovery, are

"the righteous held in everlasting remembrance!" These are a few of the many general reflections which were awakened in our mind by the perusal of the volumes which constitute the subject of this paper.

These volumes constitute a valuable contribution to the mass of religious reading which happily is constantly accumulating. Christianity receives her happiest illustrations and most luminous commentaries from the lives of her real disciples. Experimental and practical theology, as brought out in personal history—the record made of the feelings and emotions of their hearts by the pious themselves, and of their godly deeds by those who survive them—is not a mere abstraction. We have here not the mere theory of Christian ethics, but we have the real exhibition of the vitality and the power of a wonder-working principle—a practical demonstration of its reality and divine origin. If we might hope that the class of publications to which we here allude would become generally diffused, and would supersede the licentious fiction and the frothy sentimentalism which go so far toward giving character to the literature of the age in which we live, we should be encouraged to look for a speedy reformation of manners among professing Christians. Men must read, and love to read, that which is suited to educate both the understanding and the heart, or the preaching of the gospel, and the other ordinances of religion, will, to a great extent, be lost upon them. And we are happy that a class of publishers are now arduously laboring to meet the pressing emergencies of the times, by supplying the public appetite with wholesome food. In this department few have been more successful than our friend *Carter*. Among the many excellent works which he has issued in good style, and yet in so cheap a form as to give them a wide circulation, we are happy to see the one before us, of the character and usefulness of which we shall now attempt to give the reader some idea.

Mr. M'Cheyne was born in Edinburgh, May 21, 1813. The early developments of his mind were extraordinary. At the age of four he learned the Greek alphabet, and was engaged in writing the letters upon a slate as a recreation. The next year he made rapid progress "in the English class," and became famous for "his melodious voice and powers of recitation." He entered the High School in October, 1821, where he continued "the usual period of six years." He occupied a high position in his class, and was attentive to the forms of religion, but, in reality, at that time had no "relish for any higher joy than the refined gayeties of society, and for such pleasures as the song and the dance could yield. He

himself regarded these as days of ungodliness—days wherein he cherished a pure morality, but lived in heart a Pharisee.” He entered the university in 1827, and “gained some prizes in all the various classes he attended. In private he studied the modern languages; and gymnastic exercises gave him unbounded delight.” “In 1831 he commenced his studies in Divinity Hall, under Dr. Chalmers; and the study of church history under Dr. Welsh.” Thus, it would seem, he had selected his *profession* before, in the nature of things, he could have any adequate notion of its nature and importance. But he was not suffered to enter upon the holy vocation of the ministry, as thousands have done, as a *mere profession*, without a *divine call*.

The death of a brother, “who was his senior by eight or nine years,” was made the means, in the hand of God, of his awakening and conversion. “By that providence the Lord was calling one soul to enjoy the treasures of grace, while he took the other into the possession of glory.” “In this brother, the light of divine grace shone before men with rare and solemn loveliness. His classical attainments were very high; and, after the usual preliminary studies, he had been admitted writer to the signet.” While under the influence of disease, a deep melancholy settled down upon his soul.

“Many weary months did he spend in awful gloom, till the trouble of his soul wasted away his body; but the light broke in before his death; joy, from the face of a fully reconciled Father above, lighted up his face; and the peace of his last days was the sweet consolation left to his afflicted friends, when, 8th July, 1831, he fell asleep in Jesus.

“The death of his brother, with all its circumstances, was used by the Holy Spirit to produce a deep impression on Robert’s soul. In many respects—even in the gifts of a poetic mind—there had been a congeniality between him and David. The vivacity of Robert’s ever-active and lively mind was the chief point of difference. This vivacity admirably fitted him for public life; it needed only to be chastened and solemnized, and the event that had now occurred wrought this effect. A few months before, the happy family circle had been broken up by the departure of the second brother for India, in the Bengal Medical Service; but when, in the course of the summer, David was removed from them for ever, there were impressions left such as could never be effaced, at least from the mind of Robert.”—P. 10.

The impressions made upon his mind by this event were not, as impressions from such causes but too often are, fugitive and evanescent, nor did they result in the mere “sorrow of the world which worketh death.” But, from the day that the voice of God broke upon his ear through this afflicting providence, he became



habitually serious; it was, however, several years before he came into the true liberty of the sons of God.

"At first the light dawned slowly; so slowly, that, for a considerable time, he still relished an occasional plunge into scenes of gayety. Even after entering the Divinity Hall, he could be persuaded to indulge in lighter pursuits, at least during the first two years of his attendance; but it was with growing alarm. When hurried away by such worldly joys, I find him writing thus:—'Sept. 14.—May there be few such records as this in my biography.' Then, 'Dec. 9.—A thorn in my side—much torment.' As the unholiness of his pleasures became more apparent, he writes:—'March 10th, 1832.—I hope never to play cards again.' 'March 25th.—Never visit on a Sunday evening again.' 'April 10th.—Absented myself from the dance; upbraidings ill to bear. But I must try to bear the cross.' It seems to be in reference to the receding tide, which thus for a season repeatedly drew him back to the world, that on July 8th, 1836, he records—'This morning five years ago my dear brother David died, and my heart for the first time knew true bereavement. Truly it was all well. Let me be dumb, for thou didst it; and it was good for me that I was afflicted. I know not that any providence was ever more abused by man than that was by me: and yet, Lord, what mountains thou comest over! none was ever more blessed to me.'—P. 15.

A strange fact here comes out. So late as between the years 1831 and 1836, students in "Divinity Hall," in the University of Edinburgh, under Drs. Chalmers and Welsh, sometimes *broke the sabbath, danced, and played cards!* A sad state of things this. No wonder that so many of the ministers who have been *made* in this celebrated Hall prefer the loaves and fishes of the old Kirk to the reforms of the Free Church. The connection of church and state is fatal to discipline in the church, and tends to the corruption even of the *divinity* halls, connected as they generally are with the universities.

The conscience of young M'Cheyne continued active and sore until he was thoroughly awakened to a sense of his sinfulness. The following sentences in his journal show the progress of his convictions and depth of his repentance:—

"November 12.—Reading H. Martyn's Memoirs. Would I could imitate him, giving up father, mother, country, house, health, life, all—for Christ. And yet, what hinders? Lord, purify me, and give me strength to dedicate myself, my all, to thee!

"December 4.—Reading Legh Richmond's Life. "Pœnitentia profunda, non sine lacrymis. Nunquam me ipsum, tam vilem, tam inutilem, tam pauperim, et præcipue tam ingratum, adhuc vidi. Sint lacrymæ dedicationis meæ pignora!" ["Deep penitence, not unmixed with tears. I never before saw myself so vile, so useless, so poor, and, above all, so ungrateful. May these tears be the pledges of my self-dedication."]"]

There is frequently at this period a sentence in Latin, occurring, like the above, in the midst of other matter, apparently with the view of giving freer expression to his feelings regarding himself."—Pp. 16, 17.

The notices in his journal show that he occupied himself as much as possible in reading books of a highly spiritual character, and that these were leading instruments in bringing him finally into the true light. The following seems to be the first entry in which he speaks with confidence of the favor of God and of communion with him :—

"February 23.—Sabbath. Rose early to seek God, and found him whom my soul loveth. Who would not rise early to meet such company? The rains are over and gone. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—P. 25.

Having now received the baptism of the Spirit, he immediately began to labor for souls. And he is not obliged to wait long for the fruit. He has souls for his hire. The record he makes of the first-fruits of his labor is worthy of notice :—

"February 25.—After sermon. The precious tidings that a soul has been melted down by the grace of the Saviour. How blessed an answer to prayer, if it be really so! "Can these dry bones live? Lord, thou knowest." What a blessed thing it is to see the first grievings of the awakened spirit, when it cries, "I cannot see myself a sinner; I cannot pray, for my wild heart wanders." It has refreshed me more than a thousand sermons. I know not how to thank and admire God sufficiently for this incipient work. Lord, perfect that which thou hast begun!" A few days after—"Lord, I thank thee that thou hast shown me this marvelous working, though I was but an adoring spectator, rather than an instrument."—*Ibid.*

When God was about to cause the prophet to prophesy to "the valley of dry bones," and to make him the instrument of a mighty "shaking" among them, and a glorious resurrection from the dead, he "set him down in the midst of the valley, and caused him to pass by them round about." It was necessary that the prophet's mind should first be deeply affected with the real condition—the ruin, the wretchedness, the helplessness—of the masses to whom he was to come with a message from God; and hence he was set down in the midst of them and caused to pass by them round about. We were led to make this allusion by the striking coincidence between the case of the prophet and our youthful evangelist. There existed an association in the Divinity Hall, the object of which was the visitation of the neglected portions of the city of Edinburgh, for the purpose of imparting spiritual and temporal aid to the poor and perishing. This association, we presume, was composed of the more pious of the students. Such of these *divi-*

nity students as were in the habit of *breaking the sabbath, dancing, and playing cards*, we may safely infer, took no part in the enterprise. The following striking reflections were entered upon Mr. M'Cheyne's diary upon his first survey of this interesting field of labor:—

“‘ March 3.—Accompanied A. B. in one of his rounds through some of the most miserable habitations I ever beheld. Such scenes I never before dreamed of. Ah, why am I such a stranger to the poor in my native town? I have passed their doors thousands of times; I have admired the huge black piles of building, with their lofty chimneys breaking the sun's rays—why have I never ventured within? How dwelleth the love of God in me? How cordial is the welcome even of the poorest and most loathsome to the voice of Christian sympathy! What imbedded masses of human beings are huddled together, unvisited by friend or minister! “No man careth for our souls,” is written over every forehead. Awake, my soul! Why should I give hours and days any longer to the vain world, when there is such a world of misery at my very door? Lord, put thine own strength in me; confirm every good resolution; forgive my past long life of uselessness and folly.’”  
—P. 26.

Mr. M'Cheyne became one of the most earnest and faithful members of this association. He diligently cultivated a district in “the Canongate,” teaching a sabbath school, visiting the thoughtless, distributing “The Monthly Visitor,” &c. This exercise was happily calculated to impart strong and correct views of the depravity of the human heart, and to stir up the deep sympathies of the soul, and thus to prepare the candidate for the holy work of the ministry, and for the peculiar duties of his high and holy vocation.

The following characteristic entries were made in his journal upon the occasions of his finishing his college course and his receiving license to preach:—

“‘ March 29.—College finished on Friday last. My last appearance there. Life itself is vanishing fast. Make haste for eternity.’”

“‘ Preached three probationary discourses in Annan Church, and, after an examination in Hebrew, was solemnly licensed to preach the gospel by Mr. Monylaws, the moderator. “Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me be stirred up to praise and magnify his holy name!” What I have so long desired as the highest honor of man, thou at length givest me—me who dare scarcely use the words of Paul, “Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.” Felt somewhat solemnized, though unable to feel my unworthiness as I ought. Be clothed with humility.’”—Pp. 29, 33.

This was a most interesting and important period in the history of the life of Mr. M'Cheyne. He had passed through a long and



severe course of mental discipline—had for years been looking upon the holy ministry as the most elevated position a mortal can enjoy this side of heaven, and had begun to taste a little of the luxury of inviting sinners to Christ, and had already been cheered by unexpected success. He now gazes upon the prospect before him with the most intense interest. The miseries and corruptions of the world stir up the deepest sympathies of his soul. As he begins to gird himself for the fight, he sighs for the fore front of the battle. No mercenary considerations move him—no danger alarms him; to be an ambassador for Christ—to stand up in the hottest of the fight—to do something and to suffer something for Christ, and to win souls, constitute the summit of his ambition.

What a sublime spectacle is this! A young man of education, of elegant accomplishments, of fine genius, and naturally of a towering ambition: like Paul, "counting all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus;" sacrificing all prospect of worldly advancement—foregoing the honors and emoluments which learning and genius promise to secure, for the privilege of being "made a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men." The love of Christ constrains him, compassion for his perishing fellow-men stirs up the great deep of his mighty soul, and he puts himself upon the altar. He hears a celestial voice inquiring, "Who will go for us?" and he promptly answers, "Here am I; send me." After all his primary preparations in "the Divinity Hall" of the university, his vocation is wholly *divine*. God calls him and gives him his commission. God gives him the qualifications which none but God has the power to give; and immediately he leaves father and mother, and house and lands, and henceforth becomes the property of the church and the world—or rather the property of Christ, to go at his bidding; and considers it his greatest glory to say, "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given." The self-denial, the zeal, the humility, and the love to God and man, so necessary to a minister of Christ, were strikingly developed in this young apostle.

Of his method of preparing his sermons, and his manner of delivering them, and what, in part at least, contributed to his popularity and success as a preacher, we have the following curious and interesting notice:—

"A simple incident was overruled to promote the ease and fluency of his pulpit ministrations. From the very beginning of his ministry, he reprobated the custom of reading sermons, believing that to do so does exceedingly weaken the freedom and natural fervor of the messenger in delivering his message. Neither did he recite what he had written. But

his custom was to impress on his memory the substance of what he had beforehand carefully written, and then to speak as he found liberty. One morning, as he rode rapidly along to Dunipace, his written sermons were dropped on the wayside. This accident prevented him having the opportunity of preparing in his usual manner; but he was enabled to preach with more than usual freedom. For the first time in his life, he discovered that he possessed the gift of extemporaneous composition, and learned, to his own surprise, that he had more composedness of mind and command of language than he had believed. This discovery, however, did not in the least degree diminish his diligent preparation. Indeed, the only use he made of the incident at the time it occurred was, to draw a lesson of dependence on God's own immediate blessing, rather than on the satisfactory preparation made. 'One thing always fills the cup of my consolation, that God may work by the meanest and poorest words, as well as by the most polished and ornate—yea, perhaps more readily, that the glory may be all his own.'—Pp. 38, 39.

If we should undertake to give advice to a young minister with regard to his preparations for the pulpit, and delivering his discourses, we could not do better, with our present views, and after more than thirty years' experience and observation, than to say, *Follow the example of Mr. M'Cheyne.* Write as full a sketch as your time will permit—thoroughly study the whole subject—get your expositions, statements, illustrations, and practical improvements so deeply impressed upon your mind, and so well connected and arranged, that the laws of association will suggest everything in its proper place as you proceed—then launch forth upon the sea of divine truth and holy sympathies, trusting as much in God to bring you to your desired haven as if you had made no chart of the sea you are to navigate. We quite agree with Mr. M'Cheyne, that "reading sermons does exceedingly weaken the freedom and natural fervor of the messenger in delivering his message." And we believe just as fully that neglecting to write begets a loose manner of thinking, and tends to induce the habit of dealing in meagre statements, loose generalities, and frothy declamations. The man who never thinks with his pen in his hand—who seldom or never spreads his mental processes upon paper, so as to be able to examine, review, and revise them—will seldom be able to grasp a subject in all its details and bearings; and consequently, as the exhibition of his views will never be more complete than the development of them in his own mind, his sermons will contain but little valuable instruction, and will have full as little interest for the intelligent hearer. Our scattering, rambling, indefinite preachers, who never make a distinct impression, nor bring out a truth from the convolutions of their pulpit harangues in so definite a manner

as to be remembered by a single hearer, might in many instances find a remedy for their vicious habits in writing.

With what untiring ardor this young minister of Christ pursued his calling, and how he entered every opening door of usefulness, will be seen by the following incident:—

“Coming home on a sabbath evening (Aug. 7th) from Torwood sabbath school, a person met him who suggested an opportunity of usefulness. There were two families of gipsies encamped at Torwood, within his reach. He was weary with a long day's labor; but instantly, as was his custom on such a call, set off to find them. By the side of their wood fire, he opened out the parable of the lost sheep, and pressed it on their souls in simple terms. He then knelt down in prayer for them, and left them somewhat impressed and very grateful.”—P. 45.

The poor and outcast must not be forgotten by a shepherd of souls.

As to a settlement, Mr. M'Cheyne says:—

“‘It has always been my aim, and it is my prayer, to have *no plans* with regard to myself—well assured as I am, that the place where the Saviour sees meet to place me, must ever be the best place for me.’” —P. 34.

He was employed for ten months as “assistant” at *Larbert* and *Dunipace*. There he labored with great zeal and usefulness. He not only preached with great warmth and power, but visited the poor in by-places, carrying the word of life to those who were too ignorant and too careless to go after it. But Mr. M'Cheyne was finally settled as a pastor in *Dundee*, in which situation he remained until he closed his brief but brilliant career. We have the following edifying notice of his ordination:—

“The day on which he was ordained pastor of a flock, was a day of much anxiety to his soul. He had journeyed by Perth to spend the night preceding under the roof of his kind friend Mr. Grierson, in the manse of Errol. Next morning, ere he left the manse, three passages of Scripture occupied his mind. 1. ‘*Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.*’ Isaiah xxvi, 3. This verse was seasonable; for, as he sat meditating on the solemn duties of the day, his heart trembled. 2. ‘*Give thyself wholly to these things.*’ 1 Tim. iv, 15. May that word (he prayed) sink deep into my heart. 3. ‘*Here am I, send me.*’ Isaiah vi, 8. ‘To go or to stay—to be here till death, or to visit foreign shores—whatsoever, wheresoever, whensoever thou plearest.’ He rose from his knees with the prayer, ‘Lord, may thy grace come with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery.’”—P. 51.

This interesting event took place November 24, 1836. Mark the solemn feelings with which this young minister enters upon the

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full employment of a pastor. The word of God—appropriate passages of that word with which his mind was so richly stored—constitutes the theme of his meditations. Devotion and a spirit of consecration characterize his spirit. He is taking upon himself now more fully the responsibilities of a work which

——— “might fill an angel's heart,  
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.”

Conscious of insufficiency—for, as Paul demands, “who is sufficient for these things?”—he lifts his eyes to the only source of help, and prays: “Lord, may thy grace come with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery.” How truly he feels that there is no power in “the presbytery,” or any other human agency, to clothe the minister with the high and holy functions of “a legate of the skies!” His commission comes directly from God, and his power “to bind and loose” depends entirely upon the truthfulness with which he expounds the will of Heaven and obeys his high behest. “Orders” is not a *charm*—imparts no *divine powers*—is neither grace nor the power of imparting grace—but a simple recognition of a divine call, which proceeds upon the supposition, and always implies the condition, of *fidelity* upon the part of the agent. The spiritual powers—the rights and privileges—of a minister of Christ are *de facto* forfeited when he ceases to be a man of prayer and a man of *one work*.

The minister of Christ will derive profit from the following account of Mr. M'Cheyne's manner as a preacher:—

“His voice was remarkably clear—his manner attractive by its mild dignity. His form itself drew the eye.\* He spoke from the pulpit as one earnestly occupied with the souls before him. He made them feel sympathy with what he spoke, for his own eye and heart were on them. He was, at the same time, able to bring out illustrations at once simple and felicitous, often with poetic skill and elegance. He wished to use Saxon words, for the sake of being understood by the most illiterate in his audience. And while his style was singularly clear, this clearness itself was so much the consequence of his being able thoroughly to analyze and explain his subject, that all his hearers alike reaped the benefit.

“He went about his public work with awful reverence. So evident was this, that I remember a countryman in my parish observed to me—‘Before he opened his lips, as he came along the passage, there was something about him that sorely affected me.’ In the vestry there was never any idle conversation; all was preparation of heart in approaching God; and a short prayer preceded his entering the pulpit. Surely in going forth to speak for God, a man may well be overawed! Surely

\* “Gratior est pulchro veniens e corpore virtus!”

in putting forth his hand to sow the seed of the kingdom, a man may even tremble! And surely we should aim at nothing less than to pour forth the truth upon our people through the channel of our own living and deeply affected souls.

"After announcing the subject of his discourse, he used generally to show the position it occupied in the context, and then proceed to bring out the doctrines of the text in the manner of our old divines. This done, he divided his subject; and herein he was eminently skillful. 'The heads of his sermons,' said a friend, 'were not the mile-stones that tell you how near you are to your journey's end, but they were nails which fixed and fastened all he said. Divisions are often dry; but not so *his* divisions—they were so textual and so feeling, and they brought out the spirit of a passage so surprisingly.'

"It was his wish to arrive nearer at the primitive mode of expounding Scripture in his sermons. Hence, when one asked him if he was never afraid of running short of sermons some day, he replied—'No; I am just an interpreter of Scripture in my sermons; and when the Bible runs dry, then I shall.' And in the same spirit he carefully avoided the too common mode of accommodating texts—fastening a doctrine on the words, not drawing it from the obvious connection of the passage. He endeavored at all times to *preach the mind of the Spirit in a passage*; for he feared that to do otherwise would be to grieve the Spirit who had written it. Interpretation was thus a solemn matter to him. And yet, adhering scrupulously to this sure principle, he felt himself in no way restrained from using, for every day's necessities, all parts of the Old Testament as much as the New. His manner was first to ascertain the primary sense and application, and so proceed to handle it for present use. Thus, on Isaiah xxvi, 16–19, he began—'This passage, I believe, refers *literally* to the conversion of God's ancient people.' He regarded the *prophecies as history yet to be*, and drew lessons from them accordingly as he would have done from the past. Every spiritual gift being in the hands of Jesus, if he found Moses or Paul in the possession of precious things, he forthwith was led to follow them into the presence of that same Lord who gave them all their grace.

"It is difficult to convey to those who never knew him a correct idea of the sweetness and holy unction of his preaching. Some of his sermons, printed from his own MSS., (although almost all are first copies,) may convey a correct idea of his style and mode of preaching doctrine. But there are no notes that give any true idea of his affectionate appeals to the heart and searching applications. These he seldom wrote; they were poured forth at the moment when his heart filled with his subject; for his rule was to set before his hearers a body of truth first—and there always was a vast amount of Bible truth in his discourses—and then urge home the application. His exhortations flowed from his doctrine, and thus had both variety and power. He was systematic in this; for he observed—'Appeals to the careless, &c., come with power on the back of some massy truth. See how Paul does, Acts xiii, 40: "Beware, *therefore*, lest," &c.; and, Hebrews ii, 1: "*Therefore*, we should," &c.'"—Pp. 60–62.

These paragraphs would furnish a text for a long dissertation upon *preaching*. And though it would well accord with our inclinations, the number of points we have in reserve will not permit us to enter this field. We may, however, be allowed, by the way, to express the hope that they will not be allowed to pass, especially by our younger brethren in the ministry, without serious consideration.

Mr. M'Cheyne became deeply interested in the plan for "church extension," and also in the movement in opposition to the encroachments of the government upon the rights and privileges of the church, which resulted in the disruption of the Kirk and the organization of the Free Church of Scotland. In the public measures which were instituted for the furtherance of these objects he became an active agent, traveling abroad and addressing assemblies with great effect.

He also imbibed the spirit of an evangelist, frequently making short preaching tours through neighboring parishes. To this his people objected, as his labors were held in so high estimation by his parishioners that they were unwilling he should be absent from a single appointment. His parish was large, and his duties laborious. And though his preaching, lecturing, meeting Bible classes, catechising, attending prayer meetings, visiting the sick, the poor, and the neglected, might seem to be employment sufficient for two healthy men, yet, in addition to all this, he found time to read, to write, and to go beyond the bounds of his own parish to serve the general interests of the cause of Christ. His zeal was as a pent-up fire, which often breaks through all barriers, and sends forth a blaze which illuminates the whole heavens.

But such zeal, such untiring labors, could not long be sustained by a frame which had already been weakened by excessive application to study. His labors were several times interrupted for a season by attacks of disease, which were regarded by him as premonitions of his approaching end. He now preached like a dying man to dying men, and his labors were crowned with success.

Mr. M'Cheyne became much interested in the "Mission among the Jews," and finally joined a "commission" for the investigation of the condition of the Jews in the Holy Land, and various other countries. He was induced to enlist in this enterprise from the fact that an attack of palpitation of the heart had laid him up, and he was advised by his physicians that he must wholly refrain from preaching for a time, and that probably traveling would be of service to him. The results of that mission may be seen in the "Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, from the Church



of Scotland, in 1839." He considered his call to this mission as a special opening of Providence; and though his people knew not how to part with him, they committed him to God, and quietly submitted to what they considered a sort of judgment from Heaven.

But God did not leave the flock when he had removed the shepherd. Under the labors of Mr. Burns, who supplied his place during his absence, the parish was visited with a glorious outpouring of the Spirit. Mr. Burns seemed well suited to follow Mr. M'Cheyne. He was a young man of great power in the pulpit, and of a truly Christian spirit. The people were cut to the heart under the word, and multitudes, as on the day of Pentecost, "cried out, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" We should like to give several interesting particulars in relation to this revival, but cannot without extending this paper to too great length.

We have many interesting and instructive details of events and incidents which occurred to the travelers in their journey; also many fine descriptions of objects and scenes of a most thrilling character, which would be read with great interest and profit, but we can merely give one specimen, and that relates to the most interesting of all the locations they visited—that is, Jerusalem:—

"In approaching Jerusalem, we came up the Pass of Latroon. He writes: 'The last day's journey to Jerusalem was the finest I ever had in all my life. For four hours we were ascending the rocky pass upon our patient camels. It was like the finest of our highland scenes, only the trees and flowers, and the voice of the turtle, told us that it was Immanuel's land.' Riding along, he remarked, that to have seen the Plain of Judea and this mountain-pass, was enough to reward us for all our fatigue; and then began to call up passages of the Old Testament Scriptures which might seem to refer to such scenery as that before us.

"During our ten days at Jerusalem, there were few objects within reach that we did not eagerly seek to visit. 'We stood at the turning of the road where Jesus came near, and beheld the city, and wept over it. And if we had had more of the mind that was in Jesus, I think we should have wept also.' This was his remark in a letter homeward; and to Mr. Bonar of Larbert, he expressed his feelings in regard to the Mount of Olives and its vicinity: 'I remember, the day when I saw you last, you said, that there were other discoveries to be made than those in the physical world—that there were sights to be seen in the spiritual world, and depths to be penetrated, of far greater importance. I have often thought of the truth of your remark. But if there is a place on earth where physical scenery can help us to discover divine things, I think it is Mount Olivet. Gethsemane at your feet leads your soul to meditate on Christ's love and determination to undergo divine wrath for us. The cup was set before him there, and there he said,

"Shall I not drink it?" The spot where he wept makes you think of his divine compassion, mingled with his human tenderness—his awful justice, that would not spare the city—his superhuman love, that wept over its coming misery! Turning the other way, and looking to the south-east, you see Bethany, reminding you of his love to his own—that his name is love—that in all our afflictions he is afflicted—that those who are in their graves shall one day come forth at his command. A little further down you see the Dead Sea, stretching far among the mountains its still and sullen waters. This deepens and solemnizes all, and makes you go away, saying, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'—Pp. 87, 88.

Mr. M'Cheyne's return to his beloved people was an event of great interest both to him and to them. The following is the description of the scene:—

"His people, who had never ceased to pray for him, welcomed his arrival among them with the greatest joy. He reached Dundee on Thursday afternoon; and in the evening of the same day—being the usual time for prayer in St. Peter's—after a short meditation, he hastened to the church, there to render thanks to the Lord, and to speak once more to his flock. The appearance of the church that evening, and the aspect of the people, he never could forget. Many of his brethren were present to welcome him, and to hear the first words of his opened lips. There was not a seat in the church unoccupied, the passages were completely filled, and the stairs up to the pulpit were crowded, on the one side with the aged, on the other with eagerly listening children. Many a face was seen anxiously gazing on their restored pastor; many were weeping under the unhealed wounds of conviction; all were still and calm, intensely earnest to hear. He gave out Psalm lxvi, and the manner of singing, which had been remarked since the revival began, appeared to him peculiarly sweet—'so tender and affecting, as if the people felt that they were praising a present God.' After solemn prayer with them, he was able to preach for above an hour. Not knowing how long he might be permitted to proclaim the glad tidings, he seized that opportunity, not to tell of his journeyings, but to show the way of life to sinners. His subject was 1 Cor. ii, 1, 4;—the matter, the manner, and the accompaniment of Paul's preaching. It was a night to be remembered.

"On coming out of the church, he found the road to his house crowded with old and young, who were waiting to welcome him back. He had to shake hands with many at the same time; and before this happy multitude would disperse, had to speak some words of life to them again, and pray with them where they stood. 'To thy name, O Lord,' said he that night, when he returned to his home, 'to thy name, O Lord, be all the glory.' A month afterward he was visited by one who had hitherto stood out against all the singular influence of the revival, but who that night was deeply awakened under his words, so that the arrow festered in her soul, till she came crying, 'O my hard, hard heart!'"—P. 105.

Mr. M'Cheyne now resumed his work with great spirit and corresponding success. A brief note or two from his diary will give the reader some idea of both his labors and the blessing with which they were crowned.

“‘March 5, Thursday evening.—Preached on Zech. iii.—Joshua. Was led to speak searchingly about Christ the minister of sin. One young woman cried aloud very bitterly. M. B. came to tell me that poor M. is like to have her life taken away by her parents. A young woman also who is still concerned, and persecuted by her father. A young man came to tell me that he had found Christ. Roll on, thou river of life! visit every dwelling! save a multitude of souls. Come, Holy Spirit! come quickly.’”

“‘Reached home; entirely unprepared for the evening. Spoke on Psalm li, 12, 13, “Restore unto me the joy,” &c. There seemed much of the presence of God—first one crying out in extreme agony, then another. Many were deeply melted, and all solemnized. Felt a good deal of freedom in speaking of the glory of Christ’s salvation. Coming down, I spoke quietly to some whom I knew to be under deep concern. They were soon heard together, weeping bitterly; many more joined them. Mr. Cumming spoke to them in a most touching strain, while I dealt privately with several in the vestry. Their cries were often very bitter and piercing, bitterest when the freeness of Christ was pressed upon them, and the lion’s nearness. Several were offended; but I felt no hesitation as to our duty to declare the simple truth impressively, and leave God to work in their hearts in his own way. If he saves souls in a quiet way I shall be happy; if in the midst of cries and tears, still I will bless his name.’”—Pp. 114, 121.

God grant that such scenes may be more frequent in *Scotland*, and may never become strange in our own country, where “these signs” have in so many instances followed the faithful preaching of God’s word.

Mr. M'Cheyne was now near the close of his earthly pilgrimage. The zeal of the Lord’s house was eating him up. His physical frame was literally *burning out*,—such was the intenseness of the fire within him. His release from the toils and cares of earth came on March 21st, 1843. He died with a few days’ illness. His attack was violent, and baffled all medical skill. But he was ready for the summons. How he triumphed in the final struggle will be seen in the following notices:—

“Next day he continued sunk in body and mind, till about the time when his people met for their usual evening prayer meeting, when he requested to be left alone for half an hour. When his servant entered the room again, he exclaimed with a joyful voice, ‘My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and I am escaped.’ His countenance, as he said this, bespoke inward peace. Ever after he was observed to be happy; and at supper-time that



evening, when taking a little refreshment, he gave thanks, 'For strength in the time of weakness, for light in the time of darkness, for joy in the time of sorrow, for comforting us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort those that are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.'

"On Tuesday (the 21st) his sister read to him several hymns. The last words he heard, and the last he seemed to understand, were those of Cowper's hymn, 'Sometimes the light surprises the Christian as he sings.' And then the delirium came on.

"At one time during the delirium, he said to his attendant, 'Mind the text, 1 Cor. xv, 58. Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,' dwelling with much emphasis on the last clause, '*forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.*' At another time, he seemed to feel himself among his brethren, and said, 'I don't think much of policy in church courts; no, I hate it; but I'll tell you what I like, faithfulness to God, and a holy walk.' His voice, which had been weak before, became very strong now; and often was he heard speaking to, or praying for, his people. 'You must be awakened in time, or you will be awakened in everlasting torment, to your eternal confusion!' 'You may soon get me away, but that will not save your souls!' Then he prayed, 'This parish, Lord, this people, this whole place!' At another time, 'Do it thyself, Lord, for thy weak servant!' And again, as if praying for the saints, 'Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me!'

"Thus he continued most generally engaged, while the delirium lasted, either in prayer or in preaching to his people, and always apparently in happy frame, till the morning of Saturday the 25th. On that morning, while his kind medical attendant, Dr. Gibson, stood by, he lifted up his hands as if in the attitude of pronouncing the blessing, and then sunk down. Not a groan or a sigh, but only a quiver of the lip, and his soul was at rest."—Pp. 145, 146.

Thus terminated the life and labors of "a good minister of Jesus Christ." He had labored as a preacher of the gospel a little more than eight years; but during this brief space had made higher attainments in holiness, and been the means of more good to the souls of men, than many, who have had the reputation of good ministers, have done in the space of half a century, but who have been more careful of life and strength, and less zealous for the honor of God and the salvation of souls. It is by no means the longest life that tells the most effectually upon the interests of the world. A Pollok, a Treffry, a Summerfield, or a M'Cheyne, has done more in a few years to bless the church, and save sinners, and make himself a name, than others have done in a period of six times the same length. And why are not such instances regarded as specially favored? The struggle was indeed severe, but it was not long; the battle was hot, but it was soon over, and terminated in glorious victory.

But we, poor erring mortals, are inclined to query:—Why, when men's talents for usefulness just begin to develop, and they exhibit extraordinary endowments, and the state of the church and the world seems to call loudly for such gifts, why are they so often snatched away? Such are our blind reasonings upon the ways of God. We know not the special reason for these dispensations, but we do know that God is infinitely good and infinitely wise; and the purposes of his goodness and wisdom may be answered in ways and modes far beyond our comprehension. The very measures which we suppose wisest and best might turn out infinitely foolish and fatally injurious. The very brevity of life may, in many instances, be the means of making men instrumental of the greatest amount of good to the universe. "Whether we live or die, we are the Lord's." God has purposes to answer in our death as well as in our life. And he does not intend to do all by one instrument or by a few instruments. The work designed for one may be done soon, and that for another may occupy a long period. And we may be assured that for the accomplishment of the great work of the world's regeneration, he has an ample store of instrumentalities left, and he will not remove one of these, not even the smallest, while it is at all necessary to the accomplishment of the grand design. We may suppose that the work will cease when we are discharged from service, or any given number or class of instruments shall be removed: but God may see that those whom we suppose so necessary to the prosperity and progress of his cause would, if longer spared, act as a prejudice, and essentially impede the progress of the car of salvation. We must, however, forbear these reflections.

Our principal object in this paper has been to bring out the extraordinary characteristics of a very remarkable character. This we have done for the purposes of example—of reproof and of encouragement—as occasion may require. We would have the young minister especially to look at the admirable qualities of a faithful and a successful minister, not merely to admire them, but to imbibe and to imitate them. See what a spirit of prayer, of self-denial, of zeal, of faith, of meekness, and of patience, exhibited itself in a comparatively young minister and young Christian. See what a ripeness for heaven and readiness to discard and leave the world, in the midst of a tide of success and popularity, are here presented to our view. See what a pattern of industry, see how time may be improved, and to what valuable account it may be turned. In these two heavy volumes we may see how much a diligent hand can *write* in the midst of a heavy burden of studies

and pastoral duties. How are idle ministers—drowsy shepherds—greedy dogs—here put to shame !

Mr. M'Cheyne was an admirable preacher, a good letter writer, and a tolerable poet. Some pretty specimens of his poetry are to be found scattered through these volumes ; but we must refer our readers to the book itself. As a theologian we must merely take such exceptions to him as an orthodox Arminian would necessarily take to an orthodox Calvinist. The papers published in these volumes are almost entirely devoted to experimental and practical religion. But occasionally an expression occurs and a theological proposition is laid down, which is not according to our views of gospel truth. We shall, however, introduce no particular instances of this kind, as it would extend this article too far were we to do so, and especially were we to add such criticisms as the occasion might call for.

Occasionally Mr. M'Cheyne agrees with us upon a point upon which many Calvinistic divines do not. We give the following upon the knowledge of forgiveness.

“ Never rest till you can say what John says, (1 John v, 19,) ‘ *We know that we are of God.*’ The world always loves to believe that it is impossible to know that we are converted. If you ask them, they will say, ‘ I am not sure—I cannot tell ;’ but the whole Bible declares we may receive, and know we have received, the forgiveness of sins. See Psalm xxxii, 1 ; 1 John ii, 12. Seek this blessedness—the joy of having forgiveness ; it is sweeter than honey and the honey-comb. But where shall I seek it ? In Jesus Christ. ‘ God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.’ ‘ He that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son, hath not life.’ 1 John v, 10.”—P. 213.

We will close this paper with a notice of a sentiment which is contained in one of Mr. M'Cheyne's letters, which seems to chime in peculiarly with our present feelings. It is as follows :—

“ MY DEAR MRS. T.—You know how glad I would be of some such retreat as Elijah had by the brook Cherith, where I might learn more of my own heart, and of my Bible, and of my God, where I might while away the summer hours in quiet meditation, or talking of his righteousness all the day long. But it is only said of *the dead* in the Lord that they rest from their labors ; and I fear I must not think of resting till then. Time is short, my time especially, and souls are precious ; and I fear many are slumbering because I watch not with sufficient diligence, nor blow the trumpet with sufficient clearness.”—P. 212.

The idea of “ rest ” is pleasant, but the *thing* seems to be as far from us as it was from the young Scotch preacher. We have often looked forward for a little relief ; but every day has, so far,



brought its toils. At this moment it is possible that some of our friends in the city suppose we are enjoying the luxury of *rest*. But here we are in the chamber of a little parsonage in the north of Pennsylvania, delving on from day to day at an article, that we may not be deficient when we return and are asked for "copy." This is not just the mode of *rusticating* that flesh and blood would choose, but it is far better than none. For though we are obliged to absent ourselves from the society of dear friends, and work hard for a portion of each day, yet we have the advantage of pure country air, and cool, refreshing nights, neither of which could we have in New-York. But we must drop this strain lest we should be chargeable with occupying the reader's attention with personal matters. Thus much we hope will be borne without complaint.

Waymart, Wayne Co., Pa., Aug. 6, 1847.

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ART. VI.—*Sketches of Matters and Things in Europe.*

OUR object in these papers, as all will at once perceive, is not to give a *complete* view of the places and interesting objects which came under our observation. The limited time we spent in Europe, and the rapidity with which we were obliged to pass from one point to another, necessarily prevented our seeing all we wished to see, or having as perfect knowledge of what did come under our observation as we desired. Still we hope we may, from what we saw, and the incidents of our travels, furnish our readers with a few pages of *sketches* which will afford them a little entertainment, and which may, at least to some, be instructive. How far we shall proceed we can now give no pledge. We at present purpose to prepare for our next number a paper upon *Scotland*. Whether our *temerity* will be equal to an attempt to present anything further upon *England*, or to say anything in relation to our visit to the continent, is at present quite problematical. Small as is our undertaking, it is both delicate and hazardous. But we will at least venture on a little further.

We closed our preceding paper with a view of the *British Conference* which held its session in *Bristol*. This city, at least, demands a slight notice. Bristol is a very ancient city, as the appearance of many parts of it clearly shows. It was the *Caer Brito* of the Britons, and *Brightstow* of the Saxons. It lies upon an elevated peninsula formed by the confluence of the Frome and

Avon. Like Rome, it rests upon *seven hills*: these with the intermediate valleys give the city a most picturesque appearance. For a long time Bristol was, in commercial importance, only second to London. In this respect it is now far outstripped by Liverpool. The decline of trade, it is said, is owing to the policy of the corporation in relation to the docks. The population of Bristol proper in 1832 was one hundred and four thousand three hundred and thirty-eight. There are many fine specimens of antiquity still to be seen. Among these is a portion of the ancient mall. There is a gateway called "St. John's Gate," containing the grooves of the huge portcullis, the porter's lodge, &c., all in perfection. And on one side are the statues of *Brennus* and *Belinus*, with the insignia of royalty in their hands, who are said to have reigned conjointly after the death of their father. It is said that the city was built by Brennus, a prince of the Britons, three hundred and eighty years before the Christian era. It now contains many noble structures, both ancient and modern, which would be well worth description did our limits permit. Among these is the old church of *St. Mary Redcliffe*, which is said to have been founded in 1292.

This old church is the place in which the famous young poet, *Chatterton*, professed to have made his wonderful discoveries of ancient records and drawings, and of several of the most splendid poetical productions which adorn English literature,—which he ascribed to Rowley and others,—but the whole of which he coined out of his own brain, when *a lad of fifteen*! And here, by the old church, stands his monument, though where his bones are no one knows, as, in consequence of cruel neglect, he committed suicide in London, and was buried among beggars.

*Bristol* is remarkable for having connected with its history some of the most illustrious names. Among these are Bishop Butler, Southey, Coleridge, John Foster, Robert Hall, and Hannah More. And here Methodism made its first permanent stand. Here Mr. Wesley erected his first chapel, and here he dated the Preface to his Notes upon the New Testament.

We made a most delightful excursion to *Clifton*, a mile or two below Bristol, and constituting the aristocratic portion of that city. Clifton is situated upon a high cliff on the north side of the Avon. The cliff is terraced and variously ornamented, and presents a most picturesque appearance. At the foot of the cliff are "the Bristol Hot Wells," to which Mr. Wesley resorted when under the influence of a pulmonary affection which greatly alarmed his friends. We ascended the steep, and, from the observatory, had a most enchanting view of Bristol and the surrounding country.

Here are the "Giant's Cave," "the old Roman Wall," and a great number of splendid mansions, a botanical garden, and other objects of interest to attract the attention of visitors.

We have made a general reference to the *antiquities* of Bristol. These are numerous and of great interest; but to us, the most interesting relic of past times was "Mr. Wesley's Chapel." It was the first chapel that he built, and is now nearly as he left it. We have the history of the erection of this chapel, and its subsequent improvements, in Mr. Wesley's Journals, and also some curious facts with regard to the manner in which it was settled. It was first deeded to trustees, in such way as to give them the control of the pulpit. Mr. Wesley, perceiving that this would interfere with his plan of appointing and changing preachers, resolved to have a change effected or to abandon the chapel. The change was effected by mutual consent, and from that period Mr. Wesley held the right, during his life, to supply the pulpits of all the chapels erected; and when he died that right was transferred to the conference.

The old chapel is now in the hands of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, having undergone no other alteration except the erection of pews in the body of the house instead of the original benches, and a clerk's desk on each side of the pulpit. The chapel will hold, perhaps, five or six hundred people. The galleries are wide and low, and under them are arranged in order the very old benches with which the house was first seated. They are simple benches without backs, strongly constructed; and, though considerably worn, appear as if they might last another century or more. There is a stairway from the pulpit into the gallery, and thence into a suite of rooms above, fitted up for Mr. Wesley's accommodation. There is an opening through the ceiling, of about eight feet square, surrounded above by a railing, through which you can look down into the chapel. We surveyed the parlor, the bed-room, and the library, or study—built by the directions of our venerated founder, and occupied by him—with deep emotion; but, we trust, without anything like idolatrous veneration for the place or its former occupant. We could not but regret that this chapel, and the ground upon which it stands, had gone out of the hands of the connection. The place where the first experiment was made to give substantive existence and stability to Methodism—the location where the far-reaching policy of the great modern reformer was first tested by experiment—ought to have been kept sacred, and have been occupied by a structure settled upon the foundation so wisely adjusted by Mr. Wesley, that, as yet, no material alteration has been found



necessary. By the way, we would refer that class of *high* Wesleyans, or *true* Wesleyans, or whatever else they may be called, who find so much tyranny and ministerial assumption in the plan of settling our churches, to the paper which Mr. Wesley drew up to meet the same complaints in relation to the Bristol chapel.\* Nothing is more clear, as Mr. Wesley here most explicitly and earnestly declares, than that if boards of trustees—and the same may be said of congregations—control our pulpits, our itinerant system is at an end. But this merely by the way.

It will not be out of place to observe before we take our leave of Bristol, that we were politely invited by *Mr. Dando* to partake of the hospitalities of his house. He resides in a most beautiful mansion on "Ashly Down," a fine elevated situation which overlooks the city. Here we had a most quiet and comfortable resting place during most of our stay in Bristol. Mr. Dando has three interesting daughters, one of whom, in particular, is a great admirer of Robert Hall, and has in keeping a *hat which he wore*, and which she did us the honor to place upon our head. Mr. Dando, the younger, was our guide to the wonders of Bristol; and, together with his excellent lady,—who, by the way, is a Philadelphian,—showed us and our fellow-travelers much attention, for which they are entitled to our gratitude. But for all these kindnesses we ought to confess our obligations to our old friend *Stephen Dando* of New-York, who was so kind as to herald our coming to Bristol to his respected brother and nephew.

On Friday, August 7, at 5 P. M., we took our passage for Dublin, on the steamboat *Shamrock*, lying in the Avon. Our vessel was evidently constructed more with reference to strength and safety than beauty and convenience. Our company had as good berths as the boat afforded, but they were not remarkable for comfort, except in the probable contingency of a storm. In that case, we were so thoroughly boxed up, that, unless the vessel should be capsized outright, we would not be likely to roll out upon the floor. When night came on, we were fairly out in Bristol Channel, which happily was as smooth as a mirror. On Saturday we crossed the Irish Sea, with only a breath of air—just enough to make sailing pleasant. This *stormy* sea, for once, was perfectly calm. One of the passengers remarked, that he had crossed the Irish Sea many times, and this was the first passage he had ever made "without a brush."

About 4 P. M. we passed between a small rock-bound island, surmounted by a martello tower, and the shore of the Emerald Isle.

\* See Wesley's Works, vol. vii, pp. 326-329.

We soon entered the harbor of Kingston, protected by a long breakwater. Kingston is a straggling town, on a gentle but rocky acclivity, eight miles from Dublin. We gazed upon the shore, the houses, the rocks, the people—some strolling along the beach, and others in the mud, it being low tide, in quest of something, we could hardly tell what—and thought, And is this the veritable old Ireland, whence drift such shoals of people—good, bad, and indifferent—annually upon the shores of the United States? And all appearances seemed to respond, *Sure indeed*, this is old Ireland. We had intrusted our heavy baggage with a porter, while we carried some small articles in our hands. No sooner had we set foot upon the wharf than we were met by a score of boys, from ten to fifteen years of age, tolerably clad, who touched their caps most gracefully, and begged the privilege of carrying our “luggage.” We walked along without seeming to notice them, when they became almost furious—running across our path back and forth, clamoring, “I’ll carry it for a penny, sir—I’ll carry it for a penny!” When we reached the station-house we were encountered by a coachman, or car-driver, who most earnestly assured us that the cars had been gone half an hour, and offered to take us to Dublin at a low rate. We entered the office, however, and the clerk hastily delivered us our tickets, informing us that the train was then just ready to leave. We barely had time to see our baggage on the car, and to secure our seats, when off went the train with almost the velocity of lightning. In the station-house at Dublin everything was orderly. We saw posted in a prominent place, in large letters: “No porter is permitted to receive any compensation for services rendered to passengers.” A porter took our baggage to the door, and began to bawl, “Up! up! up!” A cab was soon before us, and as it was now raining powerfully, we were hastily crammed into the cab, with so much of our “luggage” that we could scarcely stir. The good-humored porter, upon our leaving, with real Irish politeness, touched his hat and said, “Long life to you, gentlemen.” After being comfortably quartered in the Imperial Hotel, we sallied out in full force, and, crossing the street, entered a book-store, at the door of which a filthy, ragged woman, with three or four miserable children hanging around her, presented herself. When we were ready to depart, one of our fellow-travelers, who had kindly loaned us a portion of a fine umbrella, in coming from the hotel, for it was still raining, cried out, “Where is my umbrella? I set it down there.” “Ah,” said the woman at the door, “that man that stood there in the house, he carried it away.” And she proceeded with several

strong exclamations, which indicated her deep sense of the villany and wickedness of the act. But the umbrella was gone beyond recovery; and just as we were doubting what to do, in came a fellow with a dozen umbrellas under his arm, wishing to know if the gentleman did not wish to purchase a good umbrella. And thinking it no more than fair that we should in turn run our chance, we made a purchase rather hastily, and afterward found we had given six English shillings for an old frame with an indifferent cover. We had now learned several small lessons which were subsequently of much service to us. What became of the lost umbrella, none of us was able to tell—whether it went to the same *dépôt* whence came the one we purchased, and whether the beggar at the door had not slipped it into some hand which conveyed it there, or whether some light-fingered villain, who wanted it for his own use, had laid hands upon it, we could not tell. But we learned to keep a good look-out for thieves, and, so far as we know, that was the last speculation this class of sinners made out of our company during all our journeying.

It being Saturday afternoon, we concluded to report ourselves to some one of the Wesleyan ministers. We accordingly repaired to the Abbey-street Chapel, having been informed that the preacher lived "*over the chapel*." We found the parsonage, after a tedious journey up several long flights of stairs, under the roof of the chapel. The rooms were comfortable, but were located rather too near the clouds. We were most cordially received by Mr. Greer, the minister, who informed us he should be glad to have us severally—as there were three preachers in the company—occupy his pulpit on the approaching sabbath: but he did not feel at liberty to monopolize the whole of our services until he had consulted Mr. Masaroon, the senior superintendent, and given him the privilege of coming in for a share. As we were about to retire, Mr. Greer said, "You must stay to tea—for Mrs. G. says it would not comport with Irish hospitality to allow you to leave at this hour without your tea." We complied with the invitation, and a pleasant tea it was. We immediately found ourselves engaged in free and unrestrained conversation, and felt as much at home as if we had met with old acquaintances from our own land. After tea Mr. Greer conducted us to the parsonage of the Centenary Chapel, where we met with a welcome equally cordial from Mr. Masaroon. After completing arrangements for the sabbath, we returned to our quarters, taking in our way an old Romish church, where we saw, by the aid of some dim lights, a few poor, wretched people, scattered around upon the stone pavement upon their knees, performing



their devotions, so far as appearances went, in a most careless manner. At the door and in the vestibule were groups of miserable beggars—some on their feet, some sitting, and others reclining on the cold pavement. The whole scene was altogether a correct and striking emblem of Romanism. Here was darkness, formality, superstition, religious indifference, *clerical splendor*, and *lay beggary*, in one view before our gaze. We looked upon the scene and shivered, and felt a thrill of grief and pity for the poor deluded victims of a ghostly despotism, which seems destined to crush and break the throbbing heart of poor Ireland.

In the morning we repaired to the Centenary Chapel, and heard Mr. Masaroon preach an excellent sermon at seven. At nine, by invitation, we attended "a class breakfast," in the basement of the chapel. This was to us a novel, but a very edifying, occasion. "The class" was composed of "young men." The breakfast consisted in simple bread and butter, with tongue, and dried beef, and tea. The usage is to have these breakfasts periodically—we believe once a month—and to have a passage of Scripture given out on each occasion, as a subject of conversation for the next. The topic of conversation for this occasion had, by some mishap, not been announced. A venerable supernumerary preacher proposed Isaiah xl, 31—"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," &c. The remarks made were consequently unpremeditated. Mr. Masaroon commenced, and then each succeeded in rotation. The remarks were sensible, and truly practical and spiritual. Everything was religious. There was no laughter—no gossip; the object was kept steadily in view, which was, to receive and impart spiritual instruction and comfort. Class breakfasts, missionary teas, &c., seem to be reduced to a regular system here. We were shown their boiling and baking apparatus, and their pantry, where there were table sets sufficient for several hundreds. What influence the system exerts upon the funds and the spirituality of the church, we are not prepared to say, nor how long it is likely to continue. At 12 M., the usual time of *morning* service in Ireland, we preached at Centenary Chapel, to a large and respectable audience. When the sermon was concluded, several brethren kindly welcomed us to Ireland, and expressed their high gratification to have heard "the true Wesleyan doctrine by one from the other side of the Atlantic."

At 3 P. M., accompanied by Mr. Masaroon, our company attended St. Patrick's Cathedral. The building has the appearance of great antiquity, and portions of it seem to be going to decay. We thought of Dean Swift and Archbishop Usher, whose voices

had resounded through these sombre Gothic arches, and whose remains are here reposing. But our meditations were interrupted by the pageant, which proceeded. The chants, as a mere musical performance, would doubtless be pronounced fine. But there was so much mummery about it, and especially when we saw the white-robed boys in the choir suffer their mischief so far to exceed due bounds as to punch each other with their elbows, and cast a roguish glance at each other, just as they were in the act of responding—all upon the bended knee, while professedly offering supplications to God—we could scarcely recognize in it the characteristics of a *religious* service. At the proper time, Dr. Hinds took his place in the pulpit, and read an elaborate sermon on baptism, in which he urged that the phrase, being “buried with Christ by baptism,” referred to “the ancient method of baptizing by *immersion*.” In the first place, we would observe that we could not subscribe to his position, though it was sustained by a formal argument. And, in the next place, we could not but query, if this learned churchman really believes as he preached, why does he not practice exclusive immersion? We cannot allow him the right to depart from the primitive and apostolic pattern, merely because “the church” ordains it. But we must pass. At 7 P. M. we preached in Hendrick-street Chapel—not a large house, but well filled with quiet and willing hearers. We saw many soldiers in the audience, and were told that several of them were members of society and very useful. After preaching, a prayer meeting was commenced, and we were somewhat surprised to observe, that those who prayed *stood upon their feet*. We did not learn that this practice is general—we hope not.

DUBLIN, the capital of Ireland, among the cities of Great Britain, ranks next to the metropolis in interest, beauty, and architectural magnificence. Its population, amounting to two hundred thousand, is accommodated in about eighteen thousand dwelling-houses, which occupy an area of three miles in length by about two in breadth. The public buildings are remarkable, not only for the classic elegance of their designs, but for their magnitude, convenience, and number; and the principal streets form spacious avenues, inclosed by lofty and well-designed mansions on either side, and are generally inclined to each other at such angles as do not fail to produce the most picturesque effects, and the most agreeable city views. The river Liffey, on whose banks the city stands, is inclosed by walls of squared granite stone, forming two beautiful lines of quays, which extend to a length of nearly three miles. These noble embankments reach from the sea entrance

of the Liffey, at the North Wall and Kingsend in the east, to Barrack Bridge in the west, of the city, and are united by six handsome stone bridges, free to the public, and by one foot-bridge, of cast iron, private property.

That the foundation of the city of Dublin is of a very remote origin is an indisputable fact. In the early ages of Christianity it was known by the name of *Aschled*, and, about the beginning of the second century, it exchanged its infant designation for that of *Auliana*, an epithet commemorative of the death of a native princess of that name, who was accidentally drowned in attempting to cross the river Anna-Liffey: previous to the close of that century, Ptolemy, the geographer, professed that the city named Eihlana (Dublin) was not unknown to him. Eihlana was soon after resigned for the name Dubliana, or Dublin, the obvious and simple composition of which term is "Dubh Llyn," the Black Pool, or Harbor, by which name the city has ever since been known to geographers.

We have the authority of O'Halloran, a respectable historian, for the existence of a city here about A. D. 181; when Eogan, king of Munster, on a royal tour through his dominions, visited the city of Ath-Cliath-Dubhline. The very highest authorities among Irish antiquarians affirm, that about the middle of the fifth century Alpin M'Eochaid, king of Dublin, and all his subjects, were publicly converted to Christianity by St. Patrick.

The Danes commenced a profitable trade with Dublin before the arrival of her patron saint; and, becoming acquainted with her defenseless condition, in 498 entered the Liffey with a fleet of sixty vessels, and, putting the inhabitants to the sword, possessed themselves of the city, and surrounded it with walls. These intruders enjoyed the possession of Dublin for two centuries or more, when they were dispossessed by the Normans. The Danes, however, soon returned and drove out the Normans, and demolished the fabric of their government, which, being vastly more lenient than that of the Danes, was in favor with the native population. A struggle ensued between the Danes and the native chiefs, which continued with various success until the English found their way into Ireland, and Dublin was finally subdued and taken possession of by Henry II. in the twelfth century, when the Irish princes and chieftains were induced to accept the British constitution and laws.

We cannot proceed through the more modern history of Dublin, but must hasten to sketch our rambles through this really splendid city. Our friend, Dr. Emory, had fortunately made the acquaintance of the Messrs. Carson,—father and son. Mr. Carson, the



younger, had most obligingly volunteered his services as a guide to the most interesting objects to be seen in Dublin. On Monday morning early our company, consisting now of Dr. Emory, Prof. Caldwell, Rev. J. B. Merwin, and ourself, repaired to Mr. Carson's, where our young friend took us in charge. He provided two jaunting-cars for the use of the company, and then proceeded to give a general outline of his plan. And first we were asked whether we wished to see Mr. O'Connell. Certainly, was the unanimous response. We wish to see the *lions* of Dublin, and Daniel O'Connell is undoubtedly one of the genus. So off we went to see "the Liberator" first, as he would likely be unoccupied at that early hour. We halted before a plain brick building, one of a row of, perhaps, three stories. After a few moments' absence, the messenger returned and made a communication to our friend, who made him a brief reply, and he left again. We then learned the state of things. Mr. O'Connell wished, before the company should be admitted, to know whether any of them were "slaveholders." Upon being informed that "the gentlemen were not slaveholders, nor friends to the institution of slavery," the servant was ordered to "ask them to come in." We were ushered into the presence of his excellency in his library, clad in his blouse and covered with his green cap. He received us very politely, hoping that we would take no exceptions at his preliminary inquiry as to our holding slaves: for he considered slaveholders as man-stealers, and he could hold no intercourse with man-stealers. This was made an occasion of a few remarks upon the general subject, some of which seemed new and surprising to Mr. O'Connell. For instance, we remarked that a majority of the people of the slaveholding states did not own slaves; and that a large portion of those who did, considered it a matter of kindness to the slaves to hold the legal relation of master to those whom the laws made their slaves, and did not admit of their emancipation. And that many in the southern states were ardently desirous to have slavery wholly abolished, and were seeking in some safe way to accomplish that desirable object. "Do you state this," anxiously asked Mr. O'Connell, "from your own personal knowledge, or is it from reports and rumors." We answered, from our own personal knowledge; for we have for many years been well acquainted with the whole subject, having traveled considerably in the slave states, and having had an intimate acquaintance with many men who reside there, who are slaveholders. Several other topics were introduced and received passing remarks. Among other things, upon hearing that our purpose was to travel *north*, Mr. O'Connell remarked, that to see Ireland we must go

*south*,—we ought certainly to visit Killarney. On leaving, the old gentleman took us severally cordially by the hand, and expressed himself—with a little blarney of course—as “very proud to be called upon by so many distinguished gentlemen from America.” Mention was made of the monthly repeal meeting at “Conciliation Hall,” and an intimation given that our company might possibly be present, with which Mr. O’Connell seemed not at all displeased. And before taking our leave of O’Connell, we may as well give this meeting a passing notice. We came around to Conciliation Hall a little too late to hear all the eloquent speeches which were reported. But we were there and saw Mr. O’Connell in his place, heard him read the report of the receipts of “repeal rent” for the month, and saw the whole array of worthies who act under the instructions of “Ireland’s paid servant,” as he unblushingly styles himself. Young O’Connell made a flaming speech, which was much applauded by the multitude, and highly lauded in the “*Freeman’s Journal*.” But he is not equal to his father either in bodily appearance, mental calibre, or powers of eloquence. The notorious *Steele* is the mere wreck of a man. A brawny, bloated face, inflamed eyes, and vulgar look and mien, indicated one nearly gone in a course of intemperance and kindred vices.

The whole farce was calculated to confirm us in an opinion we had long entertained, and one which we heard repeatedly expressed by intelligent persons in Dublin, that the whole repeal movement has two objects in view:—one is the extension of Romanism, and the other the temporal aggrandizement of O’Connell and his family. Look at the thousands sterling which have been swallowed up by this movement, and ask where has it all gone, and what has it done? As to the first question, no one knows: for the *Liberator* acknowledges no obligations to render an account of his receipts and outlays of the “repeal rents.” As to the second inquiry, perhaps, there is a difference of opinion. But all will agree that “the union” is not yet “repealed,” nor likely to be. And we perfectly agree with a gentleman in Dublin who said to us, that “O’Connell never expected and never desired the repeal; but had cunningly resorted to it as a convenient nucleus around which Irish prejudice and Romish bigotry could be made to gather and become concentrated.” No wonder that the dreadful realities of famine should throw the *Liberator* into great perplexities and hasten his end. But why did he not proceed to distribute a tithe of the vast funds which “the Irish people” had put into his hands for their liberation from oppression, to those who were starving—literally dying the most awful of deaths—and so save their lives? Why set off

for Rome under these circumstances? But the HERO of Irish liberty has fallen! Death overtook him before he had accomplished the cherished object of seeing the holy father, and procuring his blessing. His mortal remains have returned to Ireland "in state," there to rest until the morning of the resurrection. It is now seemly to think and say the very best we can of him, and we are far from being disposed to disturb his ashes. But his measures remain, and are to have an influence for generations to come; and neither decency nor religion requires that the character of his public career should be regarded as above criticism. Daniel O'Connell was by nature a great man, but he was a devoted Romanist. With him "the end might sanctify the means;" he might "deceive heretics," he might be a *Jesuit* in politics, and be the *better Catholic* on that account. His great faults originated from two causes;—his corrupt faith, and his ambition: of both of these sins we should be glad to hope he at last repented, and obtained forgiveness at the hand of God.

From Mr. O'Connell's we went to Archbishop Whately's "palace," but unfortunately "his grace" was not at home. From this point we hastened to "College Green," one of the most splendid spots for rich architectural views, we had like to have said, which any city in Europe presents. The Green is nothing more than a spacious street stretching away in perspective. In the central point is William, prince of Orange, on horseback—an immense bronze figure. The centre of the view is occupied by the eastern portico of the Bank of Ireland, formerly the entrance to the House of Lords, having on its left the ornamented screen connecting this portico with the grand or principal front in College Green. The eastern portico is a very light, chaste, and beautiful colonnade, consisting of six elegant and lofty columns, of the Corinthian order, supporting a plain entablature, and surmounted by a graceful pediment. On the apex of the pediment rests a statue of Fortitude, having Justice on her right hand and Liberty on her left. The ornamental parts of this classic front are of Portland stone; the retired parts, of the durable granite quarried in the vicinity of Dublin. The portico was erected in the year 1785, at an expense of £25,000.

Charlotte Elizabeth, with characteristic life and beauty, says:—"You have seen good prints of this extraordinary building, and have allowed it to be beautiful; but unless you behold the thing itself, contrasted in the lightness of its noble aspect with the unadorned solidity of the grave college; unless you saw with what exquisite gracefulness it sweeps round, transforming that



angular corner of two streets into a gentle curve ; unless you could witness the effect of its grove of Ionic and Corinthian columns, clustering over an extent of one hundred and forty seven feet in length, with the elegant cornices, the sculptured friezes, the light balustrade, the majestic porticoes, the combination of all that is rich, grand, and chaste, which entirely covers an acre and a half of ground,\*—unless you could really look upon all this, my good friend, I deny your capability of forming any opinion on the subject.” —*Letters from Ireland.*

We have “a good print of this extraordinary building” now before us, and we surveyed the thing itself, and strong as is the impression upon our mind, we felt that any description we might give of it would be meagre without a few lines from the fair traveler who has laid the public under such strong obligations for her numerous publications, and is such an enthusiastic admirer of every thing Irish, except Irish *ignorance* and *vice*, and their cause, *Irish Romanism*. In our notes upon the wonders of the interior we find entered a splendid tapestry of “the battle of the Boyne,” William the Third on horseback, with his sword drawn, a wood-carved model of the building, &c.

To the right of the eastern portico of the Bank is the Royal Irish Institution, instituted in 1813, “for the encouragement and promotion of the fine arts in Ireland.” The elevation is unaffected and pleasing ; it consists of two stories, a basement, ornamented with rusticated masonry, pierced by two circular-headed windows, and by an entrance-way, and an upper story, decorated by four plain pilasters, supporting a continued entablature : the spaces intermediate between the pilasters are occupied by niches decorated by architraves and dressings. The opposite side of College-street is occupied by the “massive, compact, severe-looking old university, with its advanced ground, a lofty wall of a most frowning aspect, with here and there a tree flinging its patriarchal arms over the rampart.”—*Letters from Ireland.*

Our visit to the university, or, as it is now called, Trinity College, was a most interesting one. We were first conducted by our kind friend to the studio of Dr. Blackwood, professor of law in the university ; and here met Mr. M’Arthry, a tutor, both of whom we found exceedingly obliging. We wished, if possible, to see the library. This we found it difficult to effect, as the librarian was hid away somewhere, and we perceived much skepticism prevailed with all whether he could be evoked. But our newly-made ac-

\* Our minute-book says, “two Irish, near three English, acres.”

quaintances, the doctor and the tutor, persevered in their inquiries until the Rev. Dr. —, one of the professors, consented to give us admission, having, as it appeared, a set of keys of his own. The mere glance at the vast room of two hundred and ninety-eight feet in length, completely filled with volumes and manuscripts, was a rare treat. Among other rarities we saw and handled the MS. from which Stephens inserted in the Greek text the passage in relation to "the three witnesses," which had been examined by Dr. A. Clarke, as he informs us in his notes; a fac-simile of Magna Charta; a MS. of Common Places of Archbishop Usher, in his own handwriting: also sermons and sketches in the handwriting of Dean Swift; and a copy of *Sallust*, inscribed, it is said, by the hand of *Mary, Queen of Scots*—"Ex libris Maria Scotiorum Regina." Many curious MSS. were cursorily examined, and information as to their dates and history received, and then we bid this rare collection of ancient literature a reluctant adieu; grateful, as in duty bound, for the attentions of the learned professor who had so politely waited upon us.

The *Post Office* is a most splendid building beautifully situated. The *Cloth Mart*, Royal Exchange, Law Courts, Dublin Castle, and other remarkable places, were examined. The last mentioned demands a brief description. The ancient castle of Dublin was built by Henry de Londres, archbishop of Dublin, in the year 1220, and converted into a vice-regal palace by Queen Elizabeth in 1560. The present arrangement consists of two distinct parts—"the lower castle-yard," which contains the old treasury, chapel, ordnance office, &c.; and the upper castle-yard, or great court, in which are the apartments of the lord lieutenant, chief secretary, &c. This latter is a spacious quadrangle, two hundred and eighty feet in length by one hundred and thirty in breadth, surrounded by stately buildings, and ornamented by noble archways for ingress and egress on public occasions. To the right hand, as you enter the court from the lower castle-yard, stand the offices and apartments of the secretary of state, near to which is seen a troop of lancers, preparing to relieve guard, a duty performed daily in this court with much ceremony, and constituting a considerable pageant. Adjacent to this last-mentioned building is the grand entrance from Cork Hill, a spacious archway of rusticated masonry, on the summit of which rests a statue of Justice, of which it was wittily observed by the late Dr. Barrett, the learned head of Carlow College,

"Statue of Justice! mark well her station,  
Her face to the castle, her back to the nation."

The centre of the right side is adorned by a graceful building, called the "Bedford Tower." A very beautiful octagonal lantern rises from the roof, pierced by circular-headed windows, ornamented with highly enriched architraves, and adorned with elegant Corinthian pilasters. A dome of easy convergence crowns the lantern, and from its summit the union flag is hoisted on all occasions for public rejoicing: a corresponding gate is erected at the other side of Bedford Tower, having a statue of Fortitude upon its summit, which, as well as the figure of Justice before mentioned, was executed by Van Nost.

The parlor of the lord lieutenant is most gorgeously ornamented. Splendid likenesses of the lord lieutenants hang around. The chairs, cushioned with damask, are arranged about the room, and the *throne*, with the sword of state and a mace on each side, is in one side. The company successively sat down upon the throne, and then rose up again without the least approach to a metamorphosis into lord lieutenants of Ireland. By what we saw this day we might well have supposed ourselves in the capital of one of the richest kingdoms in the world. The great monuments erected to the memory of Lord Nelson, Lord Wellington, and others, cost money enough to educate a multitude of the poor, and to keep thousands from starving through years of famine.

At 4 P. M. we returned to Mr. Carson's, hungry and thoroughly wearied. But to our great comfort we found a splendid dinner in readiness, with several friends whom our generous host had invited to dine with "the Americans." We had a truly social dinner. Conversation went on briskly;—and whether the *Irishmen* or the *Americans* asked and answered the most questions, it might be difficult to determine. It was gratifying to find ourselves in company where *America* was understood, and its claims duly appreciated.

After dinner the cars were ordered out again, and we made a drive to Phoenix Park. These grounds are, perhaps, two miles out of Dublin, and are surpassingly beautiful. There is in a central position an elegant Corinthian pillar thirty feet in height, surmounted by a phoenix, erected by Lord Chesterfield about 1747. The vice-regal lodge, near the pillar, is a spacious building surrounded by the most beautiful shrubbery, gardens, ornamented walks, roads, &c.,—a real elysium. There the viceroy of Ireland spends his summers. The deer and rabbits are playing their antics in these beautiful bowers, better provided for, more happy, and far more free, than multitudes of the Irish people.

The provision made for the religious instruction of the people



of Dublin will be seen in the following statement of the places of religious worship of different kinds, taken from the "Hibernian Gazetteer:"—"There are two cathedrals, namely, St. Patrick's and Christ's Church, and eighteen parish churches, some of which are elegant structures; besides, two chapels of ease, six private chapels, where the service of the established church is regularly attended; besides, three churches for French, and one for Dutch, Protestants, seventeen meeting-houses for Protestant Dissenters, two for Quakers, seven for Methodists, one for Anabaptists, one for Moravians, and sixteen Roman Catholic chapels." The Wesleyan Chapel in Abbey-street, and the Centenary Chapel, situated by Stephen's Green, are beautiful and well-constructed churches; the latter, upon the whole, is the best Wesleyan chapel we saw in Europe.

The great annoyance to strangers, as all travelers agree in saying, is the troops of beggars which everywhere assail you in Dublin, and indeed in every town in Ireland where we came. They are generally females with a group of children around them, either their own, or borrowed for the occasion, all miserably clad and abominably filthy. Though these miserable wretches are numerous and exceedingly importunate, they are easily satisfied. A penny or even a *ha'pence* will bring upon you a perfect shower of blessings. Their gratitude is indicated with a heartiness that always makes the donor wish he had more to give. The recipient courtesies, or bows, gracefully waves the hand, and earnestly ejaculates, "Much happiness to your honor," "May your reverence live a thousand years," "Pace to yer dare hairt," or the like.

We left Dublin loaded with the blessings of our dear friends, who, after favoring us with directions and letters, bade us an affectionate farewell. We arranged to take the cars to Drogheda, twenty-four miles from Dublin, and there to take the mail stage to Belfast. On coming into the country we noticed the fatal potato disease had begun its ravages. The tops were dying, and the poor people were digging the potatoes, then not more than half grown, and beginning to rot. We could not but see that want and even wretchedness were before these poor people, but did not begin to anticipate the extent of the evil which has since followed.

*Drogheda* is a town of considerable business and great historical interest, situated on the river Boyne, five miles west of the Irish Channel. Its population is said to amount to seventeen thousand three hundred and sixty-five. Some fine ruins of abbeys are to be met with about this town, but we could not take time to visit them. Two miles up the river is an obelisk, erected in memory of the

victory obtained there by King William III. in 1690, of which we had a good view for several miles on the postroad. "At Grange, near Drogheda, is a vaulted cave, in the form of a cross, with a gallery leading to it eighty feet long; and three miles beyond Drogheda are the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Monaster-boici; two chapels, a round tower, and a large stone cross, called St. Boyne's cross, deemed the most ancient religious relic now in Ireland." Drogheda was the scene of one of the most terrible of Cromwell's inflictions upon "God's enemies." The castle refusing to surrender upon any terms, the whole garrison were, by "the judgment of God," put to the sword. There are in this town some fine buildings and several splendid old churches, but a multitude of miserable hovels where the poor linger out a miserable existence. Many men who seemed to have no employment were loitering about the streets, and a host of beggars, ready to fall upon every traveler who visits the place, with a most pitiful story, eloquently told, and the modest demand of "a penny."

On arriving at the dépôt, which is in the suburbs of the town, we took a jaunting-car for the stage house. These queer vehicles, consisting of two short settees flung over two wheels, so that you ride with your side toward the horse and your feet about as low as the axle, are said to be very safe and comfortable. We asked our good friend in Dublin if they did not frequently come in contact, and bruise the feet of the passengers, as they are wholly unprotected. The answer was in the negative. But as we mounted one of these truly Irish vehicles, upon leaving the cars in Drogheda, our apprehensions of danger were realized. Our driver set off without making accurate calculations as to the space which was necessary for his safe egress from a crowd of cars, and our attention being directed to some other object, our feet were caught by the foot-board of a car standing by, and came near being crushed. We, of course, cried out heartily, "Stop, driver;" and fortunately at that moment a contact took place between the vehicles in a way to stop our motion, so that the headlong driver necessarily obeyed our summons just in time to save us from becoming a cripple, but not soon enough to prevent a contact which occasioned us some pain and inconvenience through the day. On reaching the hotel we found we had a little time upon our hands; this we resolved to improve in an effort to find some kind of a map of Ireland. We found our way into a small shop where *old books* were kept on sale. We made several purchases, and, upon our return, found that the stage had gone to the dépôt, and that our traveling companions had been in much distress as to what had become of us. A bene-

volent car-driver most kindly offered to take us to the dépôt "in five minutes," which would be in "gude time." "But," answered we, "does not the stage return to the hotel?" "Och, and your honor, that's not sure;—haste, haste, sir, if you plase," looking anxiously toward the dépôt. We leaped upon the car, and bid him "Drive on." He urged on a most miserably jaded nag, and we reached the stage just in time. After paying our kind car-driver, back we went upon the stage-coach, the same way, to the hotel; where the stage stayed long enough to take in a number of passengers, and to give opportunity for a large number of beggars to surround us on all sides.

The whip was soon cracked, and away we went over the green hills and lovely plains of the Emerald Isle, every moment filled with admiration at the novel scene. "There," said our intelligent driver, "in that valley was fought the battle of the Boyne; there stood James, and yonder, upon the hill, stood William, with their bodyguards, when the two armies met." A glorious day, that, for Protestantism, as the Orange men say; but, if Charlotte Elizabeth is right, and we are strongly disposed to think she is, its fruits are in a fair way to be lost through the errors of British legislation.

We passed through a most splendid country. Nature seems to have lavished upon it all her sweets. The gentlemen's seats are most beautiful, generally situated at a distance from the road, surrounded by beautiful groves, ornamented walks, &c., exhibiting a vast concentration of wealth and the accompaniments of luxury and ease. But in contrast with all this you see everywhere scattered along the most miserable huts, indicating, by the most unmistakable signs, abject servitude and squalid poverty. The dwellings of the peasantry are all, or nearly all, miserable habitations. Some of them are made of clay, but most, perhaps, of brick, and all are covered with thatch. Most of these might be comfortable if they had floors, and were kept clean. But the poor people all live *on the bare ground*; and the ground inside usually lies lower than that on the outside, and the door-yard being occupied by the pigs, and its chief ornament being a pile of manure, it is difficult to tell how, in so damp a climate, the people live at all. There was not the slightest difficulty in our seeing the interior of these dwellings, as they were always by the roadside, and the doors wide open. We did not see, what Charlotte Elizabeth declares she did, a woman sitting upon the steps "actually nursing a pig!" But it was always obvious, where there were the means to own any of the grunting tribe, that they were in habits of very close intimacy with the good woman and the children. We passed one estate which constitutes



an exception to the above description. This is the estate of the marquis of Downshire, who has his residence at Hillsborough, sixty-nine miles from Dublin, in view of Lisburn, Belfast, and Carrickfergus Bay; population, about one thousand five hundred. This estate, which extends for several miles along the post-road, each side of the town, is supplied with decent and comfortable farm-houses, and all appearances indicate that the tenantry are well provided for, and enjoy comforts which are not common among the Irish peasantry. The residence of the marquis is in the midst of a most beautiful park of a luxuriant growth, and surrounded by a high stone wall laid in lime.

The curiosities we observed in passing were some ancient ruins—particularly several “round towers,” which, as they have been so often described, we may leave with this simple notice. One object, to which our attention was directed, we venture to say, has not its parallel in the world: a square brick tower, perhaps twenty feet high, in an apartment of which, near the top, is said to have been deposited the body of a leaseholder of the lands upon which it stands. The case, as related by the driver, was this. This man held a lease which secured to him the occupancy of the property “while his body was above ground.” When he died, his children had his body put into a coffin and inclosed in strong mason work in the top of this tower. The result has been that his descendants have held the occupancy of the lands now for eighty years. All attempts to eject them, as yet, have failed, the body of the original lease holder still being “above ground.”

We passed through *Dunleer*, a small town, in which a fair was being held. The spectacle was curious enough. The goods, vegetables, live stock, and what not, were disposed around in an open space, mostly upon the ground. Here was a pile of potatoes, and there a woman with a basket of trinkets; in one place some calves tied together, and in another a number of pigs in the same condition. A Paddy, who had bought one of these “nice craturrs,” was driving him home, having a hay rope tied to his leg, while he walked along as orderly as a trained ox. But the scene cannot be described. Such a medley of matters and things, discordant and in strange juxtaposition, we never looked upon before.

We passed several *bogs*, whence the turf or peat is taken which constitutes the fuel of Ireland. These bogs are not on the lowest of the lands, yet are so wet that the excavations which are made fill with water. The peat is cut out in small blocks, something the shape, and about the size, of a brick, and laid out upon the ground to dry. When sufficiently dry, the blocks are laid up in

regular heaps in such a manner as that the air can circulate through the mass. Some of it is taken out of the bed in an almost liquid state. This is, of course, in less regular pieces, and must lie longer upon the ground before it is taken up. Working in these bogs must be a most slavish, uncomfortable, and unhealthy business. We saw none at work, as it was the harvest-season, and probably labor in the field was more productive. Men and women were in considerable numbers seen laboring in the harvest and hay fields. They cut all their grain with sickles. The process appeared to us exceedingly slow and painful. The reaper stoops low and cuts the grain close to the ground. But there was not much life and animation among these poor people. They seemed to take it quite leisurely,—generally resting almost as long after they had deposited a handful upon the ground, as they had occupied in cutting it; and about the middle of the day they were lying about in the shade. Upon seeing, in one instance, almost hands enough in a field to swallow the grain it contained at a meal, we asked an Irishman why they did not cradle their grain,—giving it as our opinion that two Americans would cut down the field in one day, which seemed to be occupying, perhaps, twenty men and women for several. The answer was,—“The people would not submit to it. One farmer of my acquaintance undertook it, and going into his field the morning after he had cradled and stacked up his *corn*, he found it was all burned up.” The slowness of the process is necessary to give employment to the multitudes who would otherwise die with hunger.

The process of *gathering* hay seemed to be carried on mostly by females. They used no instruments but such as nature has provided. Certainly hands were made before rakes and pitchforks, and why should they not supersede them? So the matrons and lasses were employed in gathering up the hay from the swath, as left by the mower, into small rolls; and, as would seem, leaving it in that condition to cure.

Upon passing the grounds of a *gentleman*, which were inclosed by a strong wall, we were struck with the following notice upon a board in large letters, just within the gate:—“*Snakes and spring-guns set here.*” What! exclaimed we, *snakes in Ireland*? The driver very kindly explained. The snakes are sharp spikes, so set as to wound the feet of those who walk these grounds without a guide. Poor Ireland! her people are starving for the want of ground to raise potatoes upon, while the best portions of the soil are inclosed within high walls, and guarded by concealed “snakes and spring-guns,” to the end that some English lord, who resides in

France or Germany, may cause it to be covered with trees to shade his deer and rabbits, and that he, with his hounds, may have a chase over it once in a year or two!

We passed the Mourn Mountains, celebrated by some travelers for their picturesque scenery. We saw nothing that would at all compare with American scenery for grandeur. The mountain was covered with heather, which, being in blossom, gave it a brownish shade slightly tinged with violet. A strong wall passing over the point of one of the highest elevations, we suppose, marks the line of division between two lordly domains. As we passed the mountain, which we did without making much sensible ascent, we discovered that we were in the neighborhood of the residence of some nobleman. The mountain sides and glens were covered with most beautiful trees and shrubs of every variety, nearly resembling a natural forest. It was strange to us to think that all these trees, which occupied several miles square, we know not how many, were planted by the hands of men! The carriage-ways, walks, and gates, were visible, but the lordly mansion was entirely concealed by the trees from the view of travelers. We recollect to have seen no cottages upon this estate. Perhaps his lordship has his tenantry located upon some other part of his domain.

Our company being, by express arrangement, seated upon the top of the coach, we had a fine opportunity to gaze upon the novel and interesting prospect. The ride was really a charming one. The stages are constructed so as to carry the principal part of their burden upon the top. Here may be seated thirteen passengers besides the driver, and that *indispensable*, the *guard*; and here, also, the "luggage" is stacked up, sometimes to an enormous height. At first an American traveler asks himself, what will become of me when all this mass of things, animate and inanimate, shall be pitched into a gully? But when he comes to see the roads his fears are quieted. The roads are macadamized, and as smooth as a railway. The stage consequently glides along without the smallest jolting. The horses are generally pressed to the top of their speed, and are changed once in from five to eight miles. We reached Belfast at a quarter before seven.

As we came up to the hotel we were besieged by a gang of real, and would-be, "porters." When our trunk was dislodged we thought to have asserted the first claim to it, but in this we were fairly out-generaled. A great bloated ruffian, both dirty and ragged, had the address to take it into custody and carry it into the hall in spite of us, though we put in our claim to it and actually held fast to one of the handles. After it was set down, we took



the liberty to set it out upon the walk, as our plan was to go immediately to the steamboat and take our berths, before we made any effort at surveying the town. The baggage of the company was put in charge of a porter, and placed upon a cart; and, to our great annoyance, our beautiful volunteer servant walked along behind the cart, and though we were detained an hour at the wharf, waiting for the slow process of discharging from the boat the horses, tent, and apparatus of a *circus*, our man Friday kept his post. We repeatedly told him we did not want his services, but, nothing daunted, there he stood until the plank was clear, when he picked up our trunk and carried it into the boat. We submitted to the fellow's impudence rather than to get into a brawl. All over, we handed him an English sixpence, which he took with a sort of spasmodic grasp, at the same time vociferating, "I won't tack it—what! a sexpance? Wud the gentleman turn me off with a sexpance?" We turned our back and fled into the cabin, and thus escaped from our embarrassments. We can say nothing more to give an adequate idea of the vexatious impudence of this class of *public servants* in the great commercial town of *Belfast*, except what will be nothing but fair justice to all concerned; and that is, that they are within a trifle as outrageous and troublesome to travelers, as the same class are in the *city of New-York*. To say they are *quite as bad* as our cab men and hack men, who are accustomed to meet the steamboats on the Hudson and East rivers, would be an injustice which our conscience will not permit us to perpetrate.

In the mean time we must not overlook another matter. When our *driver* and *guard* took leave of us, they presented their demands. The driver came around with his hand stretched out,—“The driver, gentlemen, the driver.” “How much?” we asked. “Just what the gentleman pleases,” answered he. This done, and along comes the guard,—“The guard, gentlemen, the guard.” Question and answer the same. But in both cases anything short of a shilling sterling—about twenty-five cents—would not be well received.

The *guard* is a somewhat important functionary. He guards “the queen's mail,” and, of course, is a necessary appendage to a mail-stage. He is usually dressed in a red coat, and, having a tin horn in his hand, takes his position in the rear, where he can overlook mails, passengers, and baggage. The only service we can recollect to have seen him perform, aside from his charge of the mail, was blowing his horn when a cart, or some other obstruction, happened to be in the road. What reason there is why *travelers*

should pay *the queen's mail guard*, we cannot tell; though, perhaps, there is some wise reason above our comprehension. That the presence of this officer makes traveling in Ireland, Scotland, and England, any more *safe* than it would be without him, is perfectly absurd and nonsensical. But travelers must put up with the arrangements of the countries through which they travel. Upon this principle, we readily submitted to all such demands as we knew to be usual, and made ourselves as acceptable to the whole fry of those pensioners, whose business it is to look after the welfare of travelers, as we possibly could. In general, they were very accommodating, and capable of giving much local information, which is of essential service to strangers.

"Belfast is a borough, market, port, and post town, with a good trade, at the mouth of Logan River, on Carrickfergus Bay, in the county of Antrim, province of Ulster; it lies about nine miles southwest of Carrickfergus, and eighty miles from Dublin. It is a place of the greatest trade in the province, and has a barrack for foot. The foundation of it was laid about the year 1682, and was not completely finished till the Revolution. The town is regularly built, and the streets are broad and straight. This town is advancing fast in trade and wealth, having several houses of worship of all classes known in the kingdom; many charitable institutions; a college, and several schools. Belfast, though only half as big as Cork, and only a sixth of Dublin, yet aims at outstripping both in everything. It is one of the most independent towns in Ireland; and, if encouraged, would be an example of industry and enterprise for Ireland. It sends two members to parliament. Each week day is a sort of market here, but Friday is the chief one."—*Hibernian Gazetteer*.

After completing our arrangements at the steamboat, we found our way to a house of entertainment, where we took a passable supper, and then sallied out to take a stroll through some portions of the city. Our time was short, our walk rapid, and our observations consequently quite imperfect. So far as we could judge, there was something like American freshness in the general aspect of Belfast, and a much greater show of business than in Dublin.

Late in the evening we repaired to the steamboat, and bid adieu to Ireland, hoping by sunrise the next morning to be in *Scotland*.

## ART. VII.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. *Methodist Episcopal Pulpit: a Collection of Original Sermons from living Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* Collected and revised by Rev. DAVIS W. CLARK. G. PECK, Editor. 12 mo. New-York: Lane & Tippet. 1847.

THIS volume is in the press, and will soon be published. The plan for collecting these sermons was both devised and executed by our industrious friend, Rev. D. W. Clark; who has also rendered material assistance in passing them through the press. And we think we hazard nothing in saying that those who possess themselves of the book will feel that they are brought under a debt of gratitude to him for his enterprise. The authors of the sermons are so widely scattered in point of location, and so many of them are men whom the church has delighted to honor, that there must be a charm about the book, aside from its intrinsic merits, which will awaken deep interest in the feelings of our people through the length and breadth of the country. But the book will be found to contain a rare body of divinity, and a fund of instruction upon the great doctrines and duties of Christianity rarely to be found within the same compass. But who, it may be asked, reads sermons? We will not answer this question directly, but will just hint in a word who, we think, *ought to read sermons*. Those who are detained at home on the Lord's day, through partial indisposition or other unavoidable causes, ought, on each such sabbath, to read at least *two sermons*. Those who live in sparsely settled regions where they have no sabbath preaching, or, if any, only one sermon on the sabbath,—or, perhaps, only one on every other sabbath,—ought to spend some portion of each Lord's day in *reading sermons*. Finally, those who can find time for much *light reading*, ought to spend a portion of their reading hours in *reading sermons*. This species of reading, under the divine blessing, will both correct their taste and mend their hearts.

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2. *Mental Discipline, with Reference to the Acquisition and Communication of Knowledge, and to Education generally. To which is appended a Topical Course of Theological Study.* By Rev. DAVIS W. CLARK, A. M. 18mo. New-York: Lane & Tippet. 1847.

A BOOK precisely of the character of the one at the head of this notice has long been wanted. So many of our young ministers commenced their career without a large store of maxims to guide them in their studies, and in the delivery of their discourses, that a manual which would furnish them with rules and directions, plainly set forth and illustrated by suitable examples, is quite indispensable. Orderly habits



of thought, and a right method of reasoning, are essential elements of a cultivated intellect; and the intellect must be properly cultivated, or educated, before a discourse can be properly prepared, and certainly before it can be delivered in an effective manner. The work before us will be found of essential service to young thinkers and young preachers. The author presents his views in the didactic form, and they are so framed and expressed that they possess the power of aphorisms. The language is simple, the style chaste and perspicuous, and the authorities are taken from the best models. The work exhibits much patient research and a thorough knowledge of the philosophy of the human mind. The great object of the author is to exhibit in a clear light the best method of attaining knowledge and of communicating it to others. This is what a preacher of the gospel must know. And it is what a multitude of others besides preachers ought to know, particularly exhorters, class-leaders, and teachers of youth in our literary institutions, day schools, and sabbath schools. And how much additional power would it give a *parent* to possess this knowledge! The work is, in our judgment, really one of higher importance than any original work which has recently issued from our press; and we hope will be properly appreciated by those who stand in need of such light as it affords. We most cordially thank brother Clark for this excellent book, and sincerely hope he may have the high gratification of knowing that it contributes its fair quota of means to the formation of the character of our rising ministry.

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3. *An Exposition of the Articles of Religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* By Rev. S. COMFORT, A. M. 12mo., pp. 367. Published for the Author, at the Conference Office, 200 Mulberry-street. 1847.

WE have not been able to complete the reading of this work. We have, however, read consecutively until we are satisfied that it is an able exposition of Christian doctrine, and a valuable contribution to our theological literature. The author writes with strength and perspicuity, and adapts his style to the subject of which he treats. The subjects treated are the leading doctrines of Christianity as they are taught in the Bible, and as they stand opposed to the great heresies which have prevailed at different periods,—particularly those propagated by Arians, Socinians, and Romanists. The matter of the book could not be expected to be entirely new, and yet the book itself is by no means a mere compilation. It has a fair claim to originality, both in its plan and execution; though the author uses freely, for illustration and confirmation of his positions and arguments, the language of the great masters of theological learning. Brother Comfort is an independent thinker. He has a mind of his own upon everything. And in

his book he walks boldly up to his responsibilities without the least misgivings. But the reader need not fear that he will meet with any eccentricities or affectation of novel or peculiar views. Our friend is always sober and scrupulously orthodox. Upon the whole, we can say with great confidence that, in the present work, the student in theology will find a timely and safe guide to an understanding of the great doctrines of divine revelation, and the fundamental articles of the Christian faith. It will also be a very profitable book for the use of families and private Christians, and we earnestly hope may be extensively circulated among our preachers and people. For those who have not the means of consulting larger and more elaborate works upon systematic divinity, this "Exposition of the Articles of Religion" will be invaluable.

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4. *Lectures in Divinity.* By the late GEORGE HILL, D. D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. Edited from his Manuscript, by his Son, the Rev. ALEXANDER HILL, Minister of Dailly. 8vo., pp. 781. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.

IN this ponderous volume we have a system of divinity thoroughly elaborated. The lectures were originally prepared for the benefit of a divinity class; but were revised, improved, and arranged by the author, with reference to their publication. Dr. Hill was formerly one of the party in the Scotch Kirk called *Moderates*, but gradually came over to the *Evangelicals*. This great work, so far as it is distinctive, is thoroughly *Calvinistic*. The author, however, it must be conceded, conducts the discussion of all questions of difference between *Calvinists* and *Arminians* with great candor and moderation. He acknowledges the arguments in favor of a general atonement to "have considerable weight;" but, not considering them quite conclusive, he attempts to demolish them by fair argumentation. Though in this attempt, according to our notion, he utterly fails, yet he exhibits great strength in the construction and management of his argument. The work, as a whole, is learned, and ranks with the best productions of the great *Scotch* divines. He who wishes a body of divinity prepared by a profoundly learned and eminently candid Calvinistic author, cannot do better than to procure the work now upon our table.

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5. *The Sufferings of Christ, confined to his Human Nature; a Reply to a Book entitled, The Sufferings of Christ, by a Layman.* By BENNET TYLER, D. D., President and Professor of Christian Theology in the Theological Institute of Connecticut. Hartford. 1847.

THE book to which this is a reply was reviewed in our pages soon after its publication. Its arguments were shown to be unsound, and

its meretricious style censured. It has since given occasion to sundry criticisms in the periodicals of the day,—some few attempting to sustain, others condemning, the theory of “a Layman.” One of our contemporaries, in his first issue, permits a correspondent to abuse, in unmeasured terms, the writer of the article published by us, while, very strangely,—we think prudently,—he makes no attempt to meet his arguments; and, although he praises the “Layman” *ad nauseam*, very complacently admits that *he does not himself subscribe to his theory*. A more ludicrous article, intended for a serious review, we have seldom met with.

In the volume before us, Dr. Tyler examines with cool deliberation the “Layman’s” theory, points out his erroneous inferences and statements, and conclusively establishes the orthodox doctrine by appeals to Scripture, and by sound argument.

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6. *Incentives to the Cultivation of the Science of Geology; designed for the Use of the Young.* By S. S. RANDALL, Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools of the State of New-York, Editor of the Common School Journal, &c. 12mo., pp. 189. New-York: Greeley & M’Elrath. 1846.

THIS book, as the title imports, is designed so to popularize the main facts and doctrines of geology, as to urge on “the young” to a thorough knowledge of this interesting science. The author succeeds entirely in the object proposed. No person, young or old, will read his work without imbibing a taste for the study.

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7. *Selections from the Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer: with a concise Life of that Poet, and Remarks illustrative of his Genius.* By CHARLES D. DESHLER. 12mo., pp., 296. New-York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1847.

THE production now upon our table is one of high merit. The author has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and, what is equally necessary to a successful effort, an interest in it which amounts to a passion. Mr. Deshler is not only acquainted with the poets in general, but he has become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the old and excellent masters of verse. He admires Chaucer, we were about to say, extravagantly. Yet we are not prepared to say that his admiration goes beyond the merits of the father of English poetry. Indeed, without all his present enthusiasm, he never could have written the book before us;—and the book can now no more be spared from the English classics, than one of the primary planets can be spared from the solar system. The history of Chaucer is more perfect than any we have met with; the specimens of his poetry are well selected, and the critical



observations and illustrations are both acute and learned. As a literary production, this book is an honor to our country, and a valuable contribution to American literature.

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8. *The Genius of Scotland; or, Sketches of Scottish Scenery, Literature, and Religion.* By ROBERT TURNBULL. Second edition, 12mo., pp. 379. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.

THE author of this work is a native Scotchman, and of course executed his task *con amore*. In his Preface he says:—"The plan of this work is somewhat new, combining in a larger degree, than he has hitherto seen attempted, descriptions of scenery, with literary and biographical sketches, portraiture of character, social and religious, incidents of travel, and reflections on matters of local or general interest. Hence he has omitted many things which a mere tourist would not fail to notice, and supplied their place with sketches of more enduring interest."

The plan of the work is a good one, and is executed with ability and spirit. Due homage is paid to the *Christianity* of Scotland, while its *mere* literature is not neglected. While the author recollects that Scotland has produced a Burns and a Scott, he does not forget that she has also produced a Knox, a Candlish, a Dick, and a Chalmers. The sketches are graphic, true, and instructive. We cordially recommend the work to our readers.

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9. *A History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Commodus, A. D. 192.* By Dr. LEONARD SCHMITZ, F. R. S. E., Rector of the High School, Edinburgh. Andover: published by Allen, Morrel, & Wardwell. New-York: Mark Newman & Co. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. Pp. 456. 1847.

THE author of this work entered upon his task with the most thorough preparation. He is a native German, and a pupil of the great historian, Niebuhr, well known to students of Roman history. He has resided and taught youth in Scotland long enough to become fully aware of the kind of Roman history which was most needed for English readers of the present day. And what may be regarded as a very high recommendation of the work, is, that three publishing houses in the country have announced the publication of the work, and are to compete for the market. Such a scramble for a new work is certainly rather rare, and must be construed into a high eulogy upon the work itself.

The great excellence of this work is, that it details but few facts not well authenticated, and notifies the reader of such as are doubtful. The fabulous portions of Roman history are purged out, and the most important parts are compressed into a small compass. We doubt not but for the use of schools and academies, and readers of limited means and little leisure, the present work has higher claims than any Roman history extant.

10. *Half-hours with the Best Authors. Selected and arranged, with short Biographical and Critical Notices.* By CHARLES KNIGHT. 12mo., pp. 610. New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847.

WHOEVER wishes a book which will introduce him to the best English writers, both ancient and modern, and afford him specimens of their modes of thinking and writing, should procure the volume whose title-page is at the head of this notice. The book contains ninety articles,—all independent and perfect in themselves,—upon as many different topics, written by nearly as many different authors. The individual who will spend a half hour each day in reading these pithy papers from the hands of the great English authors, when he shall have finished the book will have gained much useful instruction, and will have more knowledge of “the best authors” than many, who are reputed scholars, can boast of.

There is a particular aspect in which this work is peculiarly interesting to us. We have here brought together specimens of English literature from every period since the time of the Reformation. We are thus enabled to compare the great authors of all these periods. We have the rough and burning words of *Latimer*, the beautiful eloquence of *Taylor*, the well-turned periods of *Hallam*, and the stately, massive sentences of *Macauley*. Here the English mind appears in all its varieties and in its true greatness. We most cordially thank the editor and publishers for this truly valuable publication.

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11. *Elementary Course of Geometry.* By CHARLES W. HACKLEY, D.D., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Columbia College.

A NEW work in any department of mathematics from the pen of Prof. Hackley will be hailed with pleasure by teachers and scholars in all parts of the country. The treatise before us is a handsomely printed volume of two hundred and sixty pages, containing a full exposition of the state of geometrical science down to the latest day. As in his recent valuable work upon algebra, Prof. Hackley has availed himself of the latest improvements by various accomplished French and German mathematicians, and in addition he has given much that is new. The definitions are remarkably clear and distinct, and the demonstrations are in many particulars very much improved. There are also several essential propositions added, which have, hitherto, in other treatises been left out, and several appendices containing much new matter.

As the author justly observes in the preface, it is the most complete system of purely elementary geometry to be found in any single treatise in any language. The price of the work, being only *seventy-five cents*, is decidedly in its favor.

12. *Harpers' New-York Class Book: comprising Outlines of the Geography and History of New-York; Accounts of Public Institutions, &c.* By WM. RUSSELL. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS book ought certainly to be universally introduced to the youth of the state whose history, biography, geography, scenery, and natural resources, it illustrates. It has long been regretted that the popular reading books were not made to subserve some other purpose than mere instruction in the uses of language: and here we have a large and very carefully prepared volume, which, while it is not deficient in point of style and language, will impress upon the youthful learner's mind that sort of knowledge which is most of all essential, as well as interesting, to the citizens of this great state. The new generation should and will feel grateful to the publishers for its production.

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13. *Louis the XIVth; or, the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century.* By MISS PARDOE. Parts 1 to 6. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

THE French from the days of Froissart have excelled all authors in biography. Nothing is more spirited, graphic, and life-like, than the thousand and one memoirs that illustrate the successive ages of French history. But it is uniformly admitted and regretted, that very few of them are suitable for a parent to place in the hands of his children. Miss Pardoe, known as a graceful writer by her "City of the Sultan," &c., has, in the most admirable manner, winnowed the works of this sort relating to the age of Louis le Grand, and given us a book exceedingly instructing as well as entertaining, which the Messrs. Harper have presented to us in fitting typography, and with illustrations that will secure it a place among the gems of the boudoir.

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14. *Life and Religious Opinions and Experience of Madame De la Mothe Guyon; together with some Account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray.* By THOMAS C. UPHAM. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS is a very remarkable work, and one which demands at our hands a larger degree of attention than we now can devote to it. Madame Guyon, our readers need not to be informed, was one of the most illustrious women of France,—a country pre-eminently distinguished for its celebrated female characters,—and she is not less famous as a *Christian* than as a woman of genius. Her life and writings illustrate the question of Christian perfection; and the able author of the work before us has entered upon the subject with an enthusiasm, fullness of research, and evident candor, which must make his perform-



ance as interesting to the philosophical inquirer, as it certainly will be for its merits, as a piece of biography, to the general reader. After a more thorough examination of this work, we may give our impressions in relation to its character and influence at length.

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15. *The Protector: a Vindication.* By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D. D. 12mo., pp. 281. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.

PERHAPS no character is at present so much the object of study as Oliver Cromwell. Historians, according to their respective preferences, have made him the best or the worst of men. Macauley and Carlyle have taken a bold and a noble stand against the views which obtained under the reign of the licentious Charles II., and have constituted current opinion since that time. Cromwell's *Letters and Speeches*, brought together and given to the public by Carlyle, are, to many, conclusive evidence of the integrity and Christianity of the "Lord Protector;"—to others they are enigmas which are yet to be solved, if, indeed, they are capable of solution;—and to others, still, they only furnish the clearer evidence of his base hypocrisy. The discussion will proceed, and truth will finally prevail. We are happy that Merle D'Aubigne has brought his great strength to the task of endeavoring to help this great controversy on to a right conclusion. He has reflected much light upon his subject, and his book will make a strong impression. The author proceeds to review the history and actions of Cromwell, and make his comments. He does not approve everything, but judges of the acts of his subject by the light of the age in which he lived, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded. We have several times, by the help of our correspondents, made some contributions to this interesting discussion, and yet it is quite possible we may resume the subject and try to reflect upon it still further light. In the mean time, we hope none of our readers will fail to procure and read the volume which is the subject of this notice.

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16. *The Coming of the Lord; a Key to the Book of Revelation. With an Appendix.* By JAMES M. MACDONALD, Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Jamaica, L. I. 12mo., pp. 210. New-York: Baker & Scribner. 1846.

THE author of the work now before us maintains that the book of the Revelation is a proper subject of study, and that it should no more be abandoned, as an inexplicable mystery, than "Malachi or Genesis." He accordingly gives us a consecutive exposition of it. But in relation to "the unfulfilled portions of the book," our author speculates with

great modesty and moderation. He is against the *visible* personal reign of Christ, and the *two resurrections*, as held by Adventists. The book, upon the whole, is one which reflects much light upon the most mysterious portions of Holy Scripture, and will well reward a patient reading.

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17. *The Office and Work of the Holy Spirit.* By JAMES BUCHANAN, D. D., Professor of Divinity, New College, Edinburgh. From the sixth Edinburgh edition, 12mo., pp. 519. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.

THE present volume is upon a vital subject; and it is truly refreshing to see how nearly orthodox Christians agree upon the theme which is here discussed. The work is divided into three parts. The first treats of "the Spirit's work in the conversion of sinners:" the second treats at length upon "illustrative cases," taken from the New Testament: and the third presents "the Spirit's work in the edification of his people after their conversion." The author handles these several topics with great precision and becoming earnestness. The phraseology is occasionally Calvinistic, and sometimes the thoughts of the author run in that channel. There are, also, proofs and illustrations from "the Confession of Faith," which savor of partialism. But the great mass of the matter is most excellent, and cannot be thoughtfully and prayerfully read without great spiritual profit.

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18. *Solitude Sweetened; or, Miscellaneous Meditations on Various Religious Subjects, written in Distant Parts of the World.* By JAMES MICKLE, late Surgeon at Carmath. 12mo., pp. 286. New-York: Robert Carter. 1847.

THIS is a most excellent book, produced during the last century, and well worthy to have a place among standard English works. The meditations are truly pious and highly intellectual.

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19. *The Riches of Grace: or, the Blessing of Perfect Love, as experienced, enjoyed, and recorded, by Living Witnesses.* Edited by Rev. D. S. KING. 12mo., pp. 456. Boston: George C. Rand & Co., No. 3 Cornhill. 1847.

THIS book contains the personal experience of *sixty-two* individuals, written by themselves. The names of the persons are prudently withheld, but we have been able to identify several of them. This volume is not a record of fancied revelations and fanatical vagaries, but of plain matters of fact, of which the minds of the relaters are cognizant. Their credibility admitted, and we have a flood of evidence upon a most important and glorious theme. We hail this volume with pleasure and

delight; believing, as we do, that it will be the means of guiding many anxious inquirers into the way of holiness. Nothing, aside from the word of God and the direct teachings of the Spirit, is more impressive and influential with those who are earnestly seeking for holiness, than such simple details of personal experience as we have in the book before us. The mind naturally seeks for, and rests upon, *facts*. And especially in such a case—a case in which the pride of philosophy and mere human reason is to be set at naught and trampled under foot—is a clear, intelligible, and credible *experience*, worth more than all the thecrizing and speculation in the world. The test of experiment is the very thing demanded: and here we have a book of *experiments* clearly and specifically set forth, with results which are sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical, while they kindle afresh the joy of seraphs. To all earnest seekers of the blessing of a clean heart, we most cordially and unequivocally recommend this volume. May God give it his blessing!

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20. *The Scripture Text Book. Scripture Texts arranged for the Use of Ministers, Sunday-School Teachers, and Families.* Second edition, 12mo., pp. 114. New-York: Lewis Colby & Co. 1846.  
*The Scripture Treasury; being the Second Part of the Scripture Text Book: arranged for the Use of Ministers, Sunday-School Teachers, Families, &c.* 12mo., pp. 150. New-York: Lewis Colby. 1847.

THESE works were originally "compiled by the Religious Tract and Book Society for Ireland," and are admirably adapted to the purposes for which they are designed. We have here a collection of texts of Scripture in connection with *six hundred and thirty-four topics*, alphabetically arranged. The passages under each topic are generally numerous and varied—sufficiently so to give the entire Biblical view of the subject. The student of the Bible will find much aid from these little works, in collating passages of Scripture, upon almost any given theme. We doubt not, should their use come to be known and fully appreciated, they will be thought, by preachers and Sunday-school teachers, nearly indispensable.

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21. *Classical Series.* Edited by Drs. SCHMITZ and ZEUMPT. *C. Julii Caesaris Commentarii de Bello Gallico.* 12mo., pp. 231. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard. 1847.

THE names of the editors of this "Series" are a sufficient passport to the books it contains. The copy of *Cæsar* before us is a small, cheap volume, well printed, with sufficiently extended foot notes, and a map of *Gaul*.



22. *Exercises in Hebrew Grammar, and Selections from the Greek Scriptures to be translated into Hebrew. With Notes, Hebrew Phrases, and References to approved Works in Greek and Hebrew Philology.* By H. B. HACKETT, Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institution. 12mo., pp. 115. Andover: Allen, Morrell, & Wardell. New-York: Mark Newman & Co. 1847.

THIS work will be found to afford great aid to students of the Hebrew, who wish to become thoroughly acquainted with that language.

23. *The Karen Apostle; or, Memoir of Ko Kah-Byu, the first Karen Convert; with an Historical Account of the Nation, its Traditions, Precepts, Rites, &c.* By Rev. FRANCIS MASON, Missionary to the Karens. Revised by H. J. RIPLEY, Professor in Newton Theological Seminary. Third edition, 18mo., pp., 108. Boston: Gould Kendall, & Lincoln. 1846.

THIS little work affords most conclusive proof of the power of the gospel to regenerate the most degraded and besotted heathen. Well may the churches take courage in the prosecution of the great missionary work when such are the fruits. Few will commence this book without reading it through, and no real Christian will read it through without gratitude to God that he ever stirred up the spirit of a Judson, a Wade, and a Boardman, and thrust them into the strongholds of heathenism to do battle with the prince of darkness upon his own ground. Get "The Karen Apostle," and read it by all means.

24. *Dwight's American Magazine, and Family Newspaper: with numerous Illustrative and Ornamental Wood Engravings, for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and Moral and Religious Principles.* Edited by THEODORE DWIGHT. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 832, 752.

THESE volumes exhibit a rare specimen of plodding industry and good taste. The object of the editor is to furnish *interesting* reading which will not *pervert* the heart. And in times like these, when our popular newspapers deal in the worst specimens of fiction, and are directly calculated to pervert the moral sensibilities of the rising generation, it is an encouraging fact that such a work, as the one now upon our table, should meet with encouragement. We wish our friend *Dwight* abundant success in his labors. The work contains many illustrations upon wood, and the articles are short, and, so far as we can judge, generally pithy. The cheapness of this paper—one dollar per year, in advance—cannot fail to secure for it an extensive patronage.

